RECREATION

FOR

Ingenious Head-peeces.

OR, A

Pleaſant Grove

FOR THEIR

WITS TO VVALK IN.

Of { *Epigrams*, 700.
Epitaphs, 200.
Fancies, a number.
Fantaſticks, abundance.

With their new Addition, Multiplication and Diviſion.

Mart. *Non cuique datur habere naſum.*

LONDON, *Printed by* S. Simmons, *in* Alderſgate-*Street*. 1663.

WITT'S RECREATIONS refined & Augmented, with Ingenious CONCEITES for the wittie, And Merrie Medicines for the Melancholie.

See the next Page.

W. Marshall sculpsit

Printed by M. Symmons and, S. Symmons, 1663

W. Musgrave.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

Ad Lectorem.

THis little Book is like a furniſht Feaſt,
And hath a diſh, I hope, to pleaſe each gueſt.
Here thou may'ſt find ſome good and ſolid fare;
If thou lov'ſt pleaſant junkets, here they are;
Perhaps ſharp ſawces take thee moſt; if ſo,
I have Cookt for thee ſome ſharp ſawces too;
But if thy ſquemiſh ſtomack can like none,
No body hinders thee, thou mayſt be gone.

The *Stationer* to the *Reader.*

IF new, or old wit, pleaſe the Reader beſt,
I've hope, each man of wit, wil be our gueſt;
The new, was fram'd to humor ſome mens taſt,
Which if they like not, they may carve the (laſt:
Each diſh hath ſawce belongs to't; and you (will
By your diſlike, cenſure the Authors skill;
Yet if you cannot ſpeak well of it, ſpare
To utter your diſlike, that the like ſnare
May entrap others; ſo the Book may be
Sold, though not lik'd, by a neat fallacie;
That's all I ask, yet 'twill your goodneſs raiſe
If as I gain your coyn, he may your praiſe.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS.

1. *To the Reader.*

EXcuſe me Reader, though I now and than,
In ſome light lines, do ſhew my ſelfe a man;
Nor be ſo ſowre, ſome wanton words to blame,
They are the language of an Epigramme.

2. *On Battus.*

Battus doth brag he hath a world of Books,
His Studies maw holds more then well it may;
But ſeld'or never, he upon them looks,
And yet he looks upon them every day.
He looks upon their outſide, but within
He never looks, nor never will begin.

3. *On Prue.*

Prues noſe hangs down ſo low, one would ſuppoſe
When ere ſhe gapes, that *Prue* would eat her noſe.

4. *To Gripe.*

Gripe keeps his coyn well, and his heaps are great,
For which he ſeems wiſe in his own conceit;
Be not deceiv'd *Gripe*, for ought I can ſee,
Thy bags in this ſence are as wiſe as thee.

5. *On Man and Woman.*

When man and woman dyes, as Poets ſung,
His heart's the laſt that ſtirs, of hers the tongue.

6. *On Womans will.*

How dearly doth the honeſt husband buy,
His wives defect of will when ſhe doth dy?
Better in death by will to let her give,
Then let her have her will while ſhe doth live.

7. *Spangle the ſpruce Gal:*

Spruce Spangles like to a Cynamon Tree?
His outſide is of much more worth then he.

8. *T*

8. *To Cherilus.*

Eat Toſte and Oyl, eat ſupple herbs and looſ,
For thou loo'ſt wondrous coſtive *Cherilus*.

9. *In Paulum.*

By lawful Mart, and by unlawfull ſtealth,
Paulus from th'Ocean hath deriv'd much wealth:
But on the Land, a little gulfe there is,
Wherein he drowneth all that wealth of his.

10. *Veſtitus peritus.*

Clitus goes oft time clad in Suits of Scarlet,
That els no colour had to play the Varlet.

11. *Of Poetus.*

Poetus with fine Sonnets painted forth
This and that foul Ladies beauties worth:
He ſhews ſmall wit therein, and for his pains,
By my conſent, he never ſhall reap gains;
Why, what needs *Poets* paint them, O ſweet Elves!
When Ladies paint their beauties beſt themſelves.

12. *Of Shift the Sharker.*

Shift ſwears he keeps none but good company,
For, though th'are ſuch as he did never ſee,
Worſe than himſelf he's ſure they cannot be.

13. *On an Upſtart.*

Pray wrong not (*late coyn'd*) give the man his right,
He's made a Gentleman although no Knight,
For now 'tis cloaths the Gentleman doth make;
Men from gay cloaths their pedigree do take;
But wot you what's the arms to ſuch mens houſe?
Why this—hands chancing of a Rampant Louſe.

14. *Volens Nolens.*

Will with proviſio wills you teſtifie,
Has made his will, but hath no will to dye.

15. *Ad Clodium.*

Wit, once thou ſaid'ſt was worth thy weight in gold,
Though now't be common for a trifle ſold;
It dearer ſeems to thee that get'ſt not any,
(When thou ſhouldſt uſe it) for thy love or money.

16. *In Getam.*

Geta from wool and weaving firſt began,
Swelling and ſwelling to a Gentleman;
When he was Gentleman and bravely dight,
He left not ſwelling till he was a Knight:

At laſt (forgetting what he was at firſt)
He ſweld to be a Lord, and then he burſt.

17. *To Emſon.*

Emſon thou once in Dutch wouldſt court a wench,
But to thy coſt ſhe anſwered thee in French.

18. *In Fimum.*

Fimus is Coach'd, and for his farther grace
Doth ask his friends how he becomes the place;
Troth I ſhould tell him, the poor Coach hath wrong
And that a Cart would ſerve to carry dung.

19. *In Flaccum.*

The falſe knave *Flaccus* once a bribe I gave;
The more fool I to bribe ſo falſe a knave:
But he gave back my bribe, the more fool he,
That for my folly did not couſen me.

20. *Of Womens naked breaſts.*

In open ſhops flyes often blow that fleſh,
Which in cloſe ſafes might be kept longer freſh,
They but invite fleſh-flyes, whoſe full ſpread paps
Like road wayes lye between their lips and laps.

21. *On*

21. *On Morcho.*

Morcho for haſte was married in the night,
What needed day? his fair young wife is light.

22. *On a Bragadocio.*

Don *Lollus* brags, he comes from Noble blood,
Drawn down from *Brutus* line; 'tis very good,
If this praiſe-worthy be, each Flea may then,
Boaſt of his blood more then ſome Gentlemen.

23. *Edens vomens.*

Cacus that ſups ſo duly at the Roſe,
Caſts up the reckning truly ere he goes.

24. *On a Pump ſtopt with ſtones.*

M. I'le cut it down, I ſwear by this ſame hand,
If 'twill not run, it ſhall no longer ſtand.
R. Pray Sir be patient, let your Pump alone,
How can it water make when't hath the ſtone?
Yet did he wiſely when he did it fell,
For in ſo doing he did make it well.

25. *Of Prittle-prattle.*

Though th'danger be not great, of all tame cattle,
Yet the moſt troubleſome is Prittle-prattle.

26. *In Aulum.*

Thou ſtill art muttring *Aulus* in mine, Ear
Love me and love my Dog: I will I ſwear,
Thou ask'ſt but right; and *Aulus*, truth to tell,
I think thy Dog deſerves my love as well.

27. *Ad Tilenum.*

Tilens 'cauſe th'art old, fly not the field
Where youthfull *Cupid* doth his banner wield;
For why? this god, old men his Souldiers ſtil'd;
None loves but he who hath been twice a Child.

28. *To Vellius.*

Thou ſwearſt I bowl as well as moſt men do,
The moſt are bunglers, therein thou ſay'ſt true.

29. *Three Genders.*

A wife although moſt wiſe and chaſt,
is of the *Doubtfull* Gender;
A Quean o'th'*Common*: Feminines,
are Women ſmall and tender.

30. *Of Brawle.*

Brawle loveth brabling, as he loves his life,
Leave him for dead, when he leaves ſtirring ſtrife.

31. *In Paulum.*

Paul, what my cloak doth hide thou fain wouldſt know
Wer't to be ſeen I would not cover't ſo.

32. *Of ſleep and death.*

That death is but a ſleep I not deny,
Yet when I next would ſleep, I would not dye.

33. *Upon Methuſus.*

Methuſus ask'd me why I call'd him ſot,
I anſwer made, becauſe he lov'd the pot,
For while *Methuſus* buſie is with it,
The fool I'm ſure's as buſie with his wit.

34. *On Thraſo.*

Thraſo goes lame with blows he did receive
In a late duell, if you'l him believe.

35. *News.*

When News doth come, if any would diſcuſſe
The Letter of the word, reſolve it thus:
News is convey'd by letter, word, or mouth,
And comes to us from *North*, *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, and *South*.

36. *Of*

36. *Of Rufus.*

Rufus had rob'd his Hoſt, and being put to it,
Said, I am an arrant rogue if I did do it.

37. *Of Marcus.*

When *Marcus* fail'd, a borrowed ſum to pay
Unto his friend at the appointed day;
'Twere ſuperſtition for a man, he ſayes,
To be a ſtrict obſerver of ſet dayes.

38. *Of a Thief.*

A thief arreſted, and in cuſtody
Under ſtrong guards of armed company,
Askt why they held him ſo; Sir, quoth the chief
We hold you for none other then a thief.

39. *Of Motion.*

Motion brings heat, and thus we ſee it prov'd,
Moſt men are hot and angry when they't mov'd.

40. *Formall the Faſhioniſt.*

Formall all form and faſhion is, for matter,
Who ſayes he ſees it in him, doth but flatter;
Open and ſearch him, you ſhall quickly find
With what courſe Canvas his ſoft ſilks are lin'd.

41. *Ad Scriptorem quend.*

Half of your Book is to an Index growne,
You give your Book *Contents*, your Reader none.

42. *Riches.*

Gold's th'onely God, Rich men bear rule,
Money makes Majesty:
Rich *Pluto*, not plain *Plato* now,
Speaks with applause most high.

43. *On Sextus.*

Sextus doth wish his wife in Heaven were,
Where can she have more happinesse then there?

45. *Secreta nobis.*

Tassus from Temple-stairs by water goes,
To *Westminster*, and back to Temple rowes,
Belike he loves not trot too much the street
Or surbait on the stones his tender feet:
Tut! come, there's something in't must not be known,
But Sir beleev't, *The debt is not his own.*

45. *Of Text-corrupters.*

Bad Commentators spoyl the best of Books;
So God gives meat, (they say) the Devil sends (Cooks.

46. *Of*

46. *On a Drawer drunk.*

Drawer with thee now even is thy wine,
For thou haſt pierſt his hogs-head, and he thine.

47. *Upon the weights of a Clock.*

I wonder times ſo ſwift, when as I ſee,
Upon her heels, ſuch lumps of lead to be.

48. *On Cynna.*

Becauſe I am not of a Gyants ſtature,
Deſpiſe me nor, nor praiſe thy liberall nature,
For thy huge limbs; that you are great 'tis true,
And that I'm little in reſpect of you:
The reaſon of our growths is eas'ly had,
You, many had perchance; I but one Dad.

49. *On Alaſtrus.*

Alaſtrus hath not coyn, nor ſpirit, nor wit,
I think hee's only then for Bedlam fit.

50. *Of Mendacio.*

Mendacio pretends to tell men News:
And that it may be ſuch, himſelfe doth uſe
To make it: but that will no longer need,
Let him tell truth, it will be News indeed.

51. *On Landanno.*

Landanno in his gallant bravery,
Ruffled his Silks, lookt big, and thruſt me by:
And ſtill as often as he meers me ſo,
My home-ſpun cloth muſt to the channell go.
Adviſe thee well *Landanno*, children note,
And fools admire thee for thy velvet coat:
I keep (*Landanno*) in repute with ſuch,
As think they cannot ſcorn poor thee too much.
But thou canſt ſquire fine Madams, thou canſt vail
Thy Cap and Feather, cringe, and wag thy tail
Moſt decently: Now by you ſtars that ſhine,
So thou tranſcend'ſt me: Take the wall, 'tis thine.

52. *On Shanks.*

Shanks ſwears he faſts; and always cryes for Beef:
O how he faſts! that's how faſt eats the Theef!

53. *Cito bene.*

Sir *John* at *Mattins* prayes he might diſpatch,
Who by true promiſe is to bowl a match.

54. *Of Pertinax.*

It will, it muſt, it ſhall be ſo,
Saith *Pertinax*; but what's the reaſon trow?
Nay, that I cannot tell, nor doth he know.

55. *To valiant Dammee.*

Dammee thy brain is valiant, 'tis confeſt;
Thou more, that with it every day dar'ſt jeſt
Thy ſelf into freſh braules; but call'd upon,
With ſwearing *Damme*, anſwer'ſt every one.
Keep thy ſelf there, and think thy valour right,
He that dares *Damne* himſelf, dares more then fight.

56. *On Cornuto.*

Cornuto is not jealous of his wife,
Nor e're miſtruſts her too laſcivious life,
Ask him the reaſon why he doth forbear,
Hee'l anſwer ſtraight, it cometh with a fear.

57. *On a Shrew.*

A froward Shrew being blam'd becauſe ſhe ſhow'd
Not ſo much reverence as by right ſhe ow'd
Unto her Husband, ſhe reply'd he might
Forbear complaint of me, I do him right;
His will is mine, he would bear rule, and I
Deſire the like, onely in ſympathy.

58. *Of Lawleſſe.*

Lawleſſe the worſt times liketh beſt, why iſt?
Becauſe then *Lawleſſe* may doe what he liſt.

59. *A rich Curre.*

Dru dares good men deprave becauſe hee's rich,
Whether more fool or Knave, I know not which.

60. *On a Youth married to an Old Woman.*

A ſmooth-fac'd youth, what wedded to an old
Decrepit Shrew! (ſuch is the power of Gold)
Thy fortune I dare tell; perchance thou'lt have
At Supper dainties, but in Bed a grave.

61. *On a Fly in a glaſſe.*

A Fly out of his glaſſe a gueſt did take,
E're with the liquor he his thirſt would ſlake;
When he had drunk his fill, again the Fly
Into the glaſſe he put, and ſaid, though I
Love not Flyes in my drink, yet others may,
Whoſe humour I nor like, nor will gain-ſay.

62. *On Collimus.*

If that *Collimus* any thing do lend,
Or Dog, or Horſe, or Hawk unto his friend,
He to endear the borrowers love the more,
Saith he ne'r lent it any one before,
Nor would to any but to him: His wife
Having obſerv'd theſe ſpeeches all her life,
Behinde him forks her fingers, and doth cry,
To none but you, I'de do this courteſie.

63. *To Loquax.*

Loquax, to hold thy tongue would do thee wrong,
For thou wouldſt be no man but for thy tongue.

64. *Good wits jump.*

Againſt a poſt a Scholar chanc'd to ſtrike
At unawares his head ; like will to like :
Good wits will jump (quoth he:) if that be true,
The title of a block-head is his due.

65. *On Womens Masks.*

It ſeems that Masks do women much diſgrace,
Sith when they wear them they do hide their face.

66. *Of Sawcy the Intruder.*

Sawcy, though uninvited, is ſo rude,
As into every comp'ny to intrude ;
But he's no fit companion for any,
Who alwayes makes the number one too many.

67. *Upon a pair of Tongs.*

The burnt child dreads the fire ; if this be true,
Who firſt invented Tongs its fury knew.

68. *Lawyers and Souldiers.*

If Lawyers had for *Term*, a tearm of warre,
Souldiers would be as rich as Lawyers are ;

But here's the difference 'tween Guns and Gowns,
These take good Angels, th'other take crack't (crowns.

69. *On Momus.*

Momus can call another fool, but he
Can never make his brain and wit agree.

70. *Woman.*

A *Woman* is a Book, and often found
To prove far better in the sheets then bound:
No marvail then, why men take such delight
Above all things to *study in the night.*

71. *Clytus cunning.*

Clytus the Barbar doth Occasion fly,
Because 'tis bald, and he gains nought thereby.

72. *Rich promises.*

Lords promise soon, but to perform are long,
Then would their purse-strings were ty'd to their (tongue.

73. *On Comptulus.*

I wonder'd *Comptulus*, how thy long hair,
In comely curles should show so debonair,
And every hair in order be, when as
Thou couldst not trim it by a looking glasse,

Nor

Nor any Barber did thy treſſes pleat;
'Tis ſtrange; but *Monſieur* I conceive the feat;
When you your hair do kemb, you off it take,
And order't as you pleaſe for faſhion ſake.

74. *On Gellius.*

In building of his houſe, *Gellius* hath ſpent
All his revenues and his ancient rent,
Ask not a reaſon, why *Gellius* is poor,
His greater houſe hath turn'd him out of door.

75. *To Ponticus.*

At Supper time will *Pontus* viſit me,
I'd rather have his room then company;
But if him, from me I can no ways fright,
I'd have him viſit me each faſting night.

76. *Balbus.*

Balbus a Verſe on *Venus* Boy doth ſcan,
But ere 'twas finiſh'd *Cupid's* grown a man.

77. *On a Pot-Poet.*

What lofty verſes *Cœlus* writes? it is
But when his head with wine oppreſſed is:
So when great drops of rain fall from the skies
In ſtanding pools, huge bubbles will ariſe.

78. *On Onellus.*

Thou never ſupp'ſt abroad, *Onellus*, true,
For at my home I'm ſure to meet with you.

79. *Of professed Atheists.*

If even Devils themselves believe and tremble,
Atheists profest methinks should but dissemble.

80. *To Termagant.*

My *Termagant*, as I have ought to save,
I neither cal'd thee fool, nor knave:
That which I cal'd thee is a thing well known.
A trifle not worth thinking on:
What I suppose thy self wilt easily grant,
I cal'd thee Cuckold, *Termagant*.

81. *On a Vertuous Talker.*

If vertue's alwayes in thy mouth, how can
It e're have time to reach thy heart, fond man?

82. *To Severus.*

Beleeve *Severus*, that in these my Rimes
I tax no person but the common Crimes.

83. *Upon Pigs devouring a bed of Penny-royall, commonly called Organs.*

A good wife once a bed of Organs set,
The Pigs came in and eat up every whit,
The good man said, wife you your Garden may
Hogs Norton call, here Pigs on Organs play.

84. *On*

84. *On Gubs.*

Gubs calls his children Kitlins: and wo'd bound
(Some ſay) for joy to ſee thoſe Kitlins dround.

85. *On a Fortune-teller.*

The influence of th'Stars are known to thee,
By whom thou canſt each future fortune ſee:
Yet ſith thy wife doth thee a Cuckold make,
Tis ſtrange they do not that to thee partake.

86. *To ſweet ſir Out-ſide.*

Th'expence in Odours, is a fooliſh ſin,
Except thou couldſt ſweeten thy Corps within.

87. *On a Gallant.*

A glittering Gallant, from a prancing Steed,
Alighting down deſir'd a boy with ſpeed
To hold his horſe a while, he made reply,
Can one man hold him faſt? 'twas anſwer'd, I:
If then one man can hold him Sir, you may
Do it your ſelf, quoth he, and ſlunk away.

88. *To Eras-mus.*

That thou art a man each of thy learn'd wo-rks ſhows,
But yet thy name tels us *thou waſt a Mouſe.*

89. *On Bunce.*

Money thou ow'ſt me; prethee fix a day
For payment promis'd, though thou never pay:

Let

Let it be Dooms-day; nay, take longer ſcope;
Nay when th'art honeſt, let me have ſome hope.

90. *On an empty Houſe.*

Lollus by night awak'd heard Theeves about
His houſe, and ſearching narrowly throughout
To find ſome pillage there, he ſaid, you may
By night, but I can find nought here by day.

91. *A trim Barber.*

Neat Barber trim, I muſt commend thy care,
Which doſt all things exactly to a haire.

92. *On a bragging Coward.*

Corſus in Camp, when as his Mates betook
Themſelves to dine, encourag'd them and ſpoke,
Have a good ſtomach Lads, this night we ſhall
In heaven at Supper keep a feſtivall.
But battail join'd he fled away in haſt,
And ſaid, I had forgot, this night I faſt.

93. *On a great Noſe.*

Thy Noſe no man can wipe, *Proclus*, unleſs
He have a hand as big as *Hercules*:
When thou doſt ſneeze the ſound thou doſt not hear
Thy Noſe is ſo far diſtant from thine ear.

94. *On an unequall pair.*

Fair *Phillis* is to churliſh *Priſcus* wed,
As ſtronger wine with waters mingled;

Priſcus

Priſcus his love to *Phillis* more doth glow
With fervency then fire ; hers cold as ſnow :
'Tis well, for if their flames alike did burn,
One houſe would be too hot to ſerve their turn.

95. *In Quintum.*

Quintus is burnt, and may thereof be glad,
For being poor he hath a good pretence
At every Church to crave benevolence,
For one that had by fire loſt all he had.

96. *On a changeable Rayment.*

Know you why *Lollus* changeth every day,
His Perriwig, his face, and his array ?
'Tis not becauſe his comings in are much,
Or 'cauſe hee'l ſwill it with the roaring Dutch ;
But 'cauſe the Sergeants (who a writ have had
Long ſince againſt him) ſhould not know the Lad.

97. *On Gueſſe.*

Gueſſe cuts his ſhooes, and limping goes about
To have men think he's troubled with the Gout,
But 'tis no Gout (believe it) but hard Beere,
Whoſe acrimonious humour bites him here.

98. *On Stale-Batch.*

For all night-ſins with other Wives unknown
Batch now doth daily penance in his own.

99. *To ſir Guilty.*

Guilty, be wiſe; and though thou knoweſt the crimes
Be thine I tax; yet do not own my Rimes;
'Twere madneſſe in thee to betray thy fame,
And perſon to the world, ere I thy name.

100. *Veritas ſubverta.*

Luke that a man on horſ-back met but late,
Would ſimply ſeem thus to equivocate,
And ſtrong maintain 'gainſt them, contend who dare,
'Twas meerly, but a Taylor and a Mare.

101. *On Hugh.*

Hugh ſhould have gone to *Oxford* th'other day,
But turn'd at Tiburn, and ſo loſt his way.

102. *On a Painted Madam.*

Men ſay y'are fair; and fair ye are, 'tis true,
But (Hark!) we praiſe the Painter now, not you.

103. *On Baroſſa.*

Baroſſa boaſts his pedigree, although
He knows no letter of the Chriſt-Croſſe row,
His houſe is ancient, and his gentry great,
For what more ancient e're was heard of yet
Then is the family of fools? how than
Dare you not call *Baroſſa* Gentleman?

104. *Experto credendum.*

How durſt *Capritius* call his wedlock whore,
But that he ſpeaks it *pluſquam per narratum.*

Nam

Nam ipſe teſte: what require you more,
Unleſſe youl'd have it *magis approbatum*?

105. *On Jack Cut-purſe.*

Jack Cut-purſe is, and hath been patient long,
For hee's content to pocket up much wrong.

106. *On Afer.*

Afer hath ſold his land and bought a Horſe,
Whereon he pranceth to the royall Burſe,
To be on horſ-back he delights; wilt know?
Cauſe then his Company he'd higher ſhow:
But happy chance fall *Afer* in his pride,
Mounts a Gunnelly and on foot doth ride.

107. *On Chariſmus.*

Thou haſt compos'd a Book, which neither age,
Nor future time ſhall hurt through all their rage;
For how can future times or age invade,
That work which periſhed as ſoon as made?

108. *Facilis deſcenſus averni.*

The way to hell is eaſie, th'other day,
A blind man thither quickly found the way.

109. *Age and Youth.*

Admire not youth, deſpiſe not age, although
Some young are grave, moſt old men children grow.

110. *On*

110. *On Orus.*

Orus ſold wine, and then tobacco, now
He aqua-vitæ doth his friends allow.
What e're he had was ſold to ſave his life,
And now turn'd Pander, he doth ſell his wife.

111. *On Sneape.*

Sneape has a face ſo brittle, that it breaks
Forth into bluſhes, whenſoere he ſpeaks.

112. *On Acerra.*

Tobacco hurts the brain Phyſitians ſay,
Doth dull the wit, and memory decay,
Yet fear not thou *Acerra*, for 'twill ne're
Hurt thee ſo much by uſe, as by thy feare.

113. *Empta noſtra.*

Madam *La Foy* wears not thoſe locks for nought,
Ask at the Shop elſe, where the ſame ſhe bought.

114. *On Briſo.*

Who private lives, lives well, no wonder then,
You doe abſent you from the ſight of men,
For out of doors you ne'r by day appear,
What, is a Sergeant ſuch a huge Bug-bear?

115. *A Fooliſh Querie.*

How rich a man is, all deſire to know;
But none inquires if good he be or no.

116. *On the King of Swedens Picture.*

Who but the half of this neat Picture drew,
That it could ne're be fully done, well knew.

117. *B. J. anſwer to a Thief bidding him ſtand.*

Fly Villain hence, or by thy coat of ſteel,
I'le make thy heart, my brazen bullet feel,
And ſend that thrice as theeviſh ſoule of thine,
To Hell, to wear the Devils Valentine.

118. *Thiefs reply.*

Art thou great *Ben*? or the revived ghoſt
Of famous *Shakeſpeare*? or ſome drunken hoſt?
Who being tipſie with thy muddy Beer,
Doſt think thy Rimes ſhall daunt my ſoul with fear?
Nay know baſe Slave, that I am one of thoſe,
Can take a purſe as well in verſe as proſe;
And when th'art dead write this upon thy Herſe,
Here lyes a Poet that was rob'd in Verſe.

119. *Nothing New.*

Nothing is new: we walk where others went;
There's no vice now but has his preſident.

120. *On Cupid.*

Cupid hath by his ſly and ſubtill Art,
A certain Arrow ſhot, and pierc'd my heart;

What

What ſhall I do to be reveng'd on love?
There is but one way; and that one I'le prove:
I'le ſteale his Arrows, and will head them new
With Womens hearts, and then they'l ne'r fly true.

121. *A Tobacconiſt.*

All dainty meats I do defie,
Which feed men fat as Swine;
He is a frugall man indeed,
That on a leaf can dine;

He needs no Napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
That keeps his Kitchin in a Box,
And Roaſt-meat in a Pipe.

122. *Feeble ſtanding.*

Mat being drunken, much his anger wreaks
On's wife; but ſtands to nothing that he ſpeaks.

123. *Long and Lazie.*

That was the Proverb. Let my Miſtriſs be
Lazie to others; but belong to me.

124. *On the Tobacconiſt.*

If mans fleſh be like Swines, as it is ſaid;
The Metamorphoſis is ſooner made:
Then full fac'd *Gnatho* no Tobacco take;
Smoaking your Corps, leſt Bacon you do make.

125. *Another.*

125. *Another.*

Tom I commend thee above all I know,
That ſold'ſt thy cuſhion for a pipe of To——
For now 'tis like if e're thou ſtudy more,
Thou'lt ſit to't harder then thou didſt before.

126. *On Button the grave-maker.*

Ye powers above and heavenly poles,
Are graves become but *Button*-holes?

127. *On Long hair.*

Lucas long hair down to his ſhoulders wears,
And why? he dares not cut it for his ears.

128. *To a ſtale Lady.*

Thy wrinkles are no more, nor leſs,
Then beautie turn'd to ſowerneſs.

129. *A Crab is reſtorative.*

The Crab of the wood
Is ſawce very good,
For the Crab of the foaming Sea;
But the wood of a Crab
Is ſawce for a drab
That will not her husband obey.

130. *Alius altior.*

Would you with *Cajus* offer now confer
In ſuch familiar ſort as heretofore?

And not obſerve he's grown an Officer,
That looks for adoration ten times more?
Tut! what of pedegree, or *turpe domo.*
Tis not ſo now ye ſee, *nam ecce homo.*

131. *Sorte tua contentus.*

If adverſe fortune bring to paſſe,
And will that thou an aſſe muſt be;
Then be an aſſe, and live an aſſe,
For out of queſtion wiſe is he
That undergoes with humble mind,
The ſtate that chance hath him aſſign'd.

132. *On a pretender to Prophecy.*

Ninety two years the world as yet ſhall ſtand,
If it do ſtand or fall at your command;
But ſay, why plac'd you not the worlds end nigher
Leſt ere you dy'd you might be prov'd a lyer?

133. *Mart. lib. 8. Epigr. 69.*

Old Poets onely thou doſt praiſe,
And none but dead ones magnifie;
Pardon *Vocerta*, thee to pleaſe,
I am not yet in mind to die.

134. *On a Gameſter.*

For hundred-thouſands *Matho* playes;
Olus what's that to thee?

Not thou by means thereof, I trow,
But *Matho* poor ſhall be.

135. *Pareus profuſus.*

Old doting *Claudus* that rich miſer known,
Made drunk one night, and jumping but with *Joan*,
Was forc't not only to diſcharge the ſhot,
But keep the baſtard which the gull ne'r got.

136. *On Fr. Drake.*

Sir *Drake*, whom well the worlds end knew,
Which thou didſt compaſſe round,
And whom both Poles of Heaven once ſaw,
Which North and South do bound,
The Stars above would make thee known,
If men here ſilent were;
The Sun himſelfe cannot forget,
his fellow Traveller.

137. *B. J. approbation of a copy of verſes.*

One of the witty ſort of Gentlemen,
That held ſociety with learned *Ben*——
Shew'd him ſome verſes of a tragick ſenſe;
Which did his ear much curious violence;
But after *Ben* had been a kinde partaker
Of the ſad lines, he needs muſt know the maker;
What unjuſt man he was, that ſpent his time,
And baniſh'd reaſon to advance his rime:

Nay gentle *Ben*, replyes the Gentleman,
I ſee I muſt ſupport the Poet than;
Although thoſe humble ſtrains are not ſo fit
For to pleaſe you, hee's held a pretty wit;
Is he held ſo? (ſayes *Ben*) ſo may a Gooſ,
Had I the holding, I would let him looſ.

138. *Ut pluma perſona.*

Why wears *Laurentius* ſuch a loſty feather?
Becauſe he's proud and fooliſh both together.

139. *Gain and Gettings.*

When other gain much by the preſent caſt,
The Coblers getting time, is at the Laſt.

140. *Domina prædominans.*

Ill may *Radulphus* boaſt of rule or riches,
That lets his wife rule him, and wear the breeches.

141. *On Doll.*

Doll ſhe ſo ſoone began the wanton trade;
She ne'r remembers that ſhe was a mayde.

142. *To a Noſe and Teeth very long.*

Gape 'gainſt the Sun, and by thy Teeth and Noſe
'Tis eaſie to perceive how the day goes.

143. *On a Welſhman and an Engliſhman.*

There was a time a difference began,
Between a Welſhman and an Engliſhman,

And

And thus it was ; the Engliſhman would ſtand
Againſt all Argument, that this our land
Was freeſt of her fruits : there is a place,
Quoth he, whoſe ground ſo fruitfull is of graſſe,
But throw a ſtaffe in't but this night, you ſhall
Not ſee't the morrow, 'twould be cover'd all.
The Welſhman cry'd, 'tis true it might lye under
The o'r-grown graſs, which is with us no wonder :
For turn your horſe into our fruitfull ground,
And before morning come, he ſhan't be found.

144. *On Pride.*

Why Pride to others doth her ſelfe prefer,
The reaſon's clear, ſhe's heir to *Lucifer*.

145. *On Skrew.*

Skrew lives by ſhifts; yet ſwears by no ſmall oaths;
For all his ſhifts, he cannot ſhift his cloathes.

146. *O Mores.*

Now *vertu's* hid with *follies* jugling miſt,
And hee's no man that is no humoriſt.

147. *To Teltale.*

Thy glowing ears, to hot contention bent,
Are not unlike red Herrings broyl'd in lent.

148. *Sperando pariens.*

Hodg hir'd him ſuch a houſe, at ſuch a rent,
As might 'gainſt marriage, much his ſtate augment;
But lingring fates did ſo his hopes prevent,
As *Hodg* perforce muſt fly, for all was ſpent.

149. *On a Souldier.*

The Souldier fights well, and with good regard,
But when he's lame, he lies at an ill ward.

150. *Vivens mortuis.*

What makes young *Brutus* beare ſo high his head,
And on the ſudden gallant it ſo brave?
Pray underſtand Sir; 's Father's newly dead,
Who hath ſo long been wiſh'd for laid in's grave.

151. *A ſecret neceſſity.*

What makes *F. G.* wear ſtill one pair of hoſe?
Ask *Banks* the Broker; he the buſineſſe knows.

152. *On Garret and Chambers.*

Garret and his friend *Chambers* having done
Their City buſineſſe, walkt to *Paddington*,
And coming neer the fatall place, where men,
I mean offenders, ne'r return agen,
Looking on Tyburn in a merriment,

Sayes

Sayes *Chambers*, here's a pretty Tenement
Had it a Garret: *Garret* hearing that,
Replyes, friend *Chambers* I do wonder at
Your ſimple cenſure, and could mock you for it,
There muſt be Chambers, e'r there be a Garret.

153. *Dubium indubitatum.*

Say *Parnels* children prove not one like th'other;
The beſt is yet, ſhe's ſure th'ad both one Mother.

154. *On Linnit.*

Linnit plays rarely on the Lute, we know;
And ſweetly ſings, but yet his breath ſayes no.

155. *On Uſuring Gripe.*

Gripe feels no lameneſs of his knotty gout,
His moneys travell for him in and out.
And though the ſoundeſt legs goe every day,
He toyls to be at hell as ſoon as they.

156. *A phraſe in Poetry.*

Fairer then that word faire, why ſo ſhe muſt,
Or be as black as *Timothies* toaſted cruſt.

157. *A Witt-all.*

Jeppa thy wit will ne'r endure a touch,
Thou knowſt ſo little, and doſt ſpeak ſo much.

158. *Ad Lectorem.*

Is't poſſible that thou my book haſt bought,
That ſaid'ſt 'twas nothing worth? why was it nought;
Read it agen, perchance thy wit was dull,
Thou may'ſt finde ſomething at the ſecond pull:
Indeed at firſt thou nought didſt underſtand;
For ſhame get ſomething at the ſecond hand.

159. *On Skinns.*

Skinns he din'd well to day; how do you think?
His nayles they were his meat, his reume the drink.

160. *Suum cuique pulchrum.*

Poſthumus not the laſt of many more,
Asks why I write in ſuch an idle vain,
Seeing there are of Epigrams ſuch ſtore;
O give me leave to tell thee once again,
That Epigrams are fitted to the ſeaſon,
Of ſuch as beſt know how to make rime reaſon.

161. *Certa diſſimulans.*

Monſieur Piero's wife trades all in French,
And coyly ſimpring cryes, *Pardona moy*:
As who ſhould think, ſhe's ſure no common wench
But a moſt true diſſembler, *par ma foy*.

162.

162. *In magnis voluiſſe ſatest.*

In matters great to will it doth ſuffice:
I bluſh to hear how loud this Proverb lyes,
For they that ow great ſums by bond or bill,
Can never cancell them with meer good will.

163. *As proud as witleſſe Dracus.*

Dracus his head is highly by him born,
And ſo by ſtraws are empty heads of corn.

164. *Saltem videretur.*

A Welſhman and an Engliſhman diſputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greateſt ſtate;
The Engliſhman the Welſhman quite confuted,
Yet would the Welſhman nought his brags abate,
Ten cooks, quoth he, in *Wales* one wedding fees,
Truth, quoth the other, each man toſts his cheeſe.

185. *Knowing and not knowing.*

Coſmus by cuſtome taunts each man,
And yet can nought of reaſon ſcan,
How can that be, when who knows leaſt
Knows he ſhould wiſe be, that would jeſt:
Then thus no further I allow,
That *Coſmus* knows, but knows not how.

166. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes faſt away, his ſafeſt flight
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

167. *Poſtrema peſſima.*

Cacus in's cunning ne'r ſo prov'd o'r-reacht
As now at laſt, who muſt be halter-ſtretcht.

168. *On his Miſtris.*

My love and I for kiſſes play'd,
She would keep ſtakes, I was content,
And when I won ſhe would be paid;
This made me ask her what ſhe meant,
Saith ſhe, ſince you are in this wrangling vain,
Take you your kiſſes, and give me mine again.

169. *On a proud Maid.*

She that will eat her breakfaſt in her bed,
And ſpend the morn in dreſſing of her head,
And ſit at dinner like a Maiden-bride,
And talk of nothing all day but of pride;
God in mercy may do much to ſave her,
But what a caſe is he in that ſhall have her?

170. *Tempus edax rerum.*

Time eateth all things, could the Poets ſay,
The times are chang'd, our times drink all away.

171. *Facies ignota.*

Why ſhould not *Rubin* rich apparell wear,
That's left more money then an Aſſe can bear?
Can any gueſſe him by his outward guiſe,
But that he may be generous and wiſe?

172. *On a coy Woman.*

She ſeems not won, yet won ſhe is at length;
In loves war, women uſe but halfe their ſtrength.

173. *On bed keeping.*

Bradus the Smith hath often ſworn and ſed,
That no diſeaſe ſhould make him keep his bed;
His reaſon was, I oft have heard him tell it,
He wanted money, therefore he would ſell it.

174. *On a man ſtealing a Candle from a Lanthorn.*

One walking in the ſtreet, a winter night,
Climb'd to a lanthorn, thought t'have ſtole the light,
But taken in the manner and deſcri'd
By one o'th'ſervants, who look'd and cry'd, (handle?
Whoſe there: what d'you? who doth our lanthorn
Nothing, ſaid he, but onely ſnuffe the Candle.

175. *On Fraternus.*

Fraternus' opinions ſhow his reaſon weak,
He held the noſe was made for man to ſpeak.

176. *Little and Loud.*

Little you are: for Womens ſake be proud;
For my ſake next, (though little) be not loud.

177. *On a French Fencer, that challenged Church an Engliſh Fencer.*

The fencing Gaules in pride and gallant vaunt,
Challeng'd the Engliſh at the Fencing skill,
The Fencer *Church*, or the *Church* Militant,
His errors ſtill reprov'd and knock'd him ſtill;
But ſith our *Church* him diſciplin'd ſo ſore,
He (rank Recuſant) comes to Church no more.

178. *On Gella.*

Gella is light, and like a Candle waſteth,
Even to the ſnuffe, that ſtinketh more it laſteth.

179. *On* I. Lipſius *who bequeathed his Gown to the* V. Mary.

A dying Latiniſt of great renown,
Unto the Virgin *Mary* gave his Gown;
And was not this falſe Latine ſo to joyn
With female gender, the caſe maſculine?

180. *On two ſtriving together.*

Two falling out, into a ditch they fell,
Their falling out was ill; but in, was well,

181. *A Lawyers Will.*

A Lawyer being ſick and extreame ill,
Was moved by his friends to make his Will,
Which ſoon he did, gave all the wealth he had
To frantick perſons, lunatick and mad;
And to his friends this reaſon did reveale;
(That they might ſee, with equity hee'd deal)
From mad mens hands I did my wealth receive,
Therefore that wealth to mad mens hands I leave.

182. *Youth and Age.*

Age is deformed, Youth unkinde,
We ſcorn their bodies, they our minde.

183. *Somnus decipiens.*

Dod ſweetly dreamt this other night had found
In gold and ſilver ne'r an hundred pound,
But waking felt he was with Fleas ſore bitten,
And further ſmelt he had his ſhirt be——

184. *To a Shoomaker.*

What boots it thee to follow ſuch a trade,
That's alwayes under foot and underlaid?

185. *Death.*

The lives of men ſeem in two ſeas to ſwim,
Death comes to young folks, and old go to him.

186. *Quos ego, &c.*

Rufus in rage the Pots flings down the ſtairs,
And threats to pull the Drawer by the ears,
For giving ſuch attendance: Slave (ſayes he)
Where's thine obſervance? Ha! muſt ſuch as we
Be no more waited on? Go, bring to pay,
And keep my Rapier till I come this way.

187. *A Diſparity.*

Children fondly blab truth,
and fools their brothers;
Women have learn'd more wiſdome
of their mothers.

188. *To Maledict.*

Thou ſpeakeſt ill, not to give men their dues,
But ſpeakeſt ill, becauſe thou canſt not chuſe.

189. *On Newter Ned.*

Newter convict of publick wrongs to men,
Takes private beatings, and begins agen;
Two kinds of valour he doth ſhew at once,
Active in's brains, and paſſive in his bones.

190. *Interpone tuis &c.*

Not mirth, nor care alone, but interwreath'd
Cares gets mirths ſtomach, mirth makes care long
(breath'd.

191. *Ignotus ſibi.*

Faſtidius finds it *Nimis ultra poſſe*,
How to diſtinguiſh of *Teipſum noſce*:
I do not marvell much it ſhould be ſo,
For why the Coxcomb, will himſelfe not know.

192. *On Craw.*

Craw cracks in Sirrop, and do's ſtinking ſay,
Who can hold that (my friends) that will away.

193. *Pot Poet.*

Poet and Pot differ but in a letter,
Which makes the Poet love the Pot the better.

194. *Content.*

Content is all we aim at with our ſtore;
If that be had with little, what needs more?

195. *Faſt and looſe.*

Paphus was marry'd all in haſt,
And now to rack doth run;
So knitting of himſelfe too faſt,
He hath himſelfe undone.

196. *Tortus.*

Tortus accus'd to lye, to fawn, to flatter,
Said he but ſet a good face on the matter;

Then

Then ſure he borrow'd it, for 'tis well known,
Tortus ne're wore a good face of his own.

197. *On Raſpe.*

Raſpe plays at Nine holes; and 'tis known he gets
Many a Teaſter by his game, and bets;
But of his gettings there's but little ſigne;
When one hole waſts more then he gets by nine.

198. *Impar imparis odit.*

Sotus hates wiſe men, for himſelfe is none,
And fools he hates, becauſe himſelfe is one.

199. *Similis doctrina libello.*

Crœſus of all things loveth not to buy
So many books of ſuch diverſity:
Your Almanack (ſays he) yeeld's all the ſence
Of time's paſt, profit, and experience.

200. *On Tullus.*

Tullus who was a Taylor by profeſſion,
Is late turn'd Lawyer, and of large poſſeſſion.
So who before did cut but countrey freeze,
Now cuts the countrey in exceſſive fees.

201. *Ut parta perdita.*

Marcellus proves a man of double means,
Firſt rais'd by drunkards, then undone by queans.

202. *On Jack and Jill.*

Since *Jack* and *Jill* both wicked be;
It ſeems a wonder unto me,
That they no better do agree.

203. *On Women.*

Woman's the centre, and the lines be men,
The circles, love; how do they differ then?
Circles draw many lines into the center,
But love gives leave to only one to enter.

204. *On Womans love.*

A womans love is like a Syrian flow'r,
That buds, and ſpreads, and withers in an hour.

205. *On Cook a Cuckold.*

A young Cook marry'd upon Sunday laſt,
And he grew old e'r Tueſday night was paſt.

206. *Nomine, non re.*

Grace I confeſs it, hath a comely face,
Good hand and foot as anſwerable to it:
But what's all this except ſhe had more grace?
Oh you will ſay, 'tis want that makes her do it.
True, want of grace indeed, the more her ſhame:
Graceleſſe by Nature, only *Grace* by Name.

207. *A Monſieur Naſo, vero le.*

Naſo let none drink in his glaſſe but he,
Think you 'tis pride? 'tis courteſie.

208. *A Butcher Marrying a Tanners Daughter.*

A fitter match then this could not have bin,
For now the fleſh is married to the skin.

209. *A Widow.*

He which for's wife a widow doth obtain,
Doth like to thoſe that buy clothes in *Long-lane*,
One Coat's not fit, another's too too old,
Their faults I know not, but th'are manifold.

110. *On a Farmer Knighted.*

In my conceit Sir *John*, you were to blame,
To make a quiet good-wife, a mad-dame.

211. *On Pallas and Bacchus Birth.*

Pallas the off-ſpring of *Joves* brain,
Bacchus out of his thigh was ta'en:
He breaks his brain that learning wins,
When he that's drunk breaks but his ſhins.

212. *On an old man doting upon a young Wench.*

A rich old man loving a fair young Laſſe,
Out of his breeches his ſpectacles drew,

Where-

Wherewith he writ a note how rich he was;
All which (quoth he) ſweet heart I'l give to you.
Excuſe me Sir (quoth ſhe) for all your riches,
I'l marry none that wears his eyes in's breeches.

213. *On a Welſhman.*

The way to make a Welſhman think on bliſſe,
And dayly ſay his prayers on his knees,
Is to perſwade him that moſt certain 'tis,
The Moon is made of nothing but green Cheeſe;
Then he'l deſire of *Jove* no greater boon,
Then to be plac'd in Heaven to eat the Moon.

214. *On Lungs.*

Lungs (as ſome ſay) ne'r ſits him down to eat,
But that his breath doth fly-blow all his meat.

215. *Ad Quintum.*

Thy lawfull wife fair *Lelia* needs muſt be,
For ſhe was forc'd by Law to marry thee.

216. *As many dayes in the year, ſo many Veins in man.*

That every thing we doe might vain appear,
We have a vein for each day in the year.

217. *To a friend on the loſſe of his Miſtreſſe.*

If thou the beſt of women didſt forgo,
Weigh if thou found'ſt her, or didſt make her ſo:

If ſhe was found, know there is more then one ;
If made, the workman lives though ſhe be gone.

218. *On a Whore.*

Roſa is faire, but not a proper woman ;
Can any woman proper be that's common ?

219. *Æqualis conſenſus.*

Cacus and's choyce, for change no time defers,
Both ſeparate, yet conſenting each together,
He maids for his turn takes, ſhe men for hers,
And ſo they jump, though ſeldome joyn together.

220. *On a Welſhman.*

A Welſhman late coming into an Inn,
Asked the Maid what meat there was within ;
Cow-heels ſhe anſwer'd, and a breaſt of Mutton ;
But quoth the Welſh-man, ſince I am no glutton ;
Either of both ſhall ſerve ; to night the breaſt,
The heels i'th morning, then light meat is beſt,
At night he took the breſt, and did not pay,
I'th morning took his heels, and run away.

221. *On Men and Women.*

Ill thrives that hapleſſe family that ſhows
A Cock thats ſilent, and a Hen that crows :
I know not which lives more unnaturall lives,
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

222. *On Linus.*

Linus told me of Verſes that he made,
Riding to *London* on a trotting Jade;
I ſhould have known, had he conceal'd the caſe,
Even by his Verſes of his Horſes pace.

223. *Sauce for Sorrows.*

Although our ſufferings meet with no relief,
An equall mind is the beſt ſauce for grief.

224. *On a little diminutive Band.*

What is the reaſon of God-dam-me's band,
Inch-deep, and that his faſhion doth not alter?
God-dam-me ſaves a labour, underſtand,
In pulling't off when he puts on the halter.

225. *On fine apparell.*

Some that their wives may neat and cleanly go,
Do all their ſubſtance upon them beſtow:
But who a Gold-finch, fain would make his wife,
Makes her perhaps a Wagtail all her life.

226. *Upon Conſcience.*

Many men this preſent age diſpraiſe,
And think men have ſmall conſcience now adays;
But ſure, I'll lay no ſuch fault unto their charge,
I rather think their conſcience is too large.

227. *Dicta prædicta.*

Buttus breaks jeſts on any thing that's ſpoken,
Provided alwayes, they before are broken.

228. *On Umber.*

Umber was painting of a Lyon fierce,
And working it, by chance from *Umbers* Erſe
Flew out a crack, ſo mighty, that the fart,
(as *Umber* ſwears) did make his Lyon ſtart.

229. *In Cornutum.*

Cornutus call'd his wife both whore and ſlut,
Quoth ſhe, you'l never your brawling but--
But what quoth he ? quoth ſhe, the poſt or door,
For you have horns to butt, if I'm a whore.

230. *A witty paſſage.*

An old man ſitting at a Chriſtmaſſe feaſt,
By eating brawne occaſioned a jeſt ;
For whilſt his tongue and gums chaſed about,
For want of pales the chaſed Bore broke out ;
And light perchance upon a handſome laſſe,
That neer him at the Table placed was ;
VVhich when ſhe ſpy'd, ſhe pluck'd out of her ſleeve
A pin, and did it to the old man give ;
Saying, ſith your Brawn out of your mouth doth ſlip,
Sir take this pin, and therewith cloſe your lip ;

And

And burſting into laughter, ſtrain'd ſo much,
As with that ſtrain her back-part ſpake low-dutch
Which th'old man hearing, did the pin reſtore,
And bad her therewith cloſe her poſtern door.

231. *On Cob.*

Cob clouts his ſhooes, and as the ſtory tels,
His thumb-nayls par'd afford him ſparables.

232. *Omnia pariter.*

Ralph reads a line or two, and then cryes mew;
Deeming all elſe according to thoſe few;
Thou might'ſt have thought and prov'd a wiſer Lad,
(As *Joan* her fooding bought) ſome good, ſome bad.

233. *A new marryed Bride.*

The firſt of all our ſex came from the ſide of Man,
I thither am return'd from whence I came.

234. *On a Pudding.*

The end of all, and in the end,
the praiſe of all depends.
A Pudding merits double praiſe,
becauſe it hath two ends.

235. *Anſwer.*

A pudding hath two ends; you lye my brother,
For it begins at one, and ends at th'other.

236. *Si nihil attuleris, ibis, &c.*

Planus, an honeſt Swaine, but moneyleſſe,
Beſought a Lawyer to be good unto him,
Who either (*gratis*) muſt his cauſe redreſſe,
Or promiſe what he never meant to do him.
Being asked why he careleſſe lingred it?
Made this reply, *Ex nihilo nihil ſit.*

237. *On Maids.*

Moſt Maids reſemble *Eve* now in their lives,
Who are no ſooner women, then th'are wives;
As *Eve* knew no man, e'r fruit wrought her wo;
So theſe have fruit oft e'r their husbands know.

238. *Ut cecidit ſurgit.*

Now *Martha* married is, ſhee'l brave it out,
Though ne'r ſo needy known to all about;
And reaſon good, ſhe riſe once in her life,
That fell ſo oft before ſhe was a wife.

239. *On a man whoſe choyce was to be hang'd or marryed.*

M. Lo here's the Bride, and there's the Tree,
Take which of theſe beſt liketh thee.
R. The choyce is bad on either part,
The woman's worſt, drive on the Cart.

240. *Women.*

Were women as little as they are good,
A Peſcod would make them a gown and a hood.

241. *On a Louſe.*

A Louſe no reaſon hath to deal ſo ill,
With them of whom ſhe hath ſo much her will;
She hath no tongue to ſpeak ought in their praiſe,
But to backbite them finds a tongue alwayes.

242. *A Courtier and a Scholler meeting.*

A Courtier proud walking along the ſtreet,
Hap'ned by chance a Scholler for to meet:
The Courtier ſaid (minding nought more then place)
Unto the Scholler (meeting face to face)
To take the wall, baſe men I'l not permit;
The Scholler ſaid, I will, and gave him it.

243. *Cede majoribus.*

I took the wall, one rudely thruſt me by,
And told me the High-way did open ly,
I thank'd him that he would me ſo much grace,
To take the worſe and leave the better place;
For if by owners we eſteem of things,
The wall's the Subjects, but the way the Kings.

244. *On Betty.*

Sound teeth has *Betty*, pure as pearl and ſmall,
With mellow lips, and luſcious therewithall.

245. *A*

245. *A Rule for Courtiers.*

He that will thrive in Court, muſt oft become,
Againſt his will, both blind, and deaf, and dumb.

246. *Why women wear a fall.*

A queſtion 'tis, why women wear a fall;
The truth on't is, to pride they're given all,
And pride, the Proverb ſayes, will have a fall.

247. *Foras expertus.*

Priſcus hath been a traveller, for why?
He will ſo ſtrangely ſwagger, ſwear and lye.

248. *To a painted Whore.*

Whoſoever ſaith thou ſelleſt all, doth jeſt,
Thou buy'ſt thy beauty, that ſells all the reſt.

249. *Detur quod meritum.*

A Courtier kind in ſpeech, curſt in condition,
Finding his faults could be no longer hidden,
Came to his friend to clear his bad ſuſpition,
And fearing leaſt he ſhould be more then chidden,
Fell to flatt'ring and moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
Vowing to kiſſe his foot if he were bidden.
My foot ſaid he? nay that were too ſubmiſſe;
You three foot higher, well deſerve to kiſſe.

250. *Non lubens loquitur.*

Gluto at meals is never heard to talk,
For which the more his chaps and chin do walk,
When every one that ſits about the bord,
Makes ſport to ask, what *Gluto*, ne'r a word?
He forc'd to anſwer being very loath,
Is almoſt choak'd, ſpeaking and eating both.

251. *On Philos.*

If *Philos*, none but thoſe are dead doe praiſe,
I would I might diſpleaſe him all his dayes.

252. *The Promiſe-breaker.*

Ventus doth promiſe much, but ſtill doth break,
So all his promiſes are great and weak:
Like bubbles in the water (round and light)
Swelling ſo great that they are broke out-right.

253. *Change.*

What now we like, anon we diſapprove;
The new ſucceſſor drives away old love.

254. *On a paſſing Bell.*

This doleſull muſick of impartiall death,
Who danceth after, danceth out of breath.

255. *Nummos & demona jungit.*

That bids you ſwell with envy till you burſt,
So he be rich, and may his coffers fill,

Bringing

Bringing the example of the Fox that's curſt
And threatning folks who have leaſt power to kill;
For why 'tis known, his Trade can never fall,
That hath already got the Devill and all.

256. *Nil gratum ratione carens.*

Paulus a Pamphlet doth in proſe preſent
Unto his Lord (the fruits of idle time)
Who far more careleſſe, then therewith content,
Wiſheth it were converted into rime:
Which done, and brought him at another ſeaſon,
Said, now 'tis rime, before nor rime nor reaſon.

257. *Non ceſſat perdere luſor.*

Ask *Ficus* how his luck at dicing goes:
Like to the Tide (quoth he) it ebbs and flows,
Then I ſuppoſe his chance cannot be good,
For all men know 'tis longer ebbe than flood.

258. *Womens policy.*

To weep oft, ſtill to flatter, ſometime ſpin,
Are properties women excell men in.

259. *Volucrem ſic decipit auceps.*

Hidrus the Horſe-courſer (that cunning mate)
Doth with the buyers thus equivocate;
Claps on his hand, and prays he may not thrive,
If that his gelding be not under five. ☞

260. *Per-*

260. *Perdat qui caveat emptor.*

Nor leſſe meant *Promus* when that vow he made
Then to give o'r his couſening Tapſters trade,
Who check'd for ſhort and frothy meaſure, ſwore
He never would from henceforth fill pot more.

261. *On Death.*

How baſe hath ſin made man, to fear a thing
Which men call *Mors* ? which yet hath loſt all ſting,
And is but a privation as we know,
Nay is no word if we exempt the O :
Then let good men the fear of it defie,
All is but O, when they ſhall come to dye.

262. *To Mr. Ben Johnſon, demanding the reaſon why he call'd his plays works.*

Pray tell me *Ben*, where doth the myſtery lurk,
What others call a play, you call a work.

263. *Thus anſwer'd by a friend in Ben Johnſons defence.*

The Authors friend thus for the Author ſayes,
Bens playes are works, when others works are plays.

270. *On Crambo a louſie ſhifter.*

By want of ſhift, ſince Lice at firſt are bred,
And after by the ſame increaſt and fed ;
Crambo I muſe how you have Lice ſo many,
Since all men know you ſhift as much as any.

265. *Ad Ariſtarchum.*

Be not agriev'd, my humorous lines afford
Of looſer language here and there a word:
Who undertakes to ſweep a common ſink,
I cannot blame him, though his broom do ſtink.

266. *In Aulum.*

Aulus gives naught, men ſay, though much he crave,
Yet I can tell to whom the Pox he gave.

267. *On Covetous perſons.*

Patrons are Latrons, then by this
Th'are worſt of greedy people,
Whoſe cognizance a VVolfs head is,
And in his mouth a ſteeple.

268. *On a Dyer.*

VVho hath time hath life, that he denies,
This man hath both, yet ſtill he dies.

269. *Non verbera, ſed verba.*

Two Schollars late appointed for the field;
Muſt, which was weakeſt to the other yield;
The quarrell firſt began about a word,
VVhich now ſhould be decided by the Sword:
But e'r they drew, there fell that alteration,
As they grew friends again by diſputation.

270. *Love and Liberty.*

Love he that will; it beſt likes me
To have my neck from loves yoke free.

271. *To a neat Reader.*

Thou ſay'ſt my verſes are rude, ragged, ruffe,
Not like ſome others rimes, ſmooth dainty ſtuffe;
Epigrams are like Satyrs, rough without,
Like Cheſnuts ſweet, take thou the kernel out.

272. *Of Letting.*

In bed a young man with his old wife lay,
O wife, quoth he, I've let a thing to day,
By which I fear, I am a loſer much:
His wife replyes, youths bargains ſtill are ſuch;
So turning from him angry at her heart,
She unawares let out a thundring——
O wife, quoth he, no loſer am I now,
A marv'lous ſaver I am made by you;
Young men that old wives have may never ſell,
Becauſe old wives, quoth he, let things ſo well.

273. *Sublata cauſa &c.*

VVhy ſtudies *Silveſter* no more the Laws,
'Tis thought *Duck-lane* has tane away the cauſe.

274. *Sapiat qui dives, oportet.*

'Tis known how well I live, ſayes *Romeo*,
And whom I liſt, I'le love, or will deſpiſe:
Indeed it's reaſon good it ſhould be ſo:
For they that wealthy are, muſt needs be wiſe:
But this were ill if ſo it come to paſſe,
That for your wealth you muſt be beg'd an aſſe.

275. *In Doſſum.*

Doſſe riding forth, the wind was very big,
And ſtrained court'ſie with his Perriwig,
Leaving his ſconce behind ſo voyd of haire,
As *Eſops* Crow might break her Oyſter there;
Fool he to think his hair could tarry faſt,
When *Boreas* tears forreſts with a blaſt.

276. *Poſt dulcia, finis amarus.*

Jenkin a Welſhman, that had ſuits in Law,
Journying to *London*, chanc'd to ſteal a Cow;
For which (pox on her luck as ne'r mon ſaw)
Was burnt within the fiſt and know not how:
Being ask'd if well the Laws with him did ſtand,
Hur have hur now (quoth *Jenkin*) in hur hand.

277. *Feminæ ludificantur viros.*

Kind *Katharine* to her Husband kiſt theſe words,
Mine own ſweet *Will*, how dearly do I love thee!

If true (quoth *Will*) the world no ſuch affords.
And that it's true, I durſt his warrant be;
For ne'r heard I of woman good or ill,
But alwayes loved beſt, her owne ſweet will.

278. *Ad Tuſſerum.*

Tuſſer, They tell me when thou wert alive,
Thou teaching thrift, thy ſelf couldſt never thrive;
So like the whetſtone many men are wont
To ſharpen others when themſelves are blunt.

229. *Præſtat videri quam eſſe.*

Clitus with clients is well cuſtomed,
That hath the Lawes but little ſtudied;
No matter *Clitus*, ſo they bring their fees,
How ill the caſe and thy advice agrees.

280. *Tunc tuares agitur.*

A jealous Merchant that a Sailor met,
Ask'd him the reaſon why he meant to marry,
Knowing what ill their abſence might beget,
That ſtill at Sea, conſtrained are to tarry?
Sir (quoth the ſaylor) think you that ſo ſtrange?
'Tis done the time whiles you but walke th'ex-
(change.

281. *On Skoles.*

Skoles ſtinks ſo deadly, that his breeches loath
His dampiſh buttocks furthermore to cloath:
Cloyd they are up with Arſe; but hope, and blaſt
Will whirle about, and blow them thence at laſt.

282. *A Conference.*

A Dane, a Spaniard, a Polonian,
My ſelf a Swiſſe, with an Hungarian,
At ſupper met, diſcourſed each with other,
Drank, laught, yet none that underſtood another.

283. *In Marcum.*

Marcus is not an hypocrite, and why?
He flyes all good, to fly hypocriſy.

284. *Quod non verba ſuadeant?*

Sextus halfe ſav'd his credit with a jeſt,
That at a reckoning this deviſe had got,
When he ſhould come to draw amongſt the reſt,
And ſaw each man had coyn, himſelf had not;
His empty pocket feels, and 'gins to ſay,
In ſadneſs Sirs, here's not a croſſe to pay.

285. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes faſt away, his ſafeſt flight
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

286. *In*

286. *In divites.*

Rich men their wealth as Children Rattles keep,
When play'd a while with't then they fall asleep.

287. *In Fannium.*

What fury's this? his foe whilst *Fannius* flyes,
He kils himself, for fear of death he dyes.

288. *On a vaunting Poetaster.*

Cecilius boasts his Verses worthy be
To be ingraven on a Cypresse tree;
A Cypresse wreath befits them well, 'tis true;
For they are near their death and crave but due.

289. *In divites iracundos.*

Rich friends 'gainst poor to anger still are prone:
It is not well but profitably done.

290. *Durum telum necessitas.*

Cognus with hunger pennilesse constrain'd
To call for meat and wine three shillings cost,
Had suddenly this project entertain'd,
In stead of what's to pay, to call mine host;
Who being come entreateth him discusse,
What price the Law alo:s for shedding blood:
Whereto mine Host directly answers thus;
'Twas alwayes forty pence he understood:

So then, quoth *Coquus*, to requite your pains,
Pray break my head, and give me what remains.

291. *To an Upſtart.*

Thy old friends thou forgotſt having got wealth:
No marvaile, for thou haſt forgot thy ſelfe.

292. *Ambition.*

In wayes to greatneſſe, think on this,
That ſlippery all Ambition is.

293. *Suum cuique.*

A ſtrange contention being lately had,
Which kind of Muſick was the ſweet'ſt and beſt,
Some praiſe the ſprightly ſound, and ſome the ſad,
Some lik't the Viols; and among the reſt,
Some in the Bag-pipes commendation ſpoke,
Quoth one ſtood by, give me a pipe of ſmoke.

294. *In Prodigum.*

Each age of men new faſhions doth invent;
Things which are old, young men do not eſteem:
What pleaſd our Fathers, doth not us content:
What flouriſh'd then, we out of faſhion deem:
And that's the cauſe as I do underſtand,
Why *Prodigus* did ſell his Fathers Land.

295. *In*

395. *In Medicum.*

When *Mingo* cryes, how do you ſir? 'tis thought
He Patients wanteth; and his practice's naught:
Wherefore of late, now every one he meeteth,
With [I am glad to ſee you well] he greeteth:
But who'l believe him now, when all can tell,
The world goes ill with him, when all are well?

296. *On Zelot.*

Is *Zelot* pure? he is: yet ſee he wears
The ſigne of *Circumciſion* in his ears.

297. *Criſpati crines plumæ dant calcar amori.*

Why is young *Annas* thus with feathers dight?
And on his ſhoulder wears a dangling lock?
The one foretels hee'l ſooner fly then fight,
The other ſhows hee's wrapt in's mothers ſmock.
But wherefore wears he ſuch a jingling ſpur?
O know, he deals with Jades that will not ſtir.

298. *On Boung-Bob.*

Bob, thou, nor ſouldier, theef, nor fencer art,
Yet by thy weapon liv'ſt, th'aſt one good part.

299. *On Glaucus.*

Glaucus a man, a womans hair doth wear,
But yet he wears the ſame com'b out behind:

So men the wallet of their faults do bear,
For if before him, he that fault ſhould find:
I think foul ſhame would his fair face invade,
To ſee a man ſo like a woman made.

300. *On Crab.*

Crab faces gowns with ſundry Furres; 'tis known,
He keeps the Fox-furre for to face his own.

301. *Dolo intimus.*

Nor Hauk, nor Hound, nor Horſe, thoſe letters *hhh*
But ach its ſelf, 'tis *Brutus* bones attaches.

302. *Of Batardus.*

Batardus needs would know his Horoſcope,
To ſee if he were born to ſcape the rope:
The *Magus* ſaid, ere thou mine anſwer have,
I muſt the name of both thy parents crave:
That ſaid, *Batardus* could not ſpeak but ſpit;
For on his fathers name he could not hit:
And out of doors at laſt he ſtept with ſhame,
To ask his mother for his fathers name.

303. *Conſuetudo lex.*

Two wooers for a wench were each at ſtrife,
Which ſhould enjoy her to his wedded wife,
Quoth th'one, ſhe's mine, becauſe I firſt her ſaw;
She's mine, quoth th'other, by Pye-corner law:

Where

Where ſticking once a prick on what you buy,
It's then your own, which no man muſt deny:

304. *On Women's denial.*

Women, although they ne're ſo goodly make it,
Their faſhion is but to ſay no, and take it.

305. *In Battum.*

Battus affirm'd no Poet ever writ,
Before that love inſpir'd his dull-head wit:
And that himſelf in love had wit no more,
Then one ſtark mad, though ſomewhat wiſe before.

306. *On Marriage.*

Weddings and hanging the Deſtinies diſpatch,
But hanging ſeems to ſome the better match.

307. *Vidua aurata.*

Gallus hath got a widow wondrous old,
The reaſon is he woo'd her for her gold:
Knowing her Maids are young and ſerve for hire,
Which is as much as *Gallus* doth deſire.

308. *In Dol prægnantem.*

Dol learning *Propria quæ maribus* without Book,
Like *Nomen creſcentis genitivo* doth look.

309. *Timidos fortuna repellit.*

When *Miles* the Serving-man my Lady kiſt,
She knew him not (though ſcarcely could reſiſt)

For this (quoth he) my Maſter bid me ſay; —
How's that (quoth ſhe) and frowning flings away:
Vext to the heart, ſhe took her marke amiſſe,
And that ſhe ſhould a ſerving creature kiſſe.
Why thus it is when fools muſt make it known,
They come on others buſineſſe, not their own.

310. *Againſt a certain* —

For mad men Bedlam, Bridewell for a Knave,
Chooſe whether of thoſe two th'adſt rather have.

311. *Loves progreſſe.*

Loves firſt approach, delights ſweet ſong doth ſing:
But in departure, ſhe woes ſting doth bring.

312. *On old Scylla.*

Scylla is toothleſſe, yet, when ſhe was young,
She had both teeth enough, and too much tongue.
What ſhall I then of toothleſſe *Scylla* ſay,
But that her tongue hath worn her teeth away?

313. *On Gallants Cloaks.*

Without, plain cloaks; within, pluſht; but I doubt
The wearer's worſt within, and beſt without.

314. *On Banks the Uſurer.*

Banks feels no lameneſſe on his knotty Gout,
His money travels for him in and out:

And

And though the ſoundeſt legs go every day,
He toils to be at Hell as ſoon as they.

315. *Pæcunia prævalens.*

Tell *Tom* of *Plato's* worth or *Ariſtotles*; (tles.
Hang't give him wealth enough; let wit ſtop bot-

316. *On the ſame.*

Tom vow'd to beat his boy againſt the wall,
And as he ſtruck, he forthwith caught a fall:
The boy deriding, ſaid, I do aver,
Y'have done a thing, you cannot ſtand to ſir.

317. *On Debt.*

To be indebted is a ſhame men ſay,
Then 'tis confeſſing of a ſhame to pay.

318. *A forſworn Maid.*

Roſa being falſe and perjur'd, once a friend
Bid me contented be, and mark her end:
But yet I care not, let my friend go fiddle;
Let him mark her end, I'le mark her middle.

319. *Adverſity.*

Love is maintain'd by wealth, when all is ſpent,
Adverſity then breeds the diſcontent.

320. *On Soranzo.*

Soranzo's broad brim hat I oft compare
To the vaſt compaſſe of the heavenly ſphere:

His

His head, the Earth's globe, fixed under it;
Whose center is, his wondrous little wit.

321. *To a great Guest.*

With other Friends I bid you to my Feast,
Though coming late, yet are you not the least.

322. *In Cottam.*

Cotta when he hath din'd saith, God be praisd,
Yet never praiseth God for meat or drink:
Sith *Cotta* speaketh, and not practiseth,
He speaketh surely what he doth not think.

323. *De Corde & Lingua.*

The tongue was once a Servant to the heart,
And what it gave she freely did impart:
But now hypocrisie is grown so strong,
She makes the heart a servant to the tongue.

324. *On Rumpe.*

Rump is a Turn spit, yet he seldome can
Steale a swolne sop out of the dripping-pan.

325. *On Poverty.*

If thou be poor, thou shalt be ever so,
None now do wealth, but on the rich bestow.

326. *In Ebriosum.*

Fie man (saith she) but I tell Mistrisse *Anne*,
Her drunken Husband is no drunken man.

For

For thoſe wits which are overcome with drink,
Are voyd of reaſon, and are Beaſts I think.

327. *Wills error.*

Will ſayes his wife's ſo fat, ſhe ſcarce can go,
But ſhe as nimbly anſwers, Faith Sir no:
Alas good *Will*, thou art miſtaken quite,
For all men know, that ſhe is wondrous light.

328. *On Rome.*

Hate & debate, *Rome* through the world hath ſpread,
Yet *Roma*, *amor* is, if backward read:
Then is't not ſtrange, *Rome* hate ſhould foſter? no,
For out of backward love all hate doth grow?

329. *On Tuck.*

At Poſt and Paire, or Slam, *Tom Tuck* would play
This Chriſtmaſſe, but his want therewith, ſays nay.

330. *Something no ſavour.*

All things have ſavour, though ſome but ſmall;
Nay, a box on th'ear, hath no ſmell at all.

331. *Art, Fortune, and Ignorance.*

When Fortune fell aſleep, and hate did blind her,
Art, Fortune loſt; and Ignorance did find her:
Sith when, dull Ignorance with Fortunes ſtore,
Hath been inrich'd, and Art hath ſtill been poor.

332. *On*

332. *On Bibens.*

Bibens to ſhew his liberality,
Made *Luſus* drunk; (a noble quality, (prove
And much eſteem'd) which *Bibens* fain would
To be the ſigne of his familiar love:
Luſus beware, thou'lt finde him in the end,
Familiar Devil, no familiar friend.

333. *On Tobacco.*

Things which are common, common men do uſe,
The better ſort do common things refuſe:
Yet Countries-cloth-breech, & Court-velvet-hoſe,
Puffe both alike Tobacco through the noſe.

334. *On Cupid.*

Cupid no wonder was not cloth'd of old,
For love though naked, ſeldome e'r is cold.

335. *On Ebrio.*

See where *Don Ebrio*, like a Dutchman goes,
Yet drunk with Engliſh Ale, one would ſuppoſe
That he would ſhoulder down each door & wall,
But they muſt ſtand, or he, poor fool muſt fall.

336. *On Love.*

Love hath two divers wings, as lovers ſay:
Thou following him, with one he flyes away;

With

With th'other, if thou fly he follows thee:
Therefore the laſt, Love, onely uſe for me.

337. *On the ſame.*

Love, as 'tis ſaid, doth work with ſuch ſtrange tools,
That he can make fools wiſe-men, wiſe-men fools,
Then happy I, for being nor fool, nor wiſe,
Love with his toyes and tools I ſhall deſpiſe.

338. *On a Woman.*

Some the word *Woman* fetch, though with ſmall skill,
From thoſe that want one to effect their will
If ſo, I think that wantons there are none,
For till the world want men, can they want none.

339. *Ingluviem ſequitur fames.*

Curio would feed upon the daintieſt fare,
That with the Court or Country might compare:
For what lets *Curio* that he need to care,
To frolick freely with the proud'ſt that dare:
But this exceſſe was ſuch in all things rare,
As he prov'd bankrupt e'r he was aware.

340. *On Maulſters.*

Such *Maulſters* as ill meaſure ſell for gain,
Are not meer knaves, but alſo knaves in grain.

341. *In*

341. *In Corbum.*

Corbus will not, perſwade him all I can,
The world ſhould take him for a Gentleman:
His reaſon's this, becauſe men ſhould not deem,
That he is ſuch as he doth never ſeem.

342. *On Priſcus Miſtreſſe.*

Priſcus commends his Miſtris for a Girle,
Whoſe lips be rubies, and whoſe teeth are pearle:
Th'had need prove ſo, or elſe it will be found,
He payes too dear; they coſt him many a pound.

343. *On Women.*

Women think wo--men far more conſtant be,
Than we---men, and the letter O we ſee,
In wo---men, not in we---men, as they ſay,
Figures earths conſtant Orbe; we---men ſay nay:
It means the Moon, which proves (none think it ſtrange
Women are conſtant, & moſt true in change.

344. *On Soaldiers.*

Nor faith, nor conſcience common ſouldiers carry,
Beſt pay, is right; their hands are mercenary.

345. *Druſius and Furio.*

Furio would fight with *Druſius* in the field,
Becauſe the ſtraw, ſtout *Druſius* would not yield,

On

On which their Miſtriſs trod; they both did meet;
Druſius in field fell dead at *Furio's* feet;
One had the ſtraw, but with it this Greek letter Π
The other loſt it, pray who had the better?

346. *On Cupid.*

Love is a Boy, and ſubject to the rod
Some ſay, but Lovers ſay he is a God:
I think that love is neither God nor boy,
But a mad brains imaginary toy.

347. *On Candidus.*

When I am ſick, not elſe, thou com'ſt to ſee me,
Would fortune from both torments ſtill would free me.

348. *On a Puritan.*

From impure mouths, now many bear the name
Of Puritan, yet merit not the ſame.
This one ſhall onely be my Puritan
That is a knave, yet ſeems an honeſt man.

349. *Oſtendit hedera vinum.*

A ſcoffing mate, that paſt along Cheap-ſide,
Incontinent a gallant laſſe eſpide;
Whoſe tempting Breaſts (as to the ſale laid out)
Incites this youngſter thus to 'gin toflout.

Lady

Lady (quoth he) is this fleſh to be ſould?
No Lord (quoth ſhe) for ſilver nor for gold,
But wherefore ask you? (and there made a ſtop?)
To buy (quoth he) if not ſhut up your ſhop.

350. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Pedes grown proud makes men admire thereat, (it,
Whoſe baſer breeding, ſhould they think not beare
Nay, he on cock-horſe rides, how like you that?
Tut! *Pedes* proverb is, Win gold and weare it.
But *Pedes* you have ſeen them riſe in haſt,
That through their pride have broke their neck (at laſt.

351. *Upon Lavina.*

Lavina brought to bed, her husband looks
To know's childs fortune throughout his books, (rather,
His neighbours think h'had need ſearch backward
And learn for certain who had been the father.

352. *Report and Error.*

Error by Error, Tales by Tales, great grow;
As Snow-balls do, by rowling to and fro.

353. *In Superbum.*

Ruſtick *Superbus* fine new cloaths hath got,
Of taffata and velvet, fair in ſight;

The

The ſhew of which hath ſo bewitcht the ſot,
That he thinks Gentleman to be his right:
But he's deceiv'd, for true that is of old,
An Ape's an Ape, though he wear cloth of gold.

354. *No truth in Wine.*

Truth is in Wine, but none can finde it there,
For in your Taverns, men will lye and ſweare.

355. *On Infidus.*

Infidus was ſo free of oaths laſt day,
That he would ſwear, what e'r he thought to ſay:
But now ſuch is his chance, whereat he's griev'd,
The more he ſwears, the leſſe he is believ'd.

356. *On Celſus.*

Celſus doth love himſelfe, *Celſus* is wiſe,
For now no Rivall e'r can claim his prize.

357. *On Chriſtmaſſe Ivy.*

At Chriſtmaſſe men do alwayes Ivy get,
And in each corner of the houſe is ſet:
But why do they, then, uſe that *Bacchus* weed?
Becauſe they mean, then *Bacchus*-like to feed.

358. *Adverſity.*

Adverſity hurt none, but onely ſuch
Whom whiteſt fortune dandled has too much.

359. *On Bacchus.*

Pot-lifting *Bacchus* to the earth did bend
His knee to drink a Health unto his friend:
And there he did ſo long in liquor pour,
That he lay quite ſick-drunk upon the floor.
Judge, was there not a drunkards kindneſſe ſhown,
To drink his friend a Health, and loſe his own?

360. *Of a fat man.*

Hee's rich, that hath great in-comes by the year:
Then that great belly'd man is rich, I'l ſwear:
For ſure his belly ne'r ſo big had bin,
Had he not daily had great comings in.

361. *A wiſhed Cramp.*

Some have the Cramp in legs, and hands, 'tis told,
I wiſh't in my wifes tongue, when ſhe doth ſcold.

362. *Vindicta vim ſequitur.*

Kitt being kick'd and ſpurr'd, purſues the Law,
That doom'd the dammage at twice forty pence.
Which, when the party which had wrong'd him ſaw;
Thought 'twas too great a fine for ſuch offence.
Why then, quoth *Kitt*, If I too much requeſt,
Thou maiſt at any time lick out the reſt.

363. *On Flaccus.*

Flaccus being young, they ſaid he was a Gull;
Of his ſimplicity each mouth was full:

And

And pitying him, they'd ſay, the fooliſh lad
Would ſurely be deceived, of all he had.
His youth is paſt, now may they turne him looſe;
For why? the gull is grown to be a Gooſe.

364. *Per plumas anſer.*

See how young *Rufus* walks in green each day,
As if he ne'r was youthful until now:
E're Chriſtmaſs next, his green Gooſe will be gray,
And thoſe high burniſh'd plumes in's cap will bow:
But you do wrong him, ſince his purſe is full,
To call him Gooſe, that is ſo young a Gull.

365. *Of Jenkin.*

Jenkin is a rude clown, go tell him ſo;
What need I tell, what he himſelf doth know?
Perhaps he doth not, then he is a ſot;
For tell me, what knows he that knows it not?

365. *On Trigg.*

Trigg having turn'd his ſute he ſtruts in ſtate,
And tells the world he's now regenerate.

366. *To Fortune.*

Poets ſay Fortune's blind, and cannot ſee,
And therefore to be born withall, if ſhe
Sometimes drop gifts on undeſerving wights:
But ſure they are deceiv'd; ſhe hath her ſight,

Elſe could it not at all times ſo fall out,
That fools ſhould have, and wiſe men go without.

367. *On Briſcus.*

I pray you give Sir *Briſcus* leave to ſpeak,
The Gander loves to hear himſelf to creak.

368. *On an Engliſh Ape.*

Would you believe, when you this Monſieur ſee,
That his whole body ſhould ſpeak *French*, not he?
That he untravell'd ſhould be *French* ſo much,
As *French* men in his company ſhould ſeem *Dutch*?
Or hung ſome *Monſieurs* picture on the wall;
By which his *damme* conceiv'd him, cloaths & all?
No, 'tis the new *French* Taylors motion, made
Dayly to walk th'Exchange, and help the trade.

369. *Poſſeſſions.*

Thoſe poſſeſſions ſhort liv'd are
Into the which we come by warre.

370. *Nulla dies ſine linea.*

By ever learning, *Solon* waxed old,
For time he knew, was better far than gold:
Fortune would give him gold which would decay,
But Fortune cannot give him yeſterday.

371. *In*

371. *In Cornutum.*

One told his wife a Hearts-head he had bought,
To hang his hat upon, and home it brought:
To whom his frugall wife, What needs that care?
I hope, ſweet-heart, your head your hat can beare.

372. *On More-dew.*

More-dew the Mercer, with a kind Salute,
Would needs intreat my cuſtome for a ſuite:
Here Sir, quoth he, for Sattins, Velvets call,
What e'r you pleaſe, I'l take your word for all.
I thank'd, took, gave my word; ſay than,
Am I at all indebted to this man?

373. *Pari jugo dulcis tractus.*

VVhen *Cæcus* had bin wedded now three dayes,
And all his neighbours bad God give him joy,
This ſtrange concluſion with his wife aſſayes,
Why till her marriage day ſhe prov'd ſo coy:
Fore God (ſaith he) 'twas well thou didſt not yeeld
For doubtleſs then my purpoſe was to leave thee.
Oh Sir (quoth ſhe) I once was ſo beguild, (me.
And thought the next man ſhould not ſo deceive
Now fie upon't (quoth he) thou breedſt my wo.
Why man (quoth ſhe) I ſpeak but *quid pro quo*.

374. *On Sims marriage.*

Six moneths, quoth *Sim*, a Suiter, and not ſped?
I in a ſev'n night did both woo and wed.
Who green fruit loves, muſt take long pains to ſhake;
Thine was ſome down-fall, I dare undertake.

375. *Upon Sis.*

Sis brags ſh'hath beauty, and will prove the ſame;
As how? as thus Sir; 'tis her Puppies name.

376. *On Clym.*

Clym cals his wife, and reckoning all his neighbors,
Juſt halfe of them are Cuckolds, he avers.
Nay fie, quoth ſhe, I would they heard you ſpeak;
You of your ſelf, it ſeems, no reckoning make.

377. *On Gut.*

Science puffs up, ſays *Gut*, when either Peaſe
Make him thus ſwell, or windy Cabbages.

378. *On Womens faults.*

We men in many faults abound,
But two in women can be found:
The worſt that from their ſex proceeds;
Is naught in words, and naught in deeds.

379. *To a Muck-worm.*

Content great riches is, to make which true,
Your Heir would be content to bury you.

380. *On Law.*

Our civill Law doth ſeem a Royall thing,
It hath more titles then the Spaniſh King:
But yet the Common-Law quite puts it down,
In getting, like the Pope, ſo many a Crown.

381. *In Coam.*

A nor Ω will *Coa* eſpy,
Till ſhe aſcend up to the corner'd Π.

382. *Maids Nay's.*

Maides Nay's are nothing, they are ſhie
But to deſire what they denie.

383. *De Ore.*

Os of *O*, a Mouth, *Scaliger* doth make;
And from this letter, Mouth his name doth take:
And I had been of *Scaligers* belief,
But that I look'd in *O*, and ſaw no Teeth.

384. *In Hugonem.*

Though praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* never none,
Yet praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* ever one;
For praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* himſelf alone.

385. *On Severus.*

Severus is extreame in eloquence,
For he creates rare phraſe, but rarer ſenſe:

Unto his Serving-man, *alias* his Boy,
He utters ſpeech exceeding quaint and coy;
Diminutive, and my defective ſlave,
My pleaſures pleaſure is, that I muſt have
My Corps Coverture, and immediately,
T'inſconce my perſon from frigility.
His Man believes all's Welſh his Maſter ſpoke,
Till he rails Engliſh; Rogue go fetch my Cloke.

386. *On Julias weeping.*

She by the River ſate, and ſitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.

387. *On a Gallant.*

What Gallant's that, whoſe oaths fly through (mine ears?
How like a Lord of *Pluto's* Court he ſwears!
How Dutch-man like he ſwallows down his drink!
How ſweet he takes Tobacco till he ſtink!
How lofty ſprighted, he diſdains a Boor!
How faithfull hearted he is to a——!
How cock-tail proud he doth himſelf advance!
How rare his ſpurrs do ring the Morrice-dance!
Now I proteſt by Miſtriſs *Suſans* Fan,
He and his boy will make a proper Man.

388. *On*

388. *On* Vertue, Milla's *Maid.*

Saith *Ariſtotle*, *Vertue* ought to be
Communicative of her ſelf, and free;
And hath not *Vertue*, *Milla's* maid, been ſo?
Who's grown hereby, as big as ſhe can go.

389. *On Corydon.*

An home-ſpun Peaſant with his Urine-glaſſe,
The Doctor ask'd what Country-man he was.
Quoth *Corydon*, with making legs full low,
Your worſhip, that, ſhall by my water know.

390. *On a Spaniſh Souldier.*

A Spaniſh Souldier, ſick unto the death,
His Piſtoll to's Phyſitian did bequeath.
Who did demand, what ſhould the reaſon be,
'Bove other things to give him that; (quoth he)
This with your practice joyned, you may kill,
Sir, all alive, and have the world at will.

391. *Upon the Aſſe.*

The Aſſe a Courtier on a time would bee,
And travail'd forain Nations for to ſee;
But home returned, faſhion he could none,
His main and tail were onely larger grown.

392. *On Hypocriſie.*

As Veniſon in a poor mans kitchin's rare;
So Hypocrites and Uſurers in Heaven are.

393. *De-*

393. *Dæmonum certamen.*

A Broker and an Uſurer contended,
Which in's profeſſion was the moſt befriended;
And for experience more to have it tryde,
A Scrivener muſt the difference decide:
To whom (quoth he) you like the Fox and Cub,
One ſhall be *Mammon*, th'other *Belzebub*.

394. *On Love.*

Love's of it ſelf too ſweet: the beſt of all
Is; when loves honey has a daſh of gall.

395. *On Man and Woman.*

When man and Woman dyes, as Poets ſung;
His heart's the laſt that ſtirs, of hers, the tongue.

396. *On Fabullus.*

I ask'd *Fabullus*, why he had no wife?
(Quoth he) becauſe I'd live a quiet life.

397. *On Furnus.*

Furnus takes pains, he need not without doubt,
O yes, he labors much, How? with the Gout.

398. *Quid non ebrietas.*

Rubin reports, his Miſtriſs is a Punk:
Which being told her, was no whit diſmaid,
For ſure as death (quoth ſhe the villains drunk)

And

And in that taking, knows not what he ſaid.
'Twas well excus'd, but oft it comes to paſſe,
That true we finde, *In vino veritas.*

399. *No Paines, no Gaines.*

If little labour, little are our gaines,
Mans fortunes are according to his paines:

400. *Infirmis animoſus.*

Pontus by no means from his coyn departs,
Z'foot, will you have of men more than their hearts?

401. *A culina ad curiam.*

Lixa, that long a Serving-groom hath been,
Will now no more the man be known or ſeen:
And reaſon good, he hath the place reſign'd;
Witneſs his cloak, throughout with velvet lin'd.
Which by a Paradox comes thus to paſſe;
The greaſie Gull is turn'd a gallant aſſe.

402. *Fruſtra vocaveris heri.*

Dick had but two words to maintain him ever,
And that was Stand, and after ſtand Deliver.
But *Dick*'s in Newgate, and he fears ſhall never
Be bleſt again with that ſweet word, Deliver.

403. *Magnis non eſt morandum.*

See how *Silenus* walks accompliſhed,
With due performance of his Fathers Page:

Looks

Looks back of purpoſe to be honoured,
And on each ſlight occaſion 'gins to rage;
You, villain, dog! where hath your ſtay been ſuch?
Quoth he, the Broker would not lend ſo much.

404. *Puduit ſua damna referre.*

Such ill ſucceſs had *Dick* at Dice laſt night,
As he was forc'd, next day, play leaſt in ſight:
But if you love him, make thereof no ſpeeches,
He loſt his Rapier, Cloak, and Velvet Breeches.

405. *Ad Lectorem.*

Reader, thou ſeeſt how pale theſe papers look,
While they fear thy hard cenſure on my book.

406. *Nimis docuit conſuetudo.*

Old *Fucus* board is oft repleniſhed,
But naught thereof muſt be diminiſhed,
Unleſſe ſome worthleſſe upper-diſh or twain;
The reſt for ſervice ſtill again remain.
His man that us'd to bring them in for ſhow,
Leaving a diſh upon the bench below,
Was by his Maſter (much offended) blam'd,
Which he, as brief, with anſwer quickly fram'd;
T'hath been ſo often brought afore this day,
As now ch'ad thoſt it ſelf had known the way.

407. *Po-*

407. *Poculo junguntur amici.*

A health, ſaith *Lucas*, to his Loves bright ey;
Which not to pledge, were much indignity;
You cannot do him greater courteſie,
Than to be drunk, and damn'd for company.

408. *Nullum ſtimulum ignaris.*

Cæcus awake, was told the Sun appear'd,
Which had the darkneſſe of the morning clear'd:
But *Cæcus* ſluggiſh, thereto makes reply,
The Sunne hath further far to go than I.

409. *In Richardum.*

At three go-downs *Dick* doffs me off a pot,
The Engliſh Gutter's Latine for his throat.

410. *Non penna, ſed uſus.*

Cajus accounts himſelfe accurſt of men,
Onely becauſe his Lady loves him not:
Who, till he taught her, could not hold her pen,
And yet hath ſince, another Tutor got.
Cajus it ſeems, thy skill ſhe did but cheapen,
And means to try him at another weapon.

411. *An abſolute Gallant.*

If you will ſee true valour here diſplay'd,
Heare *Poly-phemus*, and be not afraid.

D'ye

D'ye ſee me wrong'd, and will ye thus reſtrain me?
Sir let me go, for by theſe hilts I'll brain ye.
Shall a baſe patch with appearance wrong me?
I'll kill the villain, pray do not prolong me,
Call my Tobacco putrified ſtuffe?
Tell me it ſtinks? ſay it is droſſe I ſnuffe?
Sirrah! what are you? why Sir, what would you?
I am a Prentice, and will knock you too:
O are you ſo? I cry you mercy then,
I am to fight with none but Gentlemen.

412. *To Momus.*

Momus thou ſay'ſt my verſes are but toyes;
'Tis true, yet truth is often ſpoke by boyes.

413. *In Dolentem.*

Dolens doth ſhew his purſe, and tell you this,
It is more horrid then a Peſt-houſe is;
For in a Peſt-houſe many mortals enter,
But in his Purſe one Angell dares not venter.

414. *Abditio perditio.*

From *Mall* but merry, men but mirth derive,
For *trix* 'is makes her prove demonſtrative.

415. *On a Gallant.*

Sirrah, come hither, boy, take view of me,
My Lady I am purpos'd to go ſee;

What

What doth my Feather flouriſh with a grace?
And this my curled hair become my face?
How decent doth my doublet's form appear?
I would I had my Sute in Long-lane here.
Do not my ſpurs pronounce a ſilver ſound?
Is not my hoſe-circumference profound?
Sir, theſe be well, but there is one thing ill,
Your Taylor with a ſheet of Paper-bill,
Vow's hee'l be paid, and Sergeants he hath fee'd,
Which wait your comming forth to do the deed.
Boy God-a-mercy, let my Lady ſtay,
I'll ſee no Counter for her ſake to day.

416. *In Sextum.*

Sextus ſix pockets wears, two for his uſes,
The other foure to pocket up abuſes.

417. *A Stammerer.*

Balbus with other men would angry be,
Becauſe they could not ſpeak as well as he;
For others ſpeak but with their mouth he knows,
But *Balbus* ſpeaks both through the mouth and noſe.

418. *On himſelf.*

I diſlikt but even now;
Now I love I know not how.
Was I Idle, and that while
Was I fir'd with a ſmile?

Ile to work, or play, and then
I ſhall quite diſlike agen.

419. *Tom's fortune.*

Tom tell's he's robb'd, and counting all his loſſes,
Concludes, all's gone, the world is full of croſſes:
If all be gone, *Tom* take this comfort then,
Th'art certain never to have croſſe agen.

420. *Opus & Uſus.*

Opus for need conſum'd his wealth apace,
And ne'r would ceaſe untill he was undone;
His brother *Uſus* liv'd in better caſe
Than *Opus* did, although the eldeſt ſon.
'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be ſo, yet here was it,
Opus had all the Land, *Uſus* the Wit.

421. *A good Wife.*

A Batchelor would have a Wife were wiſe,
Fair, rich, and young, a maiden for his bed ——
Nor proud, nor churliſh, but of faultleſſe ſize;
A Country houſwife in the City bred.
But he's a fool, and long in vain hath ſtaid;
He ſhould beſpeak her, ther's none ready made.

422. *Anger.*

Wrongs if neglected, vaniſh in ſhort time;
But heard with anger, we confeſſe the crime.

423. *Upon Gellia.*

When *Gellia* went to ſchool, and was a Girle;
Her teeth for whiteneſs might compare with pearle
But after ſhe the taſte of ſweet meats knew,
They turn'd all Opals, to a perfect blew;
Now *Gellia* takes Tobacco, what ſhould let,
But laſt they ſhould converted be to jet?

424. *On an unconſtant Miſtreſſe.*

I dare not much ſay when I thee commend,
Leſt thou be changed e'r my praiſes end.

425. *In Lesbiam.*

Why ſhould I love thee *Lesbia*? I no reaſon ſee:
Then out of reaſon, *Lesbia*, I love thee.

426. *In Paulinum.*

Paul by day wrongs me; yet he daily ſwears,
He wiſheth me as well as to his ſoul:
I know his drift to damn that he nought cares,
To pleaſe his body; therefore good friend *Paul*,
If thy kind nature will afford me grace,
Hereafter love me in thy body's place.

427. *On Zeno.*

Zeno would fain th'old widow *Egle* have;
Truſt me he's wiſe, for ſhe is rich and brave:

But *Zeno*, *Zeno*, ſhe will none of you;
In my mind ſhe's the wiſer of the two.

428. *Of a Drunkard.*

Cinna one time moſt wonderfully ſwore,
That whilſt he breath'd he would drink no more.
But ſince I know his meaning, for I think
He meant he would not breath whilſt he did drink.

429. *To Cotta.*

Be not wroth *Cotta*, that I not ſalute thee,
I us'd it whilſt I worthy did repute thee;
Now thou art made a painted Saint, and I,
Cotta, will not commit Idolatry.

430. *To Women.*

Ye that have beauty, and withall no pitty,
Are like a prick-ſong leſſon without ditty.

431. *On Creta.*

Creta doth love her husband wondrous well,
It needs no proof, for every one can tell:
So ſtrong's her love, that if I not miſtake,
It doth extend to others for his ſake.

432. *On Priſcus.*

Why ſtill doth *Priſcus* ſtrive to have the wall?
Becauſe he's often drunk and fears to fall.

433. *On Rufus.*

At all, quoth *Rufus*, lay you what you dare,
I'l throw at all, and 'twere a peck of gold;
No life lies on't, then coyn I'l never ſpare;
Why *Rufus*, that's the cauſe of all that's ſold?
For with frank Gameſters it doth oft befall,
They throw at all, till thrown quite out of all.

434. *On Tobacco.*

Tobacco is a weed of ſo great pow'r,
That it (like earth) doth all it feeds, devour.

435. *Upon Naſuto.*

When at the Table once I did averre,
Well-taken diſcords beſt did pleaſe the ear,
And would be judg'd by any Quirifter,
Were in the Chappel, *Pauls*, or *Weſtminſter*;
Naſuto ſitting at the nether end, (friend;
(Firſt having drunk and cough'd) quoth he my
If that were true, my wife and I, I fear,
Should ſoon be ſent to ſome Cathedral Quire.

436. *Nec vultus indicat virum.*

Dick in a raging deep diſcourteſy,
Calls an Atturny meer Neceſſity:
The more knave he; admit he had no Law,
Muſt he be flouted at by every Daw?

437. *On Furius.*

Furius a lover was, and had loving fits,
He lov'd ſo madly that he loſt his wits;
Yet he loſt nought, yet grant I, he was mad,
How could he loſe that which he never had?

438. *Fools Fortune.*

Fools have great fortune, but yet not all,
For ſome are great fools, whoſe fortune's ſmall.

439. *Taceſed age.*

Little or nothing ſaid, ſoon mended is,
But they that nothing do, do moſt amiſſe.

440. *On Count-ſurly.*

Count-ſurly will no Scholler entertain:
Or any wiſer than himſelf; how ſo?
The reaſon is, when fools are in his train,
His wit amongſt them, makes a goodly ſhow.

441. *On Women.*

When man lay dead-like, woman took her life,
From a crook't embleme of her nuptiall ſtrife;
And hence (as bones would be at reſt) her eaſe.
She loves ſo well, and is ſo hard to pleaſe.

442. *Verſes.*

Who will not honour noble Numbers, when
Verſes out-live the braveſt deeds of men?

443. *Poor Irus.*

Irus uſing to lye upon the ground,
One morning under him a feather found,
Have I all night here lien ſo hard (quoth he)
Having but one poor feather under me:
I wonder much then how they take their eaſe,
That night by night, lie on a bed of theſe.

444. *Merry Doll.*

I blame not luſty *Doll*, that ſtrives ſo much,
To keep her light heart free from ſorrows touch;
Shee'l dance and ſing a hem boyes, hey all ſix,
She's ſteel to th'back, all mirth, all *meretrix*.

445. *Heaven and Hell.*

If Heaven's call'd the place where Angels dwell,
My purſe wants Angels, pray call that Hell.

446. *Like queſtion like anſwer.*

A young beginner walking through Cheapſide,
A houſe ſhut up he preſently eſpy'd
And read the Bill, which o'r the door was ſet,
Which ſaid, the houſe and ſhop was to be let;

That known, he ask'd a young man presently,
Which at the next door stood demurely ;
May not this shop be let alone? quoth he,
Yes, you may let't alone for ought I see.

447. *On deaf Joan.*

She prates to others, yet can nothing heare,
Just like a sounding Jugge that wants an eare.

448. *Of an ill Wife.*

Priscus was weeping when his wife did dye,
Yet he was then in better case than I:
I should be merry, and should think to thrive,
Had I but his dead wife for mine alive.

449. *Meum & Tuum.*

Megge lets her husband boast of rule and riches,
But she rules all the roast, and wears the breeches.

450. *Deaths trade.*

Death is a Fisherman, the world we see
His Fish-pond is, and we the Fishes be.
He sometimes, Angler-like, doth with us play,
And slily takes us one by one away ;
Diseases are the murthering-hooks, which he
Doth catch us with, the bait mortality,

Which we poor ſilly fiſh devour, til ſtrook,
At laſt too late we feel the bitter hook.
At other times he brings his net, and then
At once ſweeps up whole Cities ful of men,
Drawing up thouſands at a draught, and ſaves
Onely ſome few, to make the others graves:
His Net ſome raging peſtilence; now he
Is not ſo kind as other Fiſhers be;
For if they take one of the ſmaller frye,
They throw him in again, he ſhall not dye:
But death is ſure to kill all he can get,
And all is Fiſh with him that comes to Net.

451. *On Bice.*

Bice laughs when no man ſpeaks, and doth proteſt
It is his own breech there that breaks the jeſt.

452. *Valiant in drink.*

Who onely in his Cups will fight, is like
A clock that muſt be oil'd wel ere it ſtrike.

453. *Maſter and Scholler.*

A *Pedant* ask'd a *Puny* ripe and bold,
In an hard froſt, the Latine word for *cold*:
I'l tell you out of hand (quoth he) for lo,
I have it at my fingers ends, you know.

454. *Gaſters great belly.*

Gaſter did ſeem to me to want his eyes,
For he could neither ſee his legs nor thighs;
But yet it was not ſo; he had his ſight,
Onely his belly hanged in his light.

455. *Drunken Dick.*

When *Dick* for want of drunken mates grows ſick,
Then with himſelf to work goes faithfull *Dick*.
The buttery dore t'himſelf he ſhutteth cloſe
That done, then goes the pot ſtraight wayes to's noſe:
A health (quoth noble *Dick*) each hogs-head than
Muſt ſeeming pledge this honeſt faithfull man:
But ſtraight from kindneſs *Dick* to humors grows,
And then to th'barrels he his valour ſhows,
Throwing about the cups, the pots, the glaſſes,
And rails at the tuns, calling them drunken aſſes:
Ne'r ceaſing this ſame faithfull coyl to keep,
Till under th'hogs-head *Dick* fals faſt aſleep.

456. *In Sextinum.*

A pretty block *Sextinus* names his Hat,
So much the fitter for his head by that.

457. *Sine Sanguine.*

Ralph challeng'd *Robin*, time and place appointed,
Their Parents heard on't, O how they lamented!

But

But good luck was, they ſoon were freed of fear,
The one ne'r meant, the other came not there.

458. *On humane Bodies.*

Our bodies are like ſhooes, which off we caſt,
Phyſick their Cobler is, and death the Laſt.

459. *On Trencherman.*

Tom ſhifts the Trenchers, yet he never can,
Endure that luke-warm name of Servingman;
Serve or not ſerve, let *Tom* do what he can,
He is a ſerving, who's a *Trencher-man*.

460. *A Toothleſſe-Pratler.*

Nature the teeth doth as an hedge ordain,
The nimble friſking tongue for to contain:
No marvel then ſince that the hedge is out,
If *Fuſcus* tongue walketh ſo faſt about.

461. *A muſicall Lady.*

A Lady fairer far than fortunate,
(In dancing) thus o'r-ſhot her ſelf of late,
The muſick not in tune, pleaſd not her mind,
For which ſhe with the Fidlers fault did find;
Fidlers (quoth ſhe) your Fiddles tune for ſhame,
But as ſhe was a ſpeaking of the ſame,
To mend the conſort, let ſhe did a (F.)

Whereas

Whereas the fidling knaves thus did her greet,
Madam your pipe's in tune, it plays moſt ſweet;
Strike up, qd. they, (but then the knaves did ſmile)
And as you pipe, wee'l dance another while.
At which, away the bluſhing Lady flings,
But as ſhe goes, her former note ſhe ſings.

462. *In Laurettam.*

Lauretta is laid o'r, how Ile not ſay,
And yet I think two manner of wayes I may,
Doubly layd o'r, *videlicet*, her face,
Laid o'r with colours, and her coat with lace.

463. *On Macer.*

You call my verſes toy's, th'are ſo, 'tis true,
Yet they are better then ought comes from you.

464. *Briskap the Gallant.*

Though thou haſt little judgement in thy head,
More than to dreſſe thee, drink and go to bed;
Yet may'ſt thou take the wall, and th'way ſhalt lead,
Sith Logick wills that ſimple things precede.

465. *Neceſſity hath no Law.*

Florus did beat his Cook, and 'gan to ſweare,
Becauſe his meat was rotten roaſted there. (Law,
Peace good Sir (quoth the Cook) Need hath no
'Tis rotten roaſted, 'cauſe 'twas rotten raw.

466. *In*

466. *In Carientium.*

Carentius might have wedded where he woo'd,
But he was poor, his means was nothing good,
'Twas but for lack of living that he loſt her;
For why? no penny now, no *Pater Noſter.*

467. *On Harpax.*

Harpax gave to the poor all by his will,
Becauſe his heir ſhould not faign'd tears diſtill.

468. *To a Barber.*

Tonſorius onely lives by cutting haire,
And yet he brags that Kings to him ſit bare:
Me thinks he ſhould not brag and boaſt of it,
For he muſt ſtand to beggars while they ſit.

469. *Upon Grandtorto.*

The morrow after juſt Saint *Georges* day,
Grandtorto piteous drunk, ſate in a ditch,
His hands by's ſide, his gelding ſtray'd away,
His ſcarlet hoſe, and doublet very rich;
With mud and mire all beaſtly raid, and by
His feather with his cloſe-ſtool-hat did ly.
We ask'd the reaſon of his ſitting there,
Zounds 'cauſe I am King *Solomon* (quoth he)
And in my Throne; then for the Love we beare,
(Replyed my ſelfe) unto your Majeſty,

Wee'l

Wee'l pull you out, and henceforth with your grace
Would ſpeak your Proverbs in a warmer place.

470. *The Fencer and Phyſick Doctor.*

Lie thus (the Fencer cryes) thus muſt you guard,
Thus muſt you ſlip, thus point, thus paſs, thus ward,
And if you kill him Sir, this trick learn then
With this ſame trick you may kill many men.
A Doctor ſtanding by, cryes, Fencing fool,
Both you and he to me may come to ſchool,
Thou doſt but prate: my deeds ſhall ſhow my skill
Where thou hurt'ſt one, an hundred I do kill.

471. *In Luſiam.*

Luſia who ſcorns all others imitations,
Cannot abide to be out-gone in faſhions:
She ſayes ſhe cannot have a hat or ruffe,
A gown, a peticoat, a band, or cuffe.
But that theſe Citizens (whom ſhe doth hate)
Will get into't, at ne'r ſo dear a rate:
But *Luſia* now doth ſuch a faſhion wear,
Whoſe hair is curl'd, and coſts her ſomwhat dear:
That there's no Citizen, what e'r ſhe be,
Can be transform'd ſo like an Owl as ſhe.

472. *Kiſſes.*

Give the food that ſatisfies a Gueſt:
Kiſſes are but dry banquets to a feaſt.

473. *A Civilian.*

A luſty old grown-grave gray-headed Sire,
Stole to a wench, to quench his luſts deſire;
She ask'd him what profeſſion he might be?
I am a Civil Lawyer, Girle, (quoth he)
A Civil Lawyer Sir! you make me muſe,
Your talk's too broad for Civil men to uſe;
If Civil Lawyers are ſuch bawdy men,
Oh what (quoth ſhe) are other Lawyers then?

474. *Rainaldo, and Rainer.*

Rainaldo meeting *Rainer* in the ſtreet,
Deep in his debt, he doth thus *Rainer* greet,
You know ſome money is betwixt us two,
That well-nigh now theſe ten years hath been due;
Quoth *Rainer* (looking down unto his feet)
I'faith and we will part it, if I ſee't:
But as I live *Rainaldo* I find none,
As fain as you, I would you had your own.

475. *Spinus his choyce.*

Spinus would wed, but he would have a wench
That hath all tongues, Italian, Spaniſh, French,
But I diſſwade him; for if ſhe hath any,
She hath enough, if two, ſhe hath too too many.

476. *Back-*

476. *Backbiters.*

When *Codrus* catches flea s, what e'r he ailes,
He kils them with his teeth, not his nails;
Saying, that man by man may blameleſſe go,
If every one would uſe Backbiters ſo.

477. *In Salonus.*

Oft in the night *Salonus* is inclin'd,
To riſe and piſſe, and doth as oft break wind:
If's Urinall be glaſſe, as 'tis no doubt,
I wonder it ſo many cracks holds out.

478. *In Leonatum.*

The filthieſt, the fowleſt, deformedſt laſſe,
That is, will be, I think or ever was,
Leonatus loves; wherewith ſhould ſhe him draw,
Except as ſhe's like jet, he be like ſtraw?

479. *Noſce teipſum.*

Walking and meeting one not long ago,
I ask't who 'twas, he ſaid he did not know:
I ſaid, I know thee; ſo ſaid he, I you,
But he that knows himſelfe I never knew.

480. *An old Silvium.*

Silvius by Simony a living got,
And he liv'd well upon it; pray why not?

For

For he the poor did pill, the rich did lurch,
And ſo became a pillar of the Church.

481. *On Perfumes.*

They that ſmell leaſt, ſmell beſt: which intimates,
They ſmell like Beaſts that ſmell like Civet Cats.

482. *Arcades ambo.*

Jack and *Dick* both with one woman dealt
So long till ſhe the pains of woman felt:
Now *Dick* he thinks to put a trick on *Jack*
And *Jack* again to hang it on *Dicks* back:
Which got the Child, it ſeems a double caſe,
It hath ſo like (they ſay) *Jacks* noſe, *Dicks* face.
But by both marks my judgement ſhould be quick,
Et vitulo tu dignus Jack & Dick.

483. *On Punchin.*

Give me a reaſon why men call
Punchin a dry plant-Animall.
Becauſe as plants by water grow,
Punchin by Beer and Ale ſpreads ſo.

484. *Ne ſide colori.*

When *Baſſa* walks abroad ſhe paints her face,
And then ſhe would be ſeen in every place,
For then your Gallants who ſo e'r they are,
Under a colour will account her faire.

485. *In Flavium.*

When *Flavius* once would needs praiſe Tin,
His brain could bring no reaſon in;
But what his belly did bethink,
Platters for meat, and Pots for drink.

486. *Ad Quintum.*

Thy lawfull wife, fair *Lelia* needs muſt be,
For ſhe was forc'd by Law to marry thee.

487. *In virtutem.*

Vertue we praiſe, but practice not her good,
(Athenian-like) we act not what we know;
So many men do talk of *Robin-Hood*,
Who never yet ſhot arrow in his bow.

488. *A good wits diet.*

That which upholds our tottering walls of fleſh,
Is food: and that which doth our wits refreſh,
Is wholſome ſtudy: for like longer fare,
Be ſolid Arts, but ſweet meats Poems are.

489. *On Womens tongue.*

Things that be bitter, bitterer than gall,
Phyſitians ſay, are alwayes Phyſicall.

Then

Then womens tongues, if into powder beaten,
And in a Potion, or a pill be eaten,
Nothing more bitter is, I therefore muſe,
That womens tongues in Phyſick they ne'r uſe:
There's many men who live unquiet lives,
Would ſpare that bitter member of their wives.
Then prove them Doctor, uſe them in a pill;
Things oft help ſick men, that do ſound men kill.

490. *A proper compariſon.*

As there are three blue beans in a blue bladder,
As there are thrice three rounds in a long ladder,
As there are three nooks in a corner'd cap,
And three corners and one in a Map,
Even ſo like all theſe,
There are three Univerſities.

491. *Of Death.*

He that fears death, or mourns it in the juſt,
Shews of the reſurrection little truſt.

492. *Woman.*

Woman was once a rib, (as truth hath ſaid)
Elſe ſith her tongue runs wide from every point,
I ſhould have dream'd her ſubſtance had bin made
Of *Adams* whirle-bone, when t'was out of joynt.

493. *Pepertit, &c.*

Nels Husband ſaid, ſhe brought him nought but toys,
But yet (without his help) ſhe brings him boys.

494. *Inſipiens.*

Two friends diſcourſing that together ſtood,
The one enquiring if the other could
Tell whether ſuch a man were wiſe, or?
He anſwer'd no, but he is otherwiſe.

495. *Romes wifeleſſe Clergy.*

Long did I wonder, and I wonder'd much,
Rome ſhould her Clergy that contentment grudge
As to debar them of their proper due;
What, doth ſhe all with continence indue?
O no; they find a womans lips ſo dainty, (twenty.
They'l tye themſelves from one, 'cauſe they'l have

496. *On Eves Apples.*

Eve for thy fruit thou gav'ſt too dear a price,
What? for an Apple give a Paradiſe?
If now adayes of fruit ſuch gaines were made,
A Coſter-monger were a Deviliſh trade.

497.

Will the Perfumer met me in the ſtreet,
I ſtood amaz'd, he ask'd me what I meant;

In

In faith, ſaid I, your Gloves are very ſweet,
And yet your breath doth caſt a ſtronger ſent.

498. *Beauty.*

Beauty's no other but a lovely grace,
Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

499. *On Poetical Blinks.*

He nine wayes looks, and needs muſt learned be;
That all the Muſes at one view can ſee.

500. *A Conceit.*

As *Sextus* once was opening of a Nut,
With a ſharpe knife his finger deeply cut,
What ſigne is this, quoth he, can any tell?
'Tis ſign, quoth one, y'have cut your finger well.
Not ſo, ſaith he, for now my finger's ſore,
And I am ſure that it was well before.

501. *Women.*

Howſoe'r they be, thus do they ſeem to me,
They be and ſeem not, ſeem what leaſt they be.

502. *Mutuans Diſſimulans.*

Dick crafty borrows to no other end,
But that he will not ought to others lend,
That elſe might ask him: 'Tis ſome wiſdome *Dick*
How ere, accounted but a knaviſh trick.

503. *Writing.*

When words we want, love teacheth to indite;
And what we bluſh to ſpeak, ſhe bids us write.

504. *A cure for Impatience.*

Who would be patient, wait he at the Pool,
For Bull-heads, or for Block-heads in the School.

505. *Satisfaction.*

For all our works, a recompence is ſure:
'Tis ſweet to think on what was hard t'endure.

506. *To Miſtriſs mutable.*

Love runs within your veins, as it were mixt
With Quick-ſilver, but would be wiſely fixt:
For though you may for beauty bear the Bell,
Yet ever to ring Changes ſounds not well.

507. *On a Mad-man.*

One ask'd a mad-man, if a wife he had?
A wife! quoth he, I never was ſo mad.

508. *To Scilla.*

If it be true that promiſe be a debt,
Then *Scilla* will her freedom hardly get;
For if ſhe hath vow'd her ſervice to ſo many,
She'l neither pay them all, nor part from any.

Yet

Yet ſhe to ſatisfie her debts, deſires
To yeeld her body, as the Law requires.

509. *Neſcis, quid ſerus veſper vehat.*

Lyncus deviſeth as he lyes in bed,
What new apparrell he were beſt to make him:
So many faſhions flow within his head,
As much he fears the Taylor will miſtake him:
But he miſtook him not, that by the way
Did for his old ſuit lay him up that day.

510. *To Ficus.*

Ficus hath loſt his noſe, but knows not how,
And that ſeems ſtrange to ev'ry one that knows it:
Me thinks I ſee it written in his brow,
How, wherefore, and the cauſe that he did looſe it.
To tell you true, *Ficus*, I thus ſuppoſe,
'Twas ſome French Caniball bit off your noſe.

511. *On a painted Curtezan.*

Whoſoever ſaith thou ſelleſt all, doth jeſt,
Thou buy'ſt thy beauty, that ſels all the reſt.

512. *Of Arnaldo.*

Arnaldo free from fault, demands his wife,
Why he is burthen'd with her wicked life?
Quoth ſhe, good husband do not now repent,
I far more burthens bear, yet am content.

513. *Labor improbus omnia vincit.*

Glogo will needs be knighted for his lands,
Got by the labour of his fathers hands,
And hopes to prove a Gentleman of note,
For he hath bought himſelf a painted coat.

514. *Quis niſi mentis inops—*

Ware proffer'd ſtinks; yet ſtay good Proverb, ſtay,
Thou art deceiv'd, as Clients beſt can ſay;
Who proferring trebble fees, for ſingle care,
It's well accepted, gold it is ſuch ware.

515. *On a friend indeed.*

A reall friend a Cannon cannot batter;
With nom'nal friends, a Squib's a perilous matter.

516. *On an Italian Proverb.*

Three women met upon the Market day,
Do make a Market, (they do uſe to ſay
In *Italy*) and why?. their tongues do walk
As loud, as if an hundred men did talk.
One hearing this, ſwore had his wife been there
And made a fourth, there might have been a Faire.

517. *Mans ingreſſe and egreſſe.*

Nature, which head-long into life did throng us,
With our feet forwards to our grave doth bring us.

What

What is leſſe ours, than this our borrow'd breath?
We ſtumble into life, we go to death.

518. *On bad Debtors.*

Bad debtors are good lyars; for they ſay,
I'l pay you without faile, on ſuch a day;
Come is the day, to come the debt is ſtill,
So ſtill they lye, though ſtand in debt they will.
But *Fulcus* hath ſo oft ly'd in this wiſe,
That now he lyes in *Ludgate* for his lyes.

519. *On a Juſtaſſe.*

A *Juſtice* walking o'r the frozen Thames,
The Ice about him round, began to crack;
He ſaid to's man, here is ſome danger, *James*,
I pray thee help me over on thy back.

520. *Genitoris neſciens.*

Tom asks no fathers bleſſing, if you note him,
And wiſer he, unleſſe he knew who got him.

521. *To a ſleeping Talker.*

In ſleep thou talk'ſt un-forethought myſteries,
And utter'ſt un-foreſeen things, with cloſe eyes.
How wel wouldſt thou diſcourſe if thou wert dead
Since ſleep, deaths image, ſuch fine talk hath bred?

522. *Omne ſimile non eſt idem.*

Together as we walk'd, a friend of mine
Miſtook a painted Madam for a Signe,
That in a window ſtood; but I acquainted,
Told him it was no wooden ſign was painted,
But Madam *Meretrix*: yea, true, ſaid he,
Yet 'tis a little ſigne of modeſty.

523. *Tandem manifeſtum.*

Katharine that hid thoſe Candles out of ſight,
May well conceive they'l come at length to light.

524. *Qui ebrius laudat temperantiam.*

Severus likes not theſe unſeaſon'd lines
Of rude abſurdities, times foul abuſe,
To all poſterities, and their aſſignes,
That might have been (ſaith he) to better uſe.
What ſenſleſſe gull, but reaſon may convince,
Or jade ſo dull, but being kick'd will wince?

525. *Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

Would any deem *Manaſſes* now the man,
That whilome was not worth a wooden kan:
Doubtleſſe the Dunce in ſomething doth ſurpaſſe,
Yet his red noſe is ſtill the ſame it was.

526. *On*

526. *On wiſdome and vertue.*

Wiſe-men are wiſer than good-men, what then?
'Tis better to be wiſer than wiſe men.

527. *On Ducus.*

Ducus keeps houſe, and it with reaſon ſtands,
That he keep houſe, hath ſold away his lands.

528. *Myſus and Mopſa.*

Myſus and *Mopſa* hardly could agree,
Striving about ſuperiority:
The text which ſaith that man and wife are one,
Was the chief Argument they ſtood upon:
She held, they both one woman ſhould become;
He held, they ſhould be man, and both but one.
So they contended daily, but the ſtrife
Could not be ended, till both were one wife.

529. *On Photinus.*

I met *Photinus* at the B—— Court,
Cited (as he ſaid) by a Knave relator:
I ask'd him, wherefore? he in a laughing ſort,
Told me it was but for a Childiſh matter.
How e're he laught it out, he lied not;
Indeed 'twas childiſh, for the child he got.

530. *On Caſtorites.*

See, ſee, what love is now betwixt each fiſt,
Since *Caſtriotes* had a ſcabby wriſt:
How kindly they, by clawing one another,
As if the left hand were the right hands brother!

531. *New Rhetorique.*

Good Arguments without coyn, will not ſtick;
To pay, and not to ſay, 's beſt Rhetorick.

532. *To ſome kinde Readers.*

This Book of mine I liken to a glaſſe,
Wherein the fool may look and laugh his fill:
He having done with't Readers, as ye paſſe,
Here take and uſe it, as long as you will.

533. *Eſt mihi Divi parens.*

Owinus wondreth, ſince he came from *Wales*,
What the deſcription of this Iſle might be;
That ne'r had ſeen but mountains, hils, and dales,
Yet would he ſtand and boaſt on's pedegree.
From Rice ap *Richard*, ſprung from *Dick* a Cow,
Be cot, was right good gentleman, law ye now?

434. *Principia ſordida.*

Baſſus hath Lands good ſtore, and leaſes Farms,
Whoſe Mother, Milk-pails bore, e'r he bore arms.

535. *On Thirſites.*

Although *Thirſites* have a filthy face,
And ſtaring eyes, and little outward grace:
Yet this he hath, to make amends for all,
Nature her ſelfe, is not more naturall.

536. *On Zoilus.*

If Souldiers may obtain four Terms of war,
Muskets ſhould be the pleaders, Pikes the bar;
For black bags, Bandeliers, Jackets for gowns,
Angels for fees, we'll take no more crackt crowns.

537. *On a long beard.*

Thy beard is long, better it would thee fit,
To have a ſhorter beard, and longer wit.

538. *On my ſelfe.*

Who ſeeks to pleaſe all men each way,
And not himſelfe offend;
He may begin to work to day,
But God knows when hee'l end.

539. *Nimium ne crede colori.*

Battas believed for a ſimple truth,
That yonder guilt-ſpur ſpruce and Velvet youth,
Was ſome great perſonage, or worthy weight,
Untill one told him he was but a Knight.

A Knaight (quoth *Battas*) vaith I chud a zworne,
A hod not bin lafs then zome Gen-man borne.

540. *Silens ſimplex.*

Will would ſeem wiſe, and many words let paſſe,
Speaking but little 'cauſe he's ſuch an —

541. *To the miſ-interpreter.*

Ceaſe gaul'd back guilt, theſe inſcious lines to mince,
The world wil know y'are rub'd if once ye wince;
They hem within their ſeeming Critique wall,
Particularly none; generally all:
'Mongſt which if you have chanc'd to catch a prick
Cry we-hy if you will, but do not kick.

542. *To Mary Meare.*

Meare, ſince unmixt, unmary'd, and a *maid*;
Then you to be a *Mearmaid* may be ſaid:
A Mearmaid's fleſh above, and fiſh below,
And ſo may you be too, for ought I know.

543. *Ad Rinaldum amic.*

See, ſee, *Rinaldus!* Prethee who is that,
That wears yon great green feather in his Hat,
Like to ſome Tilter? ſure it is ſome Knight,
Whoſe wits being green, his head muſt needs be (light.

544. *On*

544. *On himſelfe.*

Mirth pleaſeth ſome, to others 'tis offence, (ſence;
Some commend plain conceit, ſome profound
Some wiſh a witty jeſt, ſome diſlike that, (what.
And moſt would have themſelves, they know not
Then he that would pleaſe all, and himſelf too,
Takes more in hand then he is like to do.

545. *Fingers end.*

Philomathes once ſtudying to indite,
Nibled his fingers, and his nailes did bite:
By this I know not what he did intend,
Unleſſe his wit lay at his fingers end.

546. *Sapia qui vendit oportet.*

Janus doth jeſting, uſe Equivocation,
Which he alludes as doubtfull words of Art,
To hide the colour of his Occupation,
But to the Devil he bears an honeſt heart.

547. *Clamans Aſinus.*

Who ſays *Tom Tipſtaffe* is no man of calling?
Can any Cryer at Seſſions be more bawling?

548. *Upon Dunmo.*

I *Dunmo* ask'd as we at Supper ſate,
How long he had liv'd in the married ſtate,

Sir,

Sir, juſt (quoth *Dunmo*) with my wife I met
In the great Plague time, I remember yet,
And ſighing, as he would have burſt in twain,
Said, now almoſt the thirtieth of her raign.

549. *Upon Tom Tolthams Noſe.*

The radiant colour of *Tom Toltham's* noſe,
Puts down the Lilly, and obſcures the Roſe;
Had I a Jewell of ſuch precious hew,
I would preſent it to ſome Monarch's view,
No ſubject ſhould poſſeſſe ſuch Jems as thoſe,
Ergo, the King muſt have *Tom Toltham's* noſe.

550. *Domina prædominans.*

Ill may *Rodolphos* boaſt of rule or riches,
That lets his wife rule him, and wear the breeches.

551. *Titus the Gallant.*

Brave *Titus* three years in the Town hath been,
Yet not the Lyons, nor the Tombs hath ſeen;
I cannot tell the cauſe without a ſmile,
He hath bin in the Counter all this while.

552. *In Lalum.*

Lalus which loves to hear himſelf diſcourſe,
Talks to himſelf as if he frantick were,
And though himſelf might no where hear a worſe,
Yet he no other but himſelf will heare;

Stop

Stop not his mouth if he be troubleſome,
But ſtop his ears, and then the man is dumbe.

553. *To Criticus.*

Criticus about to kiſſe a Mayden throng,
He hapned firſt on one whoſe noſe was long;
He flouting, ſaid, I fain would kiſſe you Sweet,
But that I fear our lips will never meer,
Your noſe ſtands out ſo far; the Maiden dy'd
Her cheeks with Crimſon, but ſoon thus reply'd,
Pray ſir, then kiſſe me in that place where I
To hinder you, have neither noſe nor eye.

554. *Profundo Scientia.*

Sal can by ſilence, deep profundity,
Force you cry, fough! *Jeronimo* go by.

555. *On two by Sea.*

Two Youngſters going by Sea, th'one
That ne'r before had been the Sea upon,
Caſts up; and as he heaves, he *Bo* doth cry;
O ſaid the other, Sir, y'are ſick, ye'll dy.
No (ſays the Sea-ſick) though my ſtomack's looſe,
You ſee, I can cry *Bo* unto a Gooſe.

556. *Ut pluma perſona.*

Why wears *Laurentius* ſuch a lofty feather?
Becauſe he's proud, and fooliſh both together.

557. *Au-*

557. *Aurum volat ocius Euro.*

Monſieur *Flemingo* fraught with Angels ſtore,
Would ſee fair *London*, never ſeen before:
Where lodging with his Miſtreſs but one night,
Had (ere he parted) put them all to flight.

558. *To Pontilianus.*

Dogs on their Maſters fawn and leap,
And wag their tails apace;
So, though the Flatt'rer want a taile,
His tongue ſupplies the place.

559. *Inſtabilis ſtans.*

Mat being drunken, much his anger wreaks
On's wife; but ſtands to nothing that he ſpeaks.

560. *On ſome Lawyers.*

Law ſerves to keep diſordered men in aw,
But *Aw* preſerves orders, and keeps the Law,
Were *Aw* away *L*[*aw*]*yers* would lyars be
For *Lucre*; which they have and *hold in fee.*

561. *Health.*

Even from my heart, much *Health I wiſh*,
No *Health I'll waſh* with drink,
Health wiſh'd, not waſh'd, in words, not wine,
To be the beſt I think.

562. *Caſe*

562. *Caſe is altered.*

Tom Caſe (ſome do report) was lately haltered;
If this be true, why then the caſe is altered.

563. *Quæ placuit Domino nupta eſt Ancilla ſodali.*

Madam *Rugoſa* knows not where to find,
One Chamber-maid of ten to pleaſe her mind.
But yet my Lord ſo likes their comely carriage,
As he prefers them to his men in marriage.

564. *Plagis mitior.*

Katharine that grew ſo curſt, and fit for no man,
With beating ſoon became a gentle-woman.

565. *Priſcus.*

When *Priſcus* raiſd from low to high eſtate,
Rode through the ſtreet in pompous *jollity*;
Cajus his poor familiar friend of late,
Beſpake him thus, Sir, now you know not me;
'Tis likely friend (quoth *Priſcus*) to be ſo,
For at this time my ſelf I do not know.

566. *Anger ſoon appeaſed.*

When *John Cornutus* doth his wife reprove,
For being falſe and faithleſſe in her love,

His wife to ſmooth thoſe wrinkles in his brow,
Doth ſtop his mouth with, *John come kiſſe me now.*

567. *A foole for Company.*

Fatuus will drink with no ſuch Aſſe,
That lets his jeſts (unapprehended) paſſe:
Or if he jeſt with ſuch of ſhallow brain,
He laughs himſelfe to make his jeſts more plain.
Thus *Fatuus* doth jeſt and play the fany,
To laugh at's ſelf, hee's fool if there be any.

568. *In Cineam.*

When *Cineas* comes amongſt his friends in mourning,
He ſlily notes, who firſt his cap doth move;
Him he ſalutes, the reſt ſo grimly ſcorning,
As if for ever he had loſt his love;
I knowing how the *humor* it did fit
Of the fond Gull to be ſaluted firſt,
Catch at my Cap, but move it not a whit,
Which he perceiving, ſeems with ſpight to burſt.
But *Cineas*, why expect you more of me
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality:
For vault, and dance, and fence, and rime I can:
You keep a whore at your own charge, men tell me
Indeed friend *Cineas*, therein you excell me.

569. O

569. *On Captain Sharke.*

One ask'd a friend where Captain *Shark* did lye,
Why ſir (quoth he) at Algate, at the Pye;
Away, quoth th'other, he lies not there I know't,
No, ſayes the other, then he lies in's throat.

570. *A witty Anſwer.*

A lean, yet fat Recuſant being confin'd
Unto a Juſtice houſe, whoſe wife was great,
(Not great with child, but hugely great with meat)
At ſupper thus began to grope his mind,
To *hoc eſt corpus* what ſay you? ſhe ſed;
Marry (quoth he) I ſay it is well fed.

571. *Goſſips diſcourſe.*

When *Gillian* and her Goſſips all are met,
And in the match of Goſſiping down ſet,
And plain Maſs-Parſon cutting bread for th'table
To tell how faſt they talk, my tongue's not able;
One tels ſtrange news, th'other Godſwonbet cries,
The third ſhakes her head, alack replies,
She on her Hens, this on her Ducks do talk,
On thouſand things at once their tongues do walk:
So long as Cocks can tread, and Hens will lay,
Gill, and Gills Goſſips will have words to ſay.

572. *Capax incapabilis.*

Produs in's Office ſeems a ſimple Scribe,
Yet hath he cunning learnt to take a Bribe.

573. *A Parſon and a Thief.*

A luſty Parſon riding on the way,
Was by a Thief commanded for to ſtay;
The Parſon drew his ſword, for well he durſt,
And quickly put his foe unto the worſt.
Sir (quoth the Thief) I by your habit ſee
You are a Church-man, and debate ſhould flee,
You know 'tis written in the ſacred word,
Jeſus to *Peter* ſaid, *Put up thy Sword*:
True (quoth the Parſon) but withall then hear,
Saint *Peter* firſt had cut off *Malchus* ear.

574. *Similes habent labra lactucas.*

Dick ſwaſh (or ſwaggering *Dick*) through *Fleetſtreet*
With *Sis* and *Brettice* waiting at his heels: (reeles,
To one that would have tane the wall, he ſwore,
Zounds, doſt not ſee my Punck and Paramour?

575. *A Souldiers jeſt.*

One told a Souldier ſitting at the board,
(And ſilent) that he had an edgeleſſe ſword;
Who ſtraight reply'd, Sir, I will do my beſt,
To break your pate, though I ne'r break a jeſt.

576. *Good*

576. *Good Advice.*

One to a Serving-man this Counſell ſent,
To get a Maſter that's intelligent;
Then if of him no wages he could get,
Yet he would underſtand he's in his debt.

577. *Theeves.*

Two Theeves by night began a lock to pick,
One in the houſe awake, thus anſwer'd quick,
Why, how now? what a ſtir you there do keep?
Goe, come again, we are not yet aſleep.

578. *Aſſe.*

He that loves glaſſe without a G,
Leave out L. and what is he?

579. *Enecat amplexu nimio, ſic ſimia fœtum.*

Call *Davus* knave, he ſtraight-way draws his ſword,
And makes you prove as much, or eat your word.
But if you call him honeſt Rogue, or Jew,
He huggs you then for giving him his due.

580. *To Feſtus.*

Feſtus th'art old, and yet wouldſt mary'd be:
Ere thou do ſo, this counſel take of me:
Look into *Lillies Grammar*, there thou'lt find,
Cornu a *Horn*, a word ſtill *Undeclin'd*.

581. *A Gentleman and his Phyſitian.*

A Gentleman not richeſt in diſcretion,
Was alwayes ſending for his own Phyſitian.
And on a time, he needs would of him know,
What was the cauſe his pulſe did go ſo ſlow?
Why (quoth the Doctor) thus it comes to paſſe,
T'muſt needs go ſlow, which goes upon an Aſſe.

582. *On Saint George.*

To ſave a maid Saint *George* a Dragon ſlue,
Which was a noble act, if all be true;
Some ſay there are no Dragons; and 'tis ſaid
There's no Saint *George*; pray *Jove* there be a maid.

583. *Similis cum ſimili.*

Tom went to the Market, where *Tom* met with *Tom*,
Tom asked *Tom*, what *Tom*? how far'ſt thou *Tom*?
Who *Tom*, I *Tom*? Is *Tom* (quoth *Tom*) you *Tom*;
Well God a mercy *Tom*; how do you *Tom*?
Faith ne'r ſo well (quoth *Tom*) ſince *Tom* was *Tom*:
And thus was the greeting paſt 'twixt *Tom* and *Tom*.

584. *Ebrius oblitus.*

Fucus was fox'd laſt night, but 'tis conceal'd,
And would not for his Office 'twere reveal'd.

585. *Dul-*

585. *Dulce quod utile.*

An honeſt Vicar riding by the way,
Not knowing better how to ſpend the day,
Did ſing unto himſelf ſome certain Pſalms;
A blind man hearing him, ſtrait begg'd his alms;
To whom (quoth he) with coyn I cannot part,
But God thee bleſſe, good man with all my heart.
O, ſaid the blind man, greater is my loſſe,
When ſuch as you do bleſſe without a croſſe.

586. *In Dacum.*

Dacus with ſome good colour and pretence,
Tearms his wifes beauty ſilent eloquence;
For ſhe doth lay more colours on her face,
Then ever *Tully* us'd his ſpeech to grace.

587. *In Sillam.*

Though I were blind, or though I never ſaw him,
Yet if I ſhould *Silla* but talking hear;
For a right roaring Gallant I ſhould know him,
For of a whore he talks, and ſtill doth ſwear.

588. *Varietas iniquitas.*

Mat will not marry: true, 'cauſe ty'd to none,
He may have wenches new, when th'old are gone.

589. *Good ſawce.*

I went to ſup with *Cinna* th'other night,
And to ſay true (for give the Devil his right)

Though ſcant of meat we could a morſell get,
Yet there with ſtore of paſſing ſawce we met.
You ask what ſawce, where pittance was ſo ſmall?
This, is not hunger the beſt ſawce of all?

590. *Plagis mitior.*

Katharine that grew ſo curſt and fit for no man,
With beating ſoon became a Gentle-woman.

591. *To a Lawyer.*

To go to Law, I have no maw,
Although my ſuite be ſure,
For I ſhall lack ſuits to my back,
Ere I my ſuit procure.

592. *Semel inſanivimus.*

Bedlam fate bleſs thee, thou wantſt nought but wit,
And having gotten that, we'r freed from it;
Bridewell, I cannot any way diſpraiſe thee,
For thou doſt feed the poor, and jerk the lazie.
Newgate, of thee I cannot much complain;
For once a moneth, thou freeſt men out of pain;
But from the *Counters*, goodneſſe it ſelf defend us?
To *Bedlam*, *Bridewell*, or to *Newgate* ſend us,
For there in time, wit, work, or law gets free;
But here wit, work, nor law gets liberty.

593. *Of*

593. *Of himſelfe.*

Some men there be, which ſay of me,
That I am not a *Poet* ;
They ſay well, why ? I do not lye,
I write the truth ; I know it.

594. *Upon Annes marriage with a Lawyer.*

Anne is an Angel, what if ſo ſhe be ?
VVhat is an Angel, but a Lawyers fee ?

595. *Ænigma.*

The Devil, men ſay, in Devonſhire dy'd of late,
But Devonſhire lately liv'd in rich eſtate,
Till *Rich* his toys did Devonſhire ſo bewitch,
As Devonſhire dy'd, and left the Devil Rich.

596. *On Cupid.*

VVhy feign they *Cupid* robbed of his ſight ?
Can he whoſe ſeat is in the eye, want light ?

597. *An Anſwer.*

Experience ſhew, and reaſon doth decree
That he who ſits in's own light cannot ſee.

598. *Lucus journey.*

Lucus hath travel'd with an hundred pound,
VVas rob'd and left well beaten, and faſt bound.

But

But when to ſhare their prize, they had begun,
No miracle was wrought, yet he undon.

599. *Of Nature.*

Nature did well in giving poor men wit,
That fools well monifi'd may pay for it.

600. *Vileſcit dives avarus.*

Rufus is wondrous rich, but what of that?
He lives obſcurely, like a Water-Rat.

601. *Viſum ignotum.*

That *Crambo's* wife's with child, her belly ſhews it:
But who was't got it? pray ask thoſe that know it.

602. *Upon Marriage.*

Marriage as old men note, hath lik'ned bin
Unto a publick faſt, or common rout,
Where thoſe that are without would fain get in,
And thoſe that are within would fain get out.

603. *On Annas a News-monger.*

Annas hath long ears for all news to paſſe:
His ears muſt needs be long, for he's an Aſſe.

604. *Sir John.*

Now good Sir *John* (the beggar cries) I pray
Beſtow your Worſhip's alms on me to day,

Relieve

Relieve my wants (quoth he) I am your brother,
We born are, one to help and ayd another;
My brother (qd. Sir *John*) poor wretched wight,
Why, thou miſtakeſt me, I am a Knight;
I know't, quoth he, but hark you kind Sir *John*,
There's many a Knight kin to the beggar man.

605. *Conjectus.*

Conjectus ſays hee'l plainly prove,
Anothers Child he ought to love,
More than his Parents; which is ſtrange,
And yet 'tis true; for I proteſt,
He ought to love his wife the beſt.

606. *Aulus.*

Some (ſpeaking in their own renown)
Say that this Book was not exactly done;
I care not much, like banquets let my Books,
Rather be pleaſing to the Gueſts than Cooks.

607. *On envy.*

Why ſay ſome, wealth brings envy, ſince 'tis known
Poor men have backbiters fifteen for one?

608. *Errantes errare licet.*

Pandorus ſpends the day by telling news,
Of ſuch his travels as will make you muſe:

Nay

Nay ſir believe it, hee'l diſcourſe at large,
How ſhould he elſe be fed at others charge?

609. *To a Drunkard.*

Much pratling cauſeth greateſt thirſtineſſe?
Thy wife talks more then thou, why drinks ſhe leſſe.

610. *On Pru.*

Pru give me leave to laugh, why ſhouldſt thou buy
Ceruſe, and *Stibium*, and *Mercury*,
And ſleiking Oyles, the beſt that may be got,
When thy whole face *Pru* is not worth a groat?

611. *To Momus.*

Leave for ſhame, *Momus*, leave to bark and cry,
My actions give thy ſlanderous tongue the lye.

612. *To Roba.*

Th'art fair, 'tis true; and pretty too, I know it;
And well bred (*Roba*) for thy manners ſhow it;
But whilſt thou mak'ſt ſelf-praiſe thy onely care,
Th'art neither pretty, nor well bred, nor faire.

613. *On Gallo.*

Gallo's a pretty man, hath pretty hair,
A pretty hat, and cloke as one need wear;
Gallo's a Gallant, and as Gallants uſe,
Can court his Miſtreſs, with a ſprightly Muſe:

Gallo's

Gallo's a dunce, for I ſupply his wit,
Which he makes nonſence by his reading it,
And 'tis no wonder, as all wiſe-men know,
For pretty Gallants to be dunces now.

614. *Pudor eſt ſua damna referre.*

Peter hath loſt his purſe, but will conceale it,
Leaſt ſhe that ſtole it, to his ſhame reveale it.

615. *Wheele-greace.*

Men th'Axletree do Greaze, that they not ſcreak,
But Lawyers muſt be Greaz'd to make them ſpeak.

616. *Who beſt friend.*

A Louſe I ſay, for when a man's diſtreſt,
And others fall off, ſhe ſticks the ſureſt.

617. *O times and manners!*

Why thus do men, *manners* and *times* accuſe,
When men themſelves, Manners and times abuſe?
W'are bad in them, they worſe by us do grow,
Yet we complain that help to make them ſo.

618. *Carpe.*

Of all our Modern Writers, *Carpe* likes none,
He loves th'old Poets that are dead and gone:
Pardon me honeſt *Carpe*, I would not be
Laid in my grave a while yet, to pleaſe thee.

619. *Non*

619. *Non nunquam jactat egenus.*

Jack is a Gentleman I muſt confeſſe,
For there's no womans Taylor can be leſſe.

620. *On Terpin.*

Terpin ſips wine, and gluts down meat; I think,
My *Terpin* drinks his meat, and eats his drink.

621. *To Phaulo.*

As often (*Phaulo*) as thou doſt amiſſe,
Thou haſt no more excuſe for it, but this,
It was againſt thy will; why, be it ſo,
Againſt thy will thou ſhalt be puniſht to.

622. *Little, nothing, too much, enough.*

The Poor have *little*, Beggars *none*,
The Rich *too much*, *enough* not one.

623. *On Spurco of Oxford.*

Spurco from Chandler, ſtarted Alderman,
And truſt me now moſt Elder-like he can
Behave himſelf: he ne'r appears in Town,
But in his beaver, and his great fur'd gown:
His Ruffe is ſet, his head ſet in his Ruffe;
His reverend trunks become him well enough;

He wears a hoop ring on his Thumb; he has
Of Gravidud a dose full in his face:
And trick'd and trim'd, thus bravely he supposes
Himself another man; but men have noses;
And they that have so, maugre *Spurco's* skill,
Through all his robes may smell the Chandler still.

624. *On the same.*

Spurco made candles once, 'tis true enough,
Yet when I told him so, he tookt in snuffe.

625. *To Damon.*

What cause, what confidence draws thee to town?
Oxford can yeeld thee nothing, get thee down;
Thou canst not turn rogue for thy private ends,
Thou canst not play the baud to please thy friends.
Thou hat'st to sell thy breath at any price,
Or flatter great ones to their prejudice.
Whence wilt thou live? (unhappy wretch!) I am
A trusty friend, thou say'st, an honest man.
That's nothing, *Damon*, set thy wits to school,
Not to be knave here, is to be a fool.

626. *Compotatio.*

Tasso, *Torquato*, *Trew-wit*, *Manlius*,
Brave merry Greeks all, and ingenious:

Let

Let us be mad a while: come here thou Squire
Of Pints and Pottles, pile us up a fire:
Then bring ſome ſack up, quick you Canniball,
Some cleanly ſack to waſh our brains withall:
There is I am ſure, no other Theſpian ſpring,
No other Helicon to bathe us in.
Troul then your ſack about boyes, never faile,
Commending dull men to their ſtands of Ale.
Tinkers wind off whole pottles in a breath,
I hate ſuch puddle Coxcombs worſe than death:
But we true brats of *Bacchus*, as our uſe is,
With luſty Wines will ſacrifice to th'Muſes.

627. *Conſcientia teſtis.*

What makes *Antonia* deem himſelf undone,
Being queſtion'd ſince his Office firſt begun:
But that a Conſcience tells him *quæ ſumuntur*
Tam male parta, male dilabuntur?

628. *On Terpin.*

Liſten who liſt, my *Terpins* noſe I ſing,
And much I labour to expreſſe the thing:
For when he ſnorts, it is his trumpet ſhrill;
It is his conduit, for 'tis running ſtill;
It is his drag, his Eele-ſpear in the brook;
His ſpade, his mattock, and his pruning hook:

'Tis

'Tis a convenient ſtaple for a wall,
A handſome wedge to cleave his wood withall:
'Twill make a good ſhip-anchor when he lacks,
It is his gimlet, and his twibill axe.
Regard not then, what man thy noſe abuſes;
Thy noſe is proper *Terpin* for moſt uſes.

629. *On Ned.*

Have not I friends (quoth *Ned*) I dare to ſay,
I have not ſupt at home this twelve months day:
And very true it is, for ſherking *Ned*,
At home (poor man) goes ſupperleſſe to bed.

630. *Pecunia prævalens.*

Hand off, ſir ſauce-box! think you Miſtris *Phips*
Allows ſuch lobs as you to touch her lips?
But then 'tis queſtion'd further; if you bring her
Some *legem pone*, that's another thing Sir.

631. *On Love.*

Where love begins, there dead they firſt deſire:
A ſpark neglected, makes a mighty fire.

632. *A Herculean taske.*

To curb the courage and *Wives tongue* keep under,
May well be call'd *Hercules* thirteenth wonder.

633. *On Coritia.*

Coritia, when all her Table's ſet
With Manchet, Sauches, and good wholſome meat,
She ſtill gives brown bread to her Son and heir,
And tells the little boy 'twill make him fair.
If ſo (my Love) if it be true you ſay,
You never ate brown bread *Coritia*.

634. *On Drammato.*

Drammato makes new playes great ſtore; and yet
'Tis plain, *Drammato* has not too much wit:
He ſtrives too, to be pleaſant, and brings in
Mimicks, and fools, to make the people grin,
I know not what the reſt think, but I ſay,
Drammato's the beſt fool in every play.

635. *Taming of a Shrew.*

Wouldſt tame thy wife: firſt tame her tongue,
Who thus his wife comes o'r ſhall overcome.

636. *Liberty.*

If he be well which hath what he can wiſh,
Why then do men for ſtinging Serpents fiſh?
True liberty 'mongſt vertues beans the bell;
He may live as he will, which may live well.

637. *Dram-*

637. *Drammato.*

Of all *Drammato's* playes that ere I ſee,
Nothing could ever make me laugh but he.

638. *On Galba.*

Galba ſhe ſayes, ſhe never taſted Man;
Galba will lye, beleeve it, now and than.

639. *To the Reader.*

Such tenour I have kept here all along,
As none (I hope) can challenge me with wrong.
I injure not the leaſt, I give no blow
To any perſon; he that knows not how
To ſcourge mans vice, unleſſe he tax his name,
Makes a baſe Libel of an Epigram.

640. *On Formidando.*

Stout *Formidando* walks imperiouſly,
With tragick *Bilbo* girt upon his thigh;
His roping locks, his buffe becomes him well,
And to ſay ſooth, he looks right terrible;
He ſwayes the Town before him, and will ſlay
Whatever man he be that dares gain-ſay:
But *Formidando* pawn'd his coat laſt night,
And *Formidando's* out of money quite;

Nor oaths will paſſe, nor credit from henceforth,
For one poor penny, or a penny-worth:
Starv'd Creditors begin to gape; and how
To quit himſelf he ſcarcely knows; that now
Stout *Formidando* who was wont to daunt
Whole thouſands, trembles at a Purſivant.

641. *The German-Dutch.*

Death's not to be: ſo *Seneca* doth think:
But Dutchmen ſay 'tis death to ceaſe to drink.

642. *Death.*

What Death is, doſt thou ask of me?
Till dead I do not know;
Come to me when thou hear'ſt I'm dead,
Then what 'tis I ſhall ſhow.

643. *On Carp and Manilla.*

Manilla would with *Carp* be maried,
Manilla's wiſe I trow:
But *Carp* by no means will *Manilla* wed;
Carp's the wiſer of the two.

644. *On Carp.*

Theſe are my verſes which *Carp* reads; 'tis known;
But when *Carp* makes them non-ſenſe, th'are his (own.

645. *To*

645. *To Phaulos.*

Thou art offended (*Phaulos*) as I hear,
Becauſe I ſometimes call thee whoremaſter;
My nature's blunt, and ſo will ever be;
I call a ſpade a ſpade, pray pardon me.

646. *To Coracine.*

What *Criſpulus* is that in a new gown,
All trim'd with loops and buttons up and down?
That leans there on his arm in private chat
With thy young wife, what *Criſpulus* is that?
He's Proctor of a Court, thou ſay'ſt, and does
Some buſineſſe of my wives: thou brainleſſe gooſe!
He does no buſineſſe of thy wives, not he,
He does thy buſineſſe (*Coracine*) for thee.

647. *On Pru.*

Pru praiſes her complexion, nay ſwears
She dares compare with any of her years;
And very true it is, that *Prudence* ſayes,
I ſaw not better ſold theſe many dayes.

648. *The Parret.*

If lawful't be, of things t'invent the name;
With pratling *Parret*, *prater* is the ſame.

649. *To Maronilla.*

My *Maronilla*, I could eaſily ſpare (haire,
Thy hands and arms, thy ſhoulders and fraught
I could well ſpare thy feet, thy legs and thighs,
Thy tongue and teeth, thy lips, cheeks, forehead, eyes:
And not to reckon each part ſeverall,
My *Maronilla* I could ſpare thee all.

650. *Study.*

Some men grow mad by ſtudying much to know;
But who grows mad by ſtudying good to grow?

651. *To Lionell.*

Lionell ſhows his honourable ſcars,
And labours to invite me to the wars:
But I will not by no means *Lionell*;
I do not love to live ill, and drink well.

652. *On Pumilio a Dwarfe.*

Pumilio lying in deſpaire
Of further life, ſaid, take no care
To make a Tomb for me, good folks,
I will be buried in a Box.

653. *Sharpe*

653. *Sharpe ſauce.*

Kiſſes and favours are ſweet things,
But thoſe have thornes, and theſe have ſtings.

654. *On Drad-nought.*

Drad-nought was for his many riots laid
Ith'Counter lately, now he's wondrous ſtaid.

655. *On Phaulos and Gellia.*

Phaulos he viſits, *Gellia* ſhe's ſick:
I am no Wizard, yet I know their trick.

656. *To his Friend.*

I will not be a Foe to any,
Nor be familiar with too many;
And twice I will not love my friend,
But whom I love, I'l love to th'end.

657. *Maried Folke.*

Man love thy wife; thy Husband, wife obay:
Wives are our Heart, we ſhould be Head alway.

658. *On Pru and Galla.*

Why are *Pru's* teeth ſo white, and *Galla's* black ?
The reaſon is ſoon known :
Pru buyes new teeth as often as ſhe lacks,
But *Galla* wears her owne.

659. *On Bombo.*

When *Bombo* preaches (and that's thrice a year)
Nothing but wit ſounds wiſely in his ear.
His fuſtain phraſes make a noiſe ; each ſtrain
And ſwelling rapture fills his mouth again :
He's parcell-States-man, parcell-Prieſt, and ſo
If you obſerve, he's parcel-Poet to.
Bombo thy fetches, and thy fangles may
Become a ſtage perhaps, but us'd this way,
Th'are baſe, and impious : let me prevail,
Talk till thy ſtrong lines choak thee ; if they fail,
Commence at Tyburn in a cart, ſweet Poet,
And there a ſtrong line will for certain do it.

660. *On Lulls.*

Lulls ſwears he is all heart, but you'l ſuppoſe
By his Probaſſis, that he is all noſe.

661. *On Pæto.*

Implore the Muſes, and their two top'd hill
Still to ſupply freſh matter to thy quill:
Crave *Phœbus* aid, call *Homer* with the throng
Of all the Bardes, Learn'd *Manes*, to thy ſong.
I dare not (*Pæto*) be ſo bold, as do it,
Nor ſeem ſo like what I am not; a Poet.
My page invokes no deities: here love,
And indignation the beſt Muſes prove.

662. *On the ſame.*

My *Pæto* thinks he ſings melodious,
And like a Swan: alas he's but a Gooſe.

663. *On Plutus.*

Plutus, rich *Plutus* would have me beſtow
Some New-years gift, as other neighbours do.
Why I will ſend thee what thou want'ſt my friend;
Nothing thou want'ſt, and nothing I will ſend.

664. *To Phocion.*

Thou buy'ſt up all that thou canſt light upon,
This is the way to ſell all *Phocion*.

665. *To Lividus.*

Do not raile baſely, do not ſwell with ſpighr,
Do not ſcoffe (*Lividus*) at what I write:

For

For ridden, truſt me, I can hardly pace,
Nor bear thee gently like a patient Aſſe;
But trot amain, and if thou chance to kick,
I ſhall wince too, and gall thee to the quick,
Flinging full faſt till I have thrown thee off,
Till I have ſhook thy ſnaffle from thy mouth;
And then in triumph (*Lividus*) look to't,
I ſpurn thy pride and follies under foot.

666. *On his Verſes.*

He's blind with love that likes them ev'ry one,
And he is blind with envy, that likes none.

667. *Truth.*

Truth is beſt found out by the time and eyes;
Falſhood wins credit by uncertainties.

668. *Time.*

Time all conſumes, both us and every thing,
We time conſume; thus, both one ſong do ſing.

669. *To Bombo.*

Moſt men condemn thee *Bombo*, when they hear
Thy high and mighty Sermons, but I ſwear
Thou preacheſt movingly; and well I may;
Thou preacheſt all thy Auditors away.

670. *On Plutus.*

Rich *Plutus* needs would buy a fool, and paid
Fifty good pounds: but after triall made,
Perceiving him an underſtanding man,
Plutus would have his money back again.

671. *To Linus.*

Thou waſt my debtor when I lent the coin,
Pay me mine own, and then I will be thine.

672. *Leven.*

Love is a Leven, and a loving kiſs
The *leven* of a loving ſweet-heart is.

673. *To Phaulos.*

Thou ask'ſt me whom I think beſt man to be,
He's the beſt (*Phaulos*) that is leaſt like thee.

674. *To Claudius and Linus.*

Ungodly *Claudius*, to be good,
Wants nothing but a will:
Lewd *Linus*, alſo wanteth nought
But power to be ill.

675. *Hot-waters.*

Our trickling Tears expreſſe our private Love,
Love cauſeth tears, ſtrange! fire ſhould water prove.

676. *On Grotto.*

Talk but of death, *Grotto* begins to rage,
And ſweat, and ſwear, and yet he's blind with age.
Fie on thee *Grotto*, what a coil you keep?
Thy windows they are ſhut, 'tis time to ſleep.

677. *On Boreman.*

Boreman takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes, yet *Boreman*
For all the Devill helps, will be a poor man.

678. *On Crab.*

Crab being caught, and in the Serjeants power,
For ſhame and anger look'd both red and ſower.

679. *On Fargo.*

Fargo by his wit and pleaſing tongue,
Hath won a wench that's wondrous fair & young;
The match (he ſaith) is halfe concluded, he
Indeed is wondrous willing; but not ſhe.

680. *On Richard.*

Dick being drunk, in bed thought on his ſin,
And that lewd courſe of life he lived in,
Yet long hereof for thirſt, *Dick* could not think,
But, Drawer, cryes, now for thy ſmalleſt drink.

681. *To*

681. *To Spruce.*

Spruce wears a Comb about him, alwayes he
To prune and ſmooth his polliſht haire:
The Cock's ne'r too without his Comb you ſee,
Spruce 'tis a *Coxcomb* then you weare.

682. *On this Wiſe age.*

The Wiſe men were but ſeaven: now we ſcarce (know
So many fools, the world ſo wiſe doth grow.

683. *On Profuſo.*

Unſtayd *Profuſo* hath run thorough all,
Almoſt the ſtory of the *Prodigall*,
Yet ſwears, he never with the Hoggs did dine,
That's true, for none durſt truſt him with their ſwine.

684. *On a fire in a Town.*

One night through all the ſtreets the men did cry,
Fire, fire! at which I wak't and wondred by;
Not that dry wood ſhould burn, but becauſe all
Did cry *fire*, when for water they ſhould call.

685. *To either Univerſity.*

Indulgent *Mother*, and kind *Aunt*, no where
Throughout all *Europe* find I ſuch a paire;

From

From whoſe fair breaſts thoſe milky rivers run,
That thouſands feed, elſe thouſands were undone.
Oh were it not that ſome are wean'd too young,
And ſome do ſuck (like *Eſſex* Calves) too long.

686. *On Monſieur Congee.*

A proper handſome courtly man indeed,
And well ſet out with cloaths, can for a need
Diſcourſe with legs, and quarter congees, and
Talk halfe an houre with help of foot and hand;
But when I view'd this *Monſieur* clean throughout,
I found that he was onely Man without.

687. *To my Reader.*

My perſon is another as I liſt,
I now but act the Epigrammatiſt.

688. *On Phyſitians.*

Phyſitians are moſt miſerable men,
that cannot be deny'd:
For they are never truly well, but when
moſt men are ill beſide.

689. *On Puff.*

Puff quarrels in his cups, and then will fight,
Is beaten ſober; troth he is ſerved right.

690. *To*

690. *To Flash.*

Flash when thou'rt drunk, then in thy own conceit
Thou'rt valiant, wise, great, honest, rich, discreet.
Troth *Flash* be alwayes drunk! for well I know
When you are sober you are nothing so.

691. *Wittily wicked.*

Good wine (they say) makes Vinegar most tart,
Thou, the more witty, the more wicked art.

692. *A Doctor and his Patient.*

A Doctor told his Patient *Omphida*;
The grief she felt was a Sciatica:
Which she not perfect how to nominate,
Mistaking cryes, O my Certificate!

693. *On Monsieur Powder-wig.*

Oh doe but mark yon crisped Sir you meet!
How like a Pageant he doth walk the street?
See how his perfum'd head is powdered ore:
Twu'd stink else, for it wanted Salt before.

694. *To Rash.*

Rash swear not! think not 'cause you swear that I
Believe you, no: he that will swear will lye.

695. *Drunk-*

695. *Drunk-bounty.*

I, I tell you why the drunk ſo laviſh are,
They have too much, nay more then they can bear.

696. *To Gut.*

Gut eats and drinks, doth nothing elſe but ſwill,
His teeth do grind, his mouth's the water-mill.

697. *To Simple.*

Simple, you know I gave you good advice;
Little to ſay, that men might think you wiſe;
If you'l proclaim your ſelfe a fool you may;
I onely tell you now what others ſay.

698. *On Quaff.*

To quench his ſorrows *Quaff* drinks very free,
Sorrow is dry, he ſayes, and ſo is he.

699. *To Tom Coriat.*

Of all the *Toms* that ever yet were nam'd,
Was never *Tom* like as *Tom Coriat* fam'd.
Tom Thumb is dumb, untill the pudding creep,
In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peep.
Tom Fool may go to School, but ne'r be taught
Speak Greek, with which our *Tom* his tongue is (fraught.

Tom

Tom Asse may passe, but for all his long ears,
No such rich jewels as our *Tom* he wears.
Tom Tell-troth is but froth, but truth to tell,
Of all *Toms*, this *Tom*, bears away the bell.

700. *To a fat Usurer.*

Fat folks we say by nature are most free:
You and your purse are fat, and yet I see
Your hand and that still shut, the reason's this;
In costive flesh thy *leane* soule buried is.

701. *On Brisk.*

Brisk brag'd of's ready wit; I tempting him
But for one Distick, did propound this theam
Nothing: It cannot be, he wondring said
That out of nothing ought shu'd ere be made.
Dul *Brisk* thou ne'r couldst tune *Apollo's* Lyre:
A pure steeld-wit, will strike *Mercurial* fire
Out of the flintiest subject: but thy head
Is all compos'd of softer mettle, *lead*.

702. *Semel insanivimus omnes.*

Thus have I waded through a worthlesse task;
Whereto I trust there's no exception ta'n,
For meant to none, I answer such as ask,

'Tis like apparrell made in *Birchen-lane*;
If any pleaſe to ſuit themſelves and wear it,
The blame's not mine, but theirs that needs will (bear it.

703. *On Sullen.*

Sullen will eat no meat, but peeviſhly
Replies, I care not, nor I will not, I:
Troth I commend his abſtinence, 'tis great,
When having ſuch a ſtomach hee'l not eat.

704. *To Bankes.*

When *Spendall* asks to borrow, you reply,
You know not when hee'l pay you; troth nor I.

705. *To Boldface.*

Boldface, I wonder at thy impudence,
That dar'ſt affirme things ſo againſt all ſence:
For ſhame ben't impudent and fooliſh too!
And think all men are fooles 'cauſe you are ſo.

706. *Of this Booke.*

Part of the work remaines; one part is paſt:
And here my Ship rides having Anchor caſt.

707. *On Bearill.*

Bearill becauſe his wife is ſomewhat ill,
Uncertain in her health, indifferent ſtill;
He turns her out of doores without reply;
Wondring at which I askt the reaſon why?
In ſickneſſe and in health, ſayes he, I'm bound
Onely to keep her, either weak or ſound;
But now ſhee's neither, he replies; you'l ſee,
Shee'l quickly now or mend or end, ſayes he.

708. *On Bib.*

Wiſdome doth teach us ſilence, now *Bib* is
With drink made ſpeechleſs, is he not then wiſe.

709. *On Silly.*

Silly by chance did looſe his Diary
Of wit, which he had got in company:
No marl he now ſo mute and penſive ſits,
How can he chooſe, ſince he hath loſt his wits.

710. *Ad ſeſquipidales poetaſtros.*

Hence *Brauron*'s God to *Tauriminion*,
And you Levaltoring Corybants be gon;

Fly thundering Bronſterops to *Hippocrene*,
And *Mauros* to Nymph-nurſing *Mytelene*;
Griſly *Megæra's* necromantique ſpell
Depart to black nights *Acherontick* cell:
Avaunt transformed *Epidaurian*,
Unto th' Antipod Iſles of Traproban,
Away *Cyllenius* plumy-pinnion'd God,
With thy peace making wand, ſnake-charming rod;
And all the reſt not daring look upon
Uranus blood-born brood, and fell *Typhon*;
Chimæra's victor great *Bellerophon*,
Thou vanquiſher of Spaniſh *Geryon*.
Stout *Aſdruball* Sicilian Lord of yore,
Thou that deſtroy'dſt the *Caledonian* bore,
Couragious conqueror of Cretes *Minotaure*,
Thou pride of *Mermeno's* cloudy *Semitaure*.
Perſeus whoſe marble ſtone transforming ſhield,
Enforc'd the Whale, *Andromeda* to yeeld,
You *Argonautes* that ſcour'd *Syndromades*,
And paſſ'd the quick-ſands of *Symplegades*,
Help *Demogorgon*, King of heaven and earth,
Chaos, *Lucina*, at *Litigiums* birth,
The world with childe looks for delivery
Of *Canibals*, or *Poetophagy*.
A deviliſh brood from *Erichthonius*,
From *Iphidemia*, *Nox*, and *Erebus*,
Chide *Pegaſus* for op'ning *Helicon*,
And Poets damn to *Pyry-Phlegeton*;

Or

Or make this monſtrous birth abortive be,
Or elſe I will ſhake hands with Poetry.

——*Nihil hic niſi Carmina deſunt.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

Marmora Mæonii vincunt monumenta libelli ;
Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

The Muſes works ſtone Monuments out-laſt ;
'Tis wit keeps life, all elſe Death will down caſt.

EPITAPHS.

1. *On a Lyer.*

GOod paſſenger! here lies one here,
That living did lie every where.

2. *On a Dyer.*

He lives with God none can deny,
That while he liv'd to th'world did dy.

3. *On a Jugler.*

Death came to ſee thy tricks, and cut in twain
Thy thread; why did'ſt not make it whole again?

4. *On Mr. Fiſh.*

Worms bait for *Fiſh*, but here is a great change,
Fiſh bait for worms, is not that very ſtrange ?

5. *On a Child.*

A child and dead ? alas ! how could it come ?
Surely thy thred of life was but a thrum.

6. *On Mr. Do.*

Do is my name, and here I lie,
My Grammar tels me *Do fit Di.*

7. *On Taylor a Sergeant, kill'd by a Horſe.*

A Taylor is a theef, a Sergeant is worſe,
Who here lyes dead, god-a-mally Horſe.

8. *On Mr. Thomas Beſt.*

With happy ſtarres he ſure is bleſt,
Where s'ere he goes, that ſtill is *Beſt.*

9. *On Robin.*

Round *Robin's* gone, and this grave doth incloſe
The pudding of his doublet and his hoſe.

10.

10. *On Bell the Tinker.*

Bell though thou dy'dſt decrepit, lame forlorn,
Thou was't a man of Mettle, I'll be ſworn.

11. *On proud Tygeras.*

Proud and fooliſh, ſo it came to paſſe,
He liv'd a *Tyger*, and he dy'd an Aſſe.

12. *On John Cofferer.*

Here lyes *John Cofferer*, and takes his reſt,
Now he hath chang'd a Coffer for a Cheſt.

13. *On blind and deaf Dick Freeman.*

Here lyes *Dick Freeman*,
That could not hear nor ſee man.

14. *On a Miller.*

Death without warning was as bold as brief,
When he kill'd two in one, Miller and Theef.

15. *On a Lady.*

Here lyes one dead under this marble ſtone,
Who when ſhe liv'd, lay under more than one.

16. *On a Wreſtler.*

Death to the Wreſtler gave a pretty fall,
Tript up his heels, and took no hold at all.

17. On

17. *On John Death.*

Here's *Death* interred, that liv'd by bread,
Then all ſhould live, now *Death* is dead.

18. *On an Infant.*

The reeling world turn'd Poet, made a Play;
I came to ſee't, diſlik'd it, went my way.

19. *On a little but very ingenious youth.*

Grim Death perceiving, He had far outran
The elder youths; miſtooke him for a man.

20. *On a Lady dying quickly after her Husband.*

He firſt deceaſed, ſhe a little try'd
To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

21. *On Mr. Stone.*

Jeruſalems curſe is not fulfill'd in mee,
For here a ſtone upon a ſtone you ſee.

22. *On Mr. Strange.*

Here lies one *Strange*, no Pagan, Turk, nor Jew,
It's ſtrange, but not ſo ſtrange as it is true.

23. *A Fart's Epitaph.*

Reader, it was born, and cry'd,
Crack'd ſo, ſmelt ſo, and ſo dy'd.

24. *On Mr. Anguiſh a Sholler.*

Some do for anguiſh weep, for anger I,
That ignorance ſhould live, and art ſhould die.

25. *On a lovely young youth.*

From thy quick Death; conclude we muſt,
The faireſt flowers are gather'd firſt.

26. *On Mr. Thomas Allen.*

No Epitaphs need make the juſt man fam'd,
The good are prais'd when they are onely nam'd.

27. *On a Lady.*

Finis and *Bonum* are converted, ſo
That every good thing to an end muſt go.

28. *On a pious Benefactor.*

The Poor, the World, the Heavens, and the Grave,
His Alms, his Praiſe, his Soul, and Body have.

29. *On a Poet in prison.*

Though I in prison here do lye,
My Muse shall live although I dye.

30. *On a poor Poet.*

Here lies the Poet buried in the night,
Whose purse, men know it, was exceeding light.

31. *A man and his wife.*

Viator siste, ecce miraculum!
Vir & uxor hic non ligitant.

32. *On a Pauls-walker.*

Defessus sum ambulando.

33. *On a Scrivener.*

May all men by these Presents testifie,
A lurching Scrivener here fast bound doth lie.

34. *On one that cheated his Father.*

Here lies a man, who in a span
Of life, beyond his father ran.

35. *On a Cut-purſe.*

Death hath that Cutpurſe ſeiz'd on at Alhallows,
Who by good hap hath ſo eſcap'd the gallows.

36. *On a young great Wit.*

Great wits are dangerous, for then,
It ſeems, they ſeldome come to men.

37. *On an Uſurer.*

That all thoſe goods and riches ſcrap'd together,
Should with himſelf depart, and knows not whither.

38. *On a Captain.*

Who late in wars did dread no foes in field,
Now free of ſcars his life in peace doth yeeld.

39. *On a Potter.*

He that on clay his chiefeſt truſt repos'd,
Is now in clay, inſtead of duſt repos'd.

40. *On a Merchant.*

Who from accounts and reck'nings ne'r could reſt,
At length hath ſumm'd up his *Quietus eſt*.

41. *On*

41. *On a young man newly maried, dyed.*

The world and thou art quickly gon about,
That but now entring in, art entred out.

42. *On John Friend.*

How ere he fail'd in's life, 'tis like *Jack Friend*,
Was no mans foe but's own, and there's an end.

43. *On Christopher Fowler.*

Let all say what they can, 'tis known *Kit Fowler*,
Was held an honeſt man, though no good bowler.

44. *On Dorathy Rich.*

Here reſteth young *Doll Rich*, that dainty drab,
Who troubled long with itch, dy'd of the ſcab.

45. *On Ralph.*

Ralph bids adue to pleaſures good or ill,
But tels you true, 'tis much againſt his will.

46. *On Walter Moone.*

Here lies *Wat Moone*, that great Tobacconiſt,
Who dy'd too ſoon for lack of had I wiſt.

47. *On*

47. *On Jo. Cooling a Player-foole.*

Death hath too ſoon remov'd from us *Jo. Cooling*,
That was ſo well belov'd, and liv'd by fooling.

48. *On a Welſhman.*

Who living leaſt, eſpy'd his life ſhould leeſe,
By meer metheglin dy'd, and toſted cheeſe.

49. *On Jo. Long.*

Here ſleep *J. Long*, who liv'd till New-years-tide,
Full fourſcore ſtrong, but then fell ſick and dy'd.

50. *On Stephen Spooner.*

Death hath time borrow'd of our neighbour *Spooner*
Whoſe wife much ſorrow'd that he di'd no ſooner.

51. *On a Lawyer.*

God works wonders now and than,
Here lies a Lawyer dy'd an honeſt man.

52. *On a Water-man.*

Here ſleeps *Will. Slater*, why? by deaths command,
Hath left the water to poſſeſſe the land.

53. *On Sir Francis Drake.*

England his heart, his corps the waters have,
And that which rais'd his fame, became his grave.

54. *On a Gallant.*

Who cloth of Tiſſue wore, here flat doth lye,
Having no iſſue more than that in's thigh.

55. *On John Garret.*

Gone is *John Garret*, who to all mens thinking,
For love to Claret kill'd himſelfe with drinking.

56. *On notable Ned.*

Cauſe of the good nought muſt be ſaid but good,
'Tis well for *Ned* that nought be underſtood.

57. *On a Taylor who dy'd of the ſtitch.*

Here lies a Taylour in this ditch,
Who liv'd and dyed by the ſtitch.

58. *On a travelling Beggar.*

Here lies a Vagrant perſon whom our laws
(Of late grown ſtrict) denied paſſage, 'cauſe
He wandring thus, therefore return he muſt,
From whence at firſt he hither came, to duſt.

59. *On*

59. *On a Maſon.*

So long the Maſon wrought on others wals,
That his own houſe of clay to ruine fals:
No wonder ſpitefull death wrought his annoy,
He us'd to build, and death ſeeks to deſtroy.

60. *On a Schoolmaſter.*

The Grammar School, a long time taught I have,
Yet all my skill could not decline the grave,
But yet I hope it one day will be ſhown
In no Caſe ſave the Ablative alone.

61. *On Prince Henry.*

I have no vein in Verſe, but if I could
Diſtill on every Word a Pearl, I would:
Our ſorrows pearls drop, not from pens, but eyes,
Whilſt other Muſes write, mine onely cryes.

62. *On the death of Mr. Newcomin of Clare-hall in Cambridge.*

Weep ye Clarenſes, weep all about,
For *New-com-in* is new gone out;
Weep not Clarenſes, weep not at all,
He's gone but from Clare to Trinity-Hal.

63. *On Hobſon the Carrier.*

Hobſon (what's out of ſight, is out of mind)
Is gone and left his Letters here behind,
He that with ſo much paper us'd to meet
Is now, alas! content to take one ſheet.

64. *Another.*

He that ſuch carriage ſtore, was wont to have,
Is carried now himſelfe unto his grave:
O ſtrange! he that in life ne'r made but one,
Six Carriers makes, now he is dead and gone.

65. *Another.*

Here *Hobſon* lyes, preſt with a heavy load,
Who now is gone the old and common road;
The waggon he ſo lov'd, ſo lov'd to ride,
That he was drawing on whilſt that he dy'd.

66. *Another.*

Hobſon's not dead, but *Charls* the Northern Swain
Hath ſent for him to draw his lightſome wain.

67. *On a Footman.*

This nimble Footman ran away from death,
And here he reſted being out of breath;

Here

Here death him over-took, made him his ſlave,
And ſent him on an errand to the grave.

68. *Juſtus Lipſius.*

Some have high mountains of Parian ſtone,
And ſome in braſſe carve their inſcription,
Some have their Tombs of coſtly marbles rear'd;
But in our tears onely are they interr'd.

69. *On a Child.*

Like Birds of prey,
Death ſnatcht away,
This harmleſſe Dove,
Whoſe ſoule ſo pure
Is now ſecure
In heaven above.

70. *On a rich Gentleman.*

Of woods and plains, and hills and vales,
Of fields, of meads, of parks, and pales;
Of all I had, this I poſſeſſe;
I need no more, I have no leſſe.

71. *On a Child.*

That fleſh is graſſe
Its grace a flower,

Read ere you paſſe
Whom worms devoure.

72. *On a Lock-Smith.*

A zealous Lock-ſmith dy'd of late,
Who by this time's at heaven gate,
The reaſon why he will not knock,
Is 'cauſe he means to pick the lock.

73. *On a Collier.*

Here lies the Collier *Jenkin Daſhes*,
By whom death nothing gain'd he ſwore,
For living he was duſt and aſhes,
And being dead he is no more.

74. *On Dick Pinner.*

Here lyes *Dick Pinner*, O ungentle death!
Why didſt thou rob *Dick Pinner* of his breath?
For living, he by ſcraping of a pin,
Made better duſt than thou haſt made of him.

75. *On a Sack-ſucker.*

Good Reader bleſſe thee, be aſſur'd,
The ſpirit of Sack lyes here immur'd:

Who

VVho havockt all he could come by
For Sack, and here quite ſack'd doth ly.

76. *On a Child.*

Into this world as ſtranger to an Inne,
This Child came Gueſt-wiſe, where when it had bin
A while, and found nought worthy of his ſtay,
He onely broke his faſt, and went away.

77. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes the Chandlers chiefeſt joy,
Here lyes the Schollers pale-fac'd boy;
Having nought elſe but skin and bone
Dy'd of a deep Conſumption.

78. *On T. H. the Pannier-man of the Temple.*

Here lyes *Tom Hacket* this Marble under,
VVho often made the Cloyſters thunder;
He had a horn, and when he blew it,
Call'd many a Cuckold that never knew it.

79. *On a young Infant.*

The life of Man
Is but a ſpan,

The common ſaying is ;
But death did pinch
His to an inch,
Ere he could ſay, what's this ?
Yet he hath gain'd, not loſt, thereby
Changing time for eternity.

80. *On Mr. Calfes death.*

Heaven of his ſoul take charge, for he,
Of all his dayes liv'd but the halfe ;
Who might have grown to be an *Oxe*,
But dyed (as you ſee) a *Calfe*.

81. *On Bolus.*

If gentleneſſe could tame the Fates, or wit
Delude them, *Bolus* had not dyed yet ;
But one that death o'r-rules in judgement ſits,
And ſayes our ſins are ſtronger then our wits.

82. *On a Clown.*

Softly tread this earth upon,
For here lyes our *Corydon :*
Who through care to ſave his ſheep
Watch'd too much, Oh let him ſleep !

83. *On a Child.*

As carefull Nurſes on their beds do lay
Their babes, which would too long the wantons play,
So to prevent my youths enſuing crimes,
Nature my Nurſe laid me to bed betimes.

84. *On a Muſitian.*

Be not offended at our ſad complaint,
You Quire of Angels, that have gain'd a Saint;
Where all perfection met in skill and voyce,
We mourn our loſſe, but yet commend your choyce.

85. *On a Gardener.*

Could he forget his death that every houre
Was emblem'd to it, by the fading flower?
Should he not mind his end? yes, ſure he muſt,
That ſtill was converſant 'mongſt beds of duſt.

86. *On a Drunkard.*

Bibax the Drunkard, while he liv'd would ſay,
The more I drink, the more methinks I may;
But ſee how death hath prov'd his ſaying juſt,
For he hath drunk himſelfe as dry as duſt.

87. *On a Child.*

Tread ſoftly paſſenger, for here doth lye,
A dainty Jewell of ſweet Infancy:
A harmleſſe babe, that onely came and cry'd
In baptiſm to be waſh'd from ſin, and dy'd.

88. *Another.*

In this marble Casket lyes
A matchleſſe Jewell of rich prize,
Whom nature in the worlds diſdain
But ſhew'd, and put it up again.

89. *On Mr. Sands.*

Who would live in others breath?
Fame deceives the dead mans truſt,
When our names do change by death,
Sands I was, and now am duſt.

90. *On Mr. Goad.*

Go adde this Verſe, to *Goad's* herſe,
For *Goad* is gone, but whither?
Goad himſelfe is gone to God,
'Twas deaths Goad drove him thither.

91. *On Monday.*

Hallowed be the Sabbath
And farewell all worldly pelf;
The week begins on Tueſday,
For *Munday* hath hang'd himſelf.

92. *On a Child.*

Here a pretty Baby lyes
Sung aſleep with Lullabies:
Pray be ſilent, and not ſtir
Th'eaſie earth that covers her.

93. *On a Matron.*

Here lies a wife was chaſt, a mother bleſt;
A modeſt Matron, all theſe in one cheſt:
Sarah unto her Mate, *Mary* to God,
Martha to men, whilſt here ſhe had aboad.

94. *In Latine thus.*

Uxor caſta, Parens felix, Matrona pudica,
Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo.

95. *On a Souldier.*

When I was young, in wars I ſhed my blood,
Both for my King, and for my Countries good:

In

In elder years, my care was chief to be
Souldier to him that ſhed his blood for me.

96. *On Mr. Dumbelow, that dyed of the winde Chollicke.*

Dead is *Dick Dumbelow*
Would you the reaſon know ?
Could his *tail* have but ſpoken,
His ſtout heart had not broken.

97. *On Mr. Kitchins death.*

Kitchin lyes here (for ſo his name I found)
I ſee Death keeps his *Kitchin* under ground.
And the poor worms (that fleſh of late did eat
Devour their *Kitchin* now for want of meat.

98. *On Iſabella a Curtezan.*

He who would write an Epitaph,
Whereby to make fair *Is'bell* laugh,
Muſt get upon her, and write well,
Here underneath lies *Iſabell.*

99. *On a vertuous wife.*

In brief, to ſpeak thy praiſe, let this ſuffice,
Thou wert a wife moſt loving, modeſt, wiſe,

Of

Of children carefull, to thy neighbours kind,
A worthy Miſtreſſe, and of liberall mind.

100. *On Mr. Chriſtopher Lawſon.*

Death did not kill unjuſtly this good man,
But death, in death, by death did ſhew his power,
His pious deeds and thoughts to heaven fore-ran,
There to prepare his ſoul a bleſſed bower.

101. *On a Welſhman.*

Here lyes puryed under theſe ſtones,
Shon ap Williams, ap Shinkin, ap Shones,
Her was porn in *Whales*, her was kill'd in *France*,
Her went to Cot by a very miſ-ſhance.
La ye now.

102. *On Mr. Carter, burnt by the great powder-miſchance in Fivsbury.*

Here lies an honeſt *Carter* (yet no clown)
Unladen of his cares, his end the Crown,
Vaniſh'd from hence, even in a cloud of ſmoke,
A blown-up Citizen, and yet not broke.

103. *On a Lady dying in Childbed.*

Born at the firſt to bring another forth,
She leaves the world, to leave the world her worth.
Thus

Thus Phœnix-like, as ſhe was born to bleed,
Dying her ſelfe, renews it in her ſeed.

104. *On a Faulconer.*

Death with her talons having ſeiz'd this prey,
After a tedious flight, truſs'd him away:
We mark'd him, here he fell, whence he ſhall riſe
At call, till then unretriv'd here he lyes.

105. *On Joan Truman who had an iſſue in her legge.*

Here lyes crafty *Joan*, deny it who can,
Who liv'd a falſe maid, and dy'd a *Truman*,
And this trick ſhe had, to make up her cunning,
VVhilſt one leg ſtood ſtill, the other was running.

106. *On a youth.*

Now thou haſt heaven for merit, but 'tis ſtrange,
Morality ſhould envy at thy change:
God thought us unfit for ſuch as thee,
And made thee conſort of eternity,
VVe grieve not then that thou to heaven art taken,
But that thou haſt thy friends ſo ſoon forſaken.

107. *On Prince Henry.*

Did he dye young? O no, it could not be,
For I know few that liv'd ſo long as he,

Till God and all men lov'd him; then behold,
The man that lives ſo long, muſt needs be old.

108. *On—born before his time.*

Griev'd at the world and times, this early Bloom
Look'd round, and ſigh'd, and ſtole into his Tomb,
His fall was like his Birth, too quick; this Roſe
Made haſt to ſpread, and the ſame haſt to cloſe:
Here lyes his duſt, but his beſt Tomb's fled hence,
For Marble cannot laſt like Innocence.

109. *On a very fat man.*

Under this pebble ſtone;
Here faſt ſleepeth one,
And that is not two;
Yet was without doubt
Far bigger about,
Then both I, and you;
His kidneys encreaſt
So much, that his waſt
Was hooped all round:
But his girdle death cuts,
And down fell his guts,
'Bouts heels to the ground.

110. *On John Newter.*

Reader, *John Newter* who erſt plaid
The Jack on both ſides, here is laid

Who

Who like the herb *John* indifferent
Was not for King or Parliament,
Yet fast and loose he could not play
With death, he took him at a Bay ;
What side his soul hath taken now
God or Devil ? we hardly know :
But this is certain, since he dy'd,
He hath been mist of neither side.

111. *On Hocas Pocas.*

Here *Hocas* lyes with his tricks and his knocks,
Whom death hath made sure as his Juglers box:
Who many hath cozen'd by his leiger-demain.
Is presto convey'd and here underlain :
Thus *Hocas* he's here, and here he is not,
While death plaid the *Hocas*, and brought him to
(th'pot.

112. *On a Child of two years old, being born and dying in* July.

Here is laid a *July* flowre
With surviving tears bedew'd,
Not despairing of that houre
When her spring shall be renew'd ;
Ere she had her summer seen,
She was gather'd fresh and green.

113. *On a Cobler.*

Death at a Coblers door oft made a ſtand,
And alwayes found him on the mending hand;
At laſt came death in very foul weather,
And ript the ſole from the upper leather:
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
The Cobler call'd for's Awle, death brought his (laſt.

114. *On a young Gentlewoman.*

Nature in this ſmall volume was about
To perfect what in woman was left out:
Yet carefull leaſt a piece ſo well begun,
Should want preſervatives when ſhe had done:
Ere ſhe could finiſh what ſhe undertook,
Threw duſt upon it, and ſhut up the Book.

115. *On a Shollar.*

Forbear Friend t'unclaſpe this book,
Only in the forefront look,
For in it have errours bin,
Which made the Author call it in:
Yet know this, 't ſhall have more worth,
At the ſecond coming forth.

116. *On a young Woman.*

The body which within this earth is laid,
Twice ſix weeks knew a wife, a Saint, a maid ;
Fair maid, chaſt wife, pure Saint, yet 'tis not ſtrange
She was a woman, therefore pleaſd to change :
And now ſhees dead, ſome woman doth remain,
For ſtill ſhe hopes once to be chang'd again.

117. *On Brawne.*

Here *Brawne* the quondam begger lyes,
Who counted by his tale,
Full ſixſcore winters in his life ;
Such vertue is in Ale.
Ale was his meat, Ale was his drink,
Ale did him long reprive,
And could he ſtill have drunk his Ale,
He had been ſtill alive.

118. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes (I wot) a little ſtar
That did belong to *Jupiter*,
Which from him *Prometheus* ſtole,
And with it a fire-coale.
Or this is that I mean to handle,
Here doth lye a farthing Candle,

That

That was lov'd well, having its light,
But looſing that, now bids good night.

119. *On M. R.*

Who ſooneſt dyes, lives long enough,
Our life is but a blaſt or puffe.
I did reſiſt and ſtrive with death,
But ſoone he put me out of breath;
He of my life thought to bereave me,
But I did yield onely to breath me.
O'r him I ſhall in triumph ſing,
Thy conqueſt Grave, *where is thy ſting?*

120. *On a Child.*

Here ſhe lyes a pretty bud,
Lately made of fleſh and blood:
Who, as ſoon, fell faſt aſleep,
As her little eyes did peep;
Give her ſtrewings; but not ſtir
The earth that lightly covers her.

121. *On an Inne-keeper.* 183.

It is not I that dye, I doe but leave an Inn,
Where harbour'd was with me, all filthy kind of ſin;
It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin
Into eternall joy by faith to enter in.

(my kin ?
VVhy weep you then my friends, my parents, and
Lament ye when I looſe, but weep not when I win.

122. *On a cobler.*

Come hither, read my gentle friend,
And here behold a Coblers end.
Longer in length his life had gone,
But that he had no laſt ſo long ;
O mighty Death, whoſe dart can kill
The man that made him ſouls at will.

123. *On M. Aire.*

Under this ſtone of marble faire,
Lies th'body intomb'd of *Gervaiſe Aire.*
He dy'd not of an ague fit,
Nor ſurfeited of too much wit,
Me thinks this was a wondrous death,
That *Aire* ſhould dye for want of *breath.*

124. *On Mr. Rice M.*

VVho can doubt (*Rice*) to what eternall place
Thy ſoul is fled, that did but know thy face ?
Whoſe body was ſo light it might have gone
To Heaven without a reſurrection ;
Indeed thou wert all type, thy limbs were ſignes,
Thy Arteries but Mathematick lines ;

As

As if two ſouls had made the compound good,
Which both ſhould live by faith, and none by blood.

125. *On Thomas Jones.*

Here for the nonce
Came *Thomas Jonce*
In St. *Fileſes* Church to lye.
None welſh before,
None Welſhman more
Till *Shon Clerk* dye.
Ile tole the bell,
Ile ring his knell,
He dyed well,
He's ſaved from Hell:
And ſo farewell
Tom Jonce.

126. *On a Young man.*

Surpriz'd by grief and ſickneſſe here I lye,
Stopt in my middle age, and ſoon made dead,
Yet doe not grudge at God, if ſoon thou dye,
But know he trebles favours on thy head.
Who for thy morning work equals thy pay,
With thoſe that have endur'd the heat oth' day.

127. *On the two Littletons that were drowned at Oxford.* 1636.

Here lye we (Reader, canſt thou not admire?)
Who both at once by water dy'd and fire,
For whilſt our bodyes periſh'd in the deep,
Our ſoules in love burnt, ſo we fell aſleep;
Let this be then our Epitaph: Here lyes
Two, yet but one, one for the other dyes.

128. *On a Butler.*

That Death ſhould thus from hence our Butler
Into my mind it cannot quickly ſink; (catch,
Sure death came thirſty to the buttry-hatch,
When he (that buſi'd was) deny'd him drink.
Tut! 'twas not ſo, 'tis like he gave him liquor,
And death made drunk, him made away the quicker;
Yet let not others grieve too much in mind
(The Butler's gone) the keys are left behind.

129. *On M. Cook.*

To God, his Country, and the poor he had,
A zealous ſoul, free heart, and lib'rall mind.
His wife, his Children, and his kindred ſad,
Lack of his love, his care and kindneſſe find:
Yet are their ſorrows aſſwag'd with the thought
He hath attain'd the happineſſe he ſought.

130. *On a Porter.*

At length by works of wondrous fate,
Here lyes the Porter of Wincheſter-gate:
If gone to heav'n, as much I feare:
He can be but a Porter there:
He fear'd not hell ſo much for's ſin,
As for th'great rapping and oft coming in.

131. *Upon one who dyed in Priſon.*

Reader, I liv'd, enquire no more,
Leſt a ſpy enter in at doore;
Such are the times, a dead man dare
Not truſt nor credit common aire.
But dye and lye entombed here,
By me, I'l whiſper in thine ear
Such things as onely duſt to duſt
(And without witneſſe) may entruſt.

132. *On Waddam Colledge Butler.*

Man's life is like a new tunn'd Cask they ſay,
The formoſt draught, is oft times caſt away;
Such are our younger years, the following ſtill
Are more and more inclining unto ill;
Such is our manhood, uptill age at length,
Doth ſowre its ſweetnes, and doth ſtop its ſtrength:

Then death preſcribing to each thing its bounds,
Takes what is left, and turns it all to grounds.

133. *On a Horſe.*

Here lies a Horſe, who dyed but
To make his Maſter go on foot.
A miracle ſhould it be ſo:
The dead to make the lame to go;
Yet Fate would have it, that the ſame
Should make him goe, that made him lame.

134. *On an old Man a Reſidenciary.*

Tread, Sirs, as lightly as you can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice forty (bating but one yeare,
And thrice three weeks) he lived here.
Whom gentle fate tranſlated hence
To a more happy Reſidence.
Yet, Reader let me tell thee this,
(Which from his Ghoſt a promiſe is)
If here ye will ſome few tears ſhed,
He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

135. *On a Maid.*

Here ſhe lyes (in Bed ſpice).
Fair as *Eve* in Paradiſe.

For

For her beauty it was ſuch
Poets co'd not praiſe too much.
Virgins come, and in a Ring
Her ſupreameſt *Requium* ſing;
Then depart, but tee ye tread
Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

136. *On Huſband and Wife.*

To theſe, whom Death again did wed,
This Grav's the ſecond Marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
'Twixt ſoule and body a divorce;
It could not ſever Man and wife,
Becauſe they both liv'd but one life;
Peace, good Reader, doe not weep,
Peace, the lovers are aſleep:
They (ſweet Turtles) folded lye,
In the laſt knot that love could tye.
Let them ſleep, let them ſleep on,
Till this ſtormy night be gone.
And th'eternall morrow dawne,
Then the Curtaines will be drawne,
And they waken with that light,
Whoſe day ſhall never ſleep in night.

137. *On Aretyne.*

Here biting *Aretyne* lyes buried,
With gall more bitter, never man was fed.

The living nor the dead to carp he ſpar'd,
Nor yet for any King or *Cæſar* car'd:
Onely on God to raile he had forgot,
His anſwer was, indeed I know him not.

138. *On William Coale an Alehouſe-keeper, at Coaton near Cambridge.*

Doth *William Coale* lye here? henceforth be ſtale,
Be ſtrong and laugh on us thou *Coaton* Ale:
Living indeed, he with his violent hand
Never left graſping thee, while he could ſtand.
But death at laſt, hath with his fiery flaſhes
Burnt up the *Coale*, and turn'd it into aſhes.

139. *On one Andrew Leigh, who was vext with a ſhrewd wife.*

Here lyes *Leigh*, who vext with a ſhrewd wife,
To gain his quiet, parted with his life;
But ſee the ſpight! ſhe that had alwayes croſt
Him living, dyes, and means to hunt his Ghoſt.
But ſhe may faile, for *Andrew* out of doubt
Will cauſe his brother *Peter* ſhut her out.

140. *In quendam.*

Stay mortal', Stay, remove not from this Tomb,
Before thou haſt conſidered well thy doome;

My

My bow ſtands ready bent, and couldſt it ſee,
Mine arrow's drawn to th'head, and aims at thee:
Prepare yet wandring Ghoſt, take home this line;
The Grave that next is open'd may be thine.

141. *On a vertuous youth.*

Reader, let a ſtone thee tell
That in this body there did dwell
A ſoule, as heavenly, rich, and good,
As e'r could live in fleſh and blood:
And therefore heav'n that held it deare,
Did let it ſtay the leſſe while here,
Whoſe Corps here ſacred aſhes makes;
Thus heav'n and earth have parted ſtakes.

142. *On a Cock-maſter.*

Farewell ſtout Hot-ſpur, now the battel's done,
In which thou'rt foil'd, and death hath overcome,
Having o'r-match'd thy ſtrength that made thee ſtoop
She quickly forc'd thee on the pit to droop:
From whence thou art not able riſe or ſtir;
For death is now become the vanquiſher.

143. *On a Mathematician.*

Loe, in ſmall cloſure of this earthly bed,
Reſts he, that heavens vaſt motions meaſured,

Who

Who having known both of the Land and sky,
More than fram'd *Archimede*, or *Ptolemy*,
Would further presse, and like a *Palmer* went,
With *Jacobs* staffe, beyond the Firmament.

144. *On a Taylour.*

Jack Snip the Taylor's dead, 'tis now too late
To brawle or wrangle with the cruel fate,
Yet sure 'twas hardly done to clip his thred,
Before he gave them leave, in his own bed.
He dy'd at fourty just; poor shred of base
Mortality! who pities not his case?
Of a whole ell of cloth, he would not take
Above a nail at most, for conscience sake:
But of his span of life, I dare to say,
Death stole not much lesse than one half away;
And Coward-like, just when he was not well,
With his own bodkin (pitiful to tell)
He Board a hole through him, that all his men
And Prentises could not stitch up agen.

145. *On his Mistris Death.*

Unjustly we complain of fate,
For shortning our unhappy dayes,
When Death doth nothing but translate,
And print us in a better phrase.

Yet

Yet who can chuſe but weep ? not I :
That beauty of ſuch excellence
And more vertue than could dye,
By deaths rude hand is vaniſh'd hence.
Sleep bleſt creature in thine urn,
My ſighs, my teares ſhall not awake thee.
I but ſtay untill my turn ;
And then, O then ! I'l overtake thee.

146. *On Hobſon the Carrier.*

If Conſtellations which in heaven are fixt,
Give life by influence to bodies mixt,
And every ſign peculiar right doth claime
Of that to which it propagates a name ;
Then I conjure, *Charles* the great Northern ſtar
Whiſtled up *Hobſon* for to drive his Car.
He is not dead, but left his manſion here,
Has left the Bull, and flirted to the Beare.
Me thinks I ſee how *Charons* fingers itches,
But he's deceiv'd he cannot have his riches.

147. *Another on Hobſon.*

Whom ſeek ye ſirs ? Old *Hobſon* ? fie upon
Your tardineſſe, the Carrier is gon,
Why ſtare you ſo ? nay, you deſerve to faile,
Alas, her's nought, but his old rotten maile.

He went a good-while ſince, no queſtion ſtore
Are glad, who vext he would not goe before:
And ſome are griev'd hee's gone ſo ſoone away,
The Lord knows why he did no longer ſtay.
How could he pleaſe you all? I'm ſure of this,
He linger'd ſoundly, howſoe'r you miſſe;
But gone he is, nor was he ſurely well
At his departure, as miſchance befell:
For he is gone in ſuch unwonted kind,
As ne'r before, his goods all left behind.

148. *Old Hobſons Epitaph.*

Here *Hobſon* lyes among his many betters,
A man unlearned, yet a man of Letters;
His carriage was well known, oft hath he gone
In Embaſſy 'twixt father and the ſonne:
There's few in *Cambridge*, to his praiſe be it ſpoken,
But may remember him by ſome good token.
From whence he rid to *London* day by day,
Till death benighting him, he loſt his way:
His Team was of the beſt, nor would he have
Been mir'd in any way, but in the grave.
Nor is't a wonder, that he thus is gon,
Since all men know, he long was drawing on.
Thus reſt in peace thou everlaſting ſwain,
And ſupream Waggoner, next *Charles* his wain.

149. *Upon John Crop, who dyed by taking a vomit.*

Mans life's a game at Tables, and he may
Mend his bad fortune by his wiſer play;
Death playes againſt us, each diſeaſe and ſore
Are blots, if hit, the danger is the more
To loſe the game; but an old ſtander by
Binds up the blots, and cures the malady,
And ſo prolongs the game; *John Crop* was he
Death in a rage did challenge for to ſee
His play, the dice are thrown, when firſt he drinks,
Caſts, makes a blot, death hits him with a Sinque:
He caſts again, but all in vain, for death
By th'after game did win the prize his breath.
What though his skill was good, his luck was bad,
For never mortall man worſe caſting had.
But did not death play falſe to win from ſuch
As he? no doubt, he bare a man too much.

150. *An honeſt Epitaph.*

Here lyes an honeſt man, Reader, if thou ſeek more,
Thou art not ſo thy ſelfe; for honeſty is ſtore
Of Commendations; and it is more praiſe,
To dye an honeſt man, then full of dayes.

151. *On a Cobler.*

Here lyes an honeſt Cobler, whom curſt Fate,
Perceiving nere worn out, would needs tranſlate;
'Twas a good thrifty ſoul, and time hath bin,
He would well liquor'd wade through thick and thin:
But now he's gone, 'tis all that can be ſaid,
Honeſt *John* Cobler is here under-laid.

152. *On a proud man.*

Good Reader know, that comeſt nigh,
Here lyes he low, that look'd ſo high.
Both poor and nak'd, that was gay-cloath'd:
Of all forſak'd, who others loath'd,
He once thought all envy'd his worth:
Nor great, nor ſmall, now grudge his turf:
The heavenly Cope was his ambition:
Three Cubits ſcope is his fruition.
He was above all; God above him:
He did not love all; nor God love him:
He that him taught firſt to aſpire,
Now hath him caught, and payes his hire.

153. *On an irefull and angry man.*

Here lyes a *Fury*, hight Sir *Ire*,
That bred, and earn'd immortall fire.
He 'gan to wrangle from the womb;
And was a wrangler to his Tomb.

A peeviſh, and a fooliſh elfe,
Foe to his God, his Saints, his ſelfe.
He hated men, men did not love him:
No evill but his own might move him.
He was, and was earths load and care:
He is, and is hells brand, and ſhare.

154. *On John Dawſon Butler.*

Dawſon The Butler's dead, although I think
Poets were nere inſul'd with ſingle drink,
Ile ſpend a farthing Muſe, a watery Verſe,
Will ſerve the turn to caſt upon his Herſe.
If any cannot weep among us here,
Take off his cup, and ſo ſqeeze out a teare.
Weep O ye barrels let your drippings fall
In trickling ſtreams, make waſt more prodigal,
Then when our beer was good, that *John* may float
To *Stix* in beer, and lift up *Charons* boat,
With wholſome waves: and as the Conduits ran
With Clarret, at the Coronation,
So let your channels flow with ſingle Tiff,
For *John* I hope is crown'd: take off your whiff,
Ye men of *Roſemary*, and drink up all,
Remembring 'tis a *Butlers* Funeral:
Had he been Maſter of good double beer,
My life for his, *John Dawſon* had been here.

155. *On Turn-Coat.*

Paſſenger, Stay, Reade, Walk. Here Lyeth,
ANDREW TURNCOAT, WHO WAS NEITHER SLAVE, NOR SOULDIER, NOR PHYSITIAN, NOR FENCER, NOR COBLER, NOR FILCHER, NOR LAWYER, NOR USURER, BUT ALL; WHO LIVED NEITHER IN CITY, NOR COUNTREY, NOR AT HOME, NOR ABROAD, NOR AT SEA, NOR AT LAND, NOR HERE, NOR ELSEWHERE, BUT EVERY WHERE; WHO DIED NEITHER OF HUNGER, NOR POYSON, NOR HATCHET, NOR HALTER, NOR DOGGE, NOR DISEASE, BUT OF ALL TOGETHER I. I. H. BEING NEITHER HIS DEBTOR, NOR HEIRE, NOR KINSMAN, NOR FRIEND, NOR NEIGHBOUR, BUT ALL, IN HIS MEMORY HAVE ERECTED, THIS NEITHER MONUMENT, NOR TOMB, NOR SEPULCHER, BUT ALL, WISHING NEITHER EVIL, NOR WEL, NEITHER TO THEE, NOR TO ME, NOR HIM, BUT ALL UNTO ALL.

156. *On a Dyer.*

Though death the Dyer colour-leſſe hath made,
Yet he dies pale, and will not leave his trade;
But being dead, the means yet doth not lack,
To dye his friends cloth into mourning black,
Some ſure foreſaw his death, for they of late
Uſ'd to exclaim upon his dying Fate. (been,
And weak, and faint, he ſeem'd oft times t'have
For to change colours often he was ſeen;
Yet there no matter was ſo foul, but he
Would ſet a colour on it handſomely:
Death him no unexpected ſtroke could give,
That learnt to dye, ſince he began to live.
He ſhall yet prove, what he before had trv'd,
And ſhall once more live after he hath dy'd.

157. *On a diſagreeing Couple.*

Hic jacet ille, qui centies & mille
Did ſcold with his Wife:
Cum illo jacet illa, quæ communis in villa
Did quittance his life:
His name was *Nick*, the which was ſick,
And that very *male*,
Her name was *Nan*, who loved well a man,
So Gentlemen, *vale*.

158. *On a Foot-boy that dyed with over-much running.*

Baſe Tyrant death, thus to aſſail one tir'd,
Who ſcarce his lateſt breath being left expir'd;
And being too too cruell thus to ſtay
So ſwift a courſe, at length ran quite away.
But pretty boy, be ſure it was not death
That left behind thy body out of breath:
Thy ſoule and body running in a race,
Thy ſoule held out, thy body tir'd apace,
Thy ſoul gained and left that lump of clay
To reſt it ſelf untill the latter day.

159. *On a Scrivener.*

Here to a period is the Scrivener come,
This is the laſt ſheet, his full point this Tomb.
Of all aſperſions I accuſe him not,
'Tis known he liv'd not, without many a blot;
Yet he no ill example ſhew'd to any,
But rather gave good Copies unto many.
He in good letters hath alwaies been bred,
And hath writ more then many men have read.
He rulers had at his command by Law,
And though he could not hang yet he could draw
He far more bond-men had and made, then any;
A daſh alone of his pen ruin'd many;

That

That not without good reaſon, we might call
His Letters great or little, Capitall.
Yet is the Scriveners fate as ſure as juſt,
VVhen he hath all done then he falls to duſt.

160. *On Mr. P. Gray.*

Reader ſtay,
And if I had no more to ſay,
But here doth lye till the laſt day,
All that is left of *Philip Gray* ;
It might thy patience richly pay :
For, if ſuch men as he could dye,
What ſurety of life have thou and I ?

161. *On a Chandler.*

How might his dayes end that made weaks ? or he
That could make light, here laid in darkneſſe be ?
Yet ſince his weeks were ſpent, how could he chuſe
But be depriv'd of light, and his trade loſe ?
Yet dead the Chandler is, and ſleeps in peace,
No wonder, long ſince melted was his greace :
It ſeems that he did evill, for day-light
He hated, and did rather wiſh the night :
Yet came his works to light, and were like gold
Prov'd in the fire, but could not tryall hold ;
His candle had an end, and deaths black night
Is an extinguiſher of all his light.

162. *On a Smith.*

Farewell ſtout Iron-ſide, not all thine Art.
Could make a ſhield againſt deaths envious Dart,
Without a fault, no man his life doth paſſe,
For to his Vice the Smith addicted was.
He oft (as Choler is increaſt by fire)
Was in a fume, and much inclin'd to ire.
He had ſo long been uſ'd to forge, that he
Was with a Black-coal markt for forgery:
But he for witneſſe needed not to care,
Who but a Black-ſmith was, though ne'r ſo fair;
And opportunities he needed not.
That knew to ſtrike then when the ir'n was hot;
As the door-Nailes he made, hee's now as dead;
He them and death him, hath knockt on the head.

163. *On a man drown'd in the Snow.*

Within a fleec of ſilent waters drown'd,
Before my death was known, a grave I found;
The which exil'd my life from her ſweet home,
For grief ſtraight froze it ſelf into a tombe.
One element my angry Fate thought meet
To be my death, grave, tomb, and winding ſheet:
Phœbus himſelf, an Epitaph had writ,
But blotting many ere he thought one fit;
He wrote untill my grave, and tomb were gone,
And 'twas an Epitaph that I had none;

For

For every one that paſſed by that way,
Without a ſculture read that there I lay.
Here now the ſecond time untomb'd I lye,
And thus much have the beſt of Deſtiny:
Corruption, from which onely one was free,
Devour'd my grave, but did not feed on me:
My firſt grave took me from the race of men,
My laſt ſhall give me back to life agen.

164. *On Doctor Hackets wife.*

Drop mournfull eyes your pearly trickling tears,
Flow ſtreams of ſadneſs down the ſpangled ſphears,
Fall like the tumbling Cataracts of *Nile*,
Make deaf the world with cryes; let not a ſmile
Appear, let not an eye be ſeen to ſleep
Nor ſlumber, onely let them ſerve to weep
Her dear lamented death, who in her life
Was a religious, loyall, loving wife,
Of Children tender, to an husband kind,
Th'undoubted ſymtomes of a vertuous mind:
Which makes her glorious, 'bove the higheſt pole,
Where Angels ſing ſweet *Requiums* to her ſoule,
She liv'd a none-ſuch, did a none-ſuch dye,
Ne'r *None-ſuch* here her Corps interred lye.

165. *On a beautifull Virgin.*

In this Marble buri'd lyes
Beauty may inrich the Skyes,

And adde light to *Phœbus* eyes.

Sweeter then *Aurora*'s aire,
When ſhe paints the Lillies faire,
And gilds Cowſlips with her haire.

Chaſter then the Virgin ſpring,
Ere her bloſſomes ſhe doth bring,
Or cauſe *Philomel* to ſing.

If ſuch goodneſſe live'mongſt men,
Bring me it; I know then
She is come from heaven agen.

But if not, ye ſtanders by
Cheriſh me, and ſay that I
Am the next deſign'd to dy.

166. *An ancient Epitaph on Mamin Mar-Prelate.*

The Welſhman is hanged,
Who at our kirk ſlanged,
And at her ſtate banged,
And breaded are his Bukes:
And though he be hanged,
Yet he is not wranged,
The Devill has him fanged
In his kruked kinkes.

167. *Upon Hodge Pue's Father.*

Oh cruell death that ſtopt the view
Of *Thoms* Pariſhoner good man *Pue*,
Who lived alwaies in good order,
Untill that death ſtopt his Recorder,
Which was betwixt Eaſter and Pentecoſt,
In the year of the great froſt:
At *New-Market* then was the King,
When as the Bells did merrily ring;
The Miniſter preached the day before
Unto his Highneſſe and no more,
Returning home, ſaid prayers and
Buried the man as I underſtand.

168. On our prime Engliſh Poet *Geffery Chaucer*, an ancient Epitaph.

My Maſter Chaucer, *with his freſh Comedies*
Is dead, alas! chief Poet of Britane,
That whilome made full piteous Tragedies:
The fault alſo of Princes did complaine,
As he that was of making Soveraigne;
Whom all this Land ſhould of right preferre,
Sith of our Language he was the Load-ſterre.

169. *On Mr. Edm: Spencer, the famous Poet.*

At *Delphos* ſhrine, one did a doubt propound,
Which by the Oracle muſt be releaſed,
Whether of Poets were the beſt renown'd,
Thoſe that ſurvive, or they that are deceaſed?
The Gods made anſwer by divine ſuggeſtion,
While *Spencer* is alive, it is no queſtion.

170. *On John Owen.*

Well had theſe words been added to thy herſe,
What e'r thou ſpak'ſt (like *Ovid*) was a verſe.

171. *On Michael Drayton buryed in Weſtminſter.*

Do pious Marble, let thy Readers know,
What they, and what their Children ow
To *Draytons* ſacred name, whoſe duſt
We recommend unto thy truſt.
Protect his memory, preſerve his ſtory,
And a laſting Monument of his glory,
And when thy ruines ſhall diſclaime
To be the Treaſury of his name:
His name which cannot fade, ſhall be
An everlaſting Monument to thee.

172. *On Mr. Beaumont.*

He that hath ſuch acuteneſſe, and ſuch wit,
As well may ask ſix lives to manage it;
He that hath writ ſo well, that no man dare
Deny it for the beſt; let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whoſe ſole death appears,
Wit's a diſeaſe conſumes men in few years.

173. *On William Shakeſpeare.*

Renowned *Spencer* lye a thought more nigh
To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lye
A little nearer *Spencer*, to make room
For *Shakeſpeare* in your threefold, fourfold tomb,
To lodge all four in one bed make a ſhift
Untill Dooms-day, for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that, by Fates be ſlain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
If your precedency in death do bar
A fourth place in your ſacred Sepulcher;
Under this ſacred Marble of thine owne,
Sleep rare Tragœdian *Shakeſpeare*! ſleep alone.
Thy unmoleſted peace in an unſhared cave,
Poſſeſſe as Lord, not Tenant of thy grave,
That unto us, and others it may be,
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

174. *On Ben: Johnſon.*

Here lyes *Johnſon* with the reſt
Of the Poets; but the beſt.
Reader, wo'dſt thou more have known?
Ask his ſtory, not this ſtone;
That will ſpeak what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

175. *Another on Ben: J.*

The Muſes faireſt light, in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned Age; the line
That none can paſſe; the moſt proportion'd wit
To Nature: the beſt Judge of what was fit:
The deepeſt, plaineſt, higheſt, cleareſt pen:
The voyce moſt Eccho'd by conſenting men:
The ſoul which anſwer'd beſt to all well ſaid
By others: and which moſt requitall made:
Tun'd to the higheſt key of ancient *Rome*,
Returning all her muſick with her own.
In whom with nature, ſtudy claim'd a part,
And yet who to himſelfe ow'd all his Art;
Here lyes *Ben: Johnſon*, every age will look
With ſorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

176. *On Mr. Francis Quarles.*

To them that underſtand themſelves ſo well,
As what, not who lyes here, to ask, I'l tell,
What I conceive, envy dare not deny,
Far both from falſhood, and from flattery.
Here drawn to land by death, doth lye
A Veſſell fitter for the sky,
Then *Jaſons Argo*, though to *Greece*,
They ſay, it brought the Golden Fleece.
The skilfull Pilot ſteer'd it ſo,
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Through all the Seas of Poetry,
Whether they far or near doe lye,
And fraught it ſo with all the wealth,
Of wit and learning not by ſtealth,
Or Piracy, but purchaſe got,
That this whole lower world could not
Richer Commodities, or more
Afford to adde unto his ſtore.
To heaven then with an intent
Of new diſcoveries, he went,
And left his Veſſell here to reſt
Till his return ſhall make it bleſt.
The bill of Lading he that looks
To know, may find it in his Books.

177. *On Doctor Donnes Death.*

He that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And do it well, muſt firſt begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd ſo,
He muſt have wit to ſpare, and to hurle down:
Enough to keep the Gallants of the Town.
He muſt have learning plenty; both the Laws,
Civill, and Common, to judge any Cauſe;
Divinity great ſtore, above the reſt;
None of the worſt edition, but the beſt;
He muſt have language, travail, all the Arts;
Judgement to uſe; or elſe he wants thy parts.
He muſt have friends the higheſt, able to do;
Such as *Mæcenas* and *Auguſtus* too;
He muſt have ſuch a ſickneſſe, ſuch a death,
Or elſe his vain deſcriptions come beneath.
Who then ſhall write an Epitaph for thee,
He muſt be dead firſt; let alone for me.

176. *On Doctor Whaly.*

What? is the young *Apollo* grown of late
Conſcious his tender years are nothing fit
To rule the now large *Heliconian* State,
Without a ſage Competitor in it?

And therefore ſent death, who might *Whaly* bring
So be a Guardian to this ſtripling King;
Sure ſo it is, but if we thought it might
Be worſe then this: namely, that th'Gods for ſpight
To earth, had ta'n him hence; wee'd weep amain,
Wee'd weep a *Phlegethon*, an Ocean;
Which might without the help of *Charon's* Oares,
Ferry his ſoule to the *Elyſian* ſhoars.

179. *On Doctor Bambrigg.*

Were but this Marble vocall, there
Such an *Elogium* would appear
As might, though truth did dictate, move
Diſtruſt in either faith or love;
As ample knowledge as could reſt
Inſhrined in a mortals breſt,
Which ne'rtheleſſe did open lye,
Uncoverd by humility.
A heart which piety had choſe,
To be her Altar, whence aroſe
Such ſmoaking Sacrifices, that
We here can onely wonder at;
A honey tongue that could diſpence,
Torrents of ſacred Eloquence;
That 'tis no wonder if this ſtone
Becauſe it cannot ſpeak, doth groan;
For could mortality aſſent,
Theſe aſhes would prove eloquent.

180. *On Sir Walter Rawleigh at his Execution.*

Great heart who taught thee ſo to dye ?
Death yielding thee the victory ?
Where took'ſt thou leave of life ? if there,
How couldſt thou be ſo freed from feare ?
But ſure thou dyeſt and quit'ſt the ſtate
Of fleſh and blood before the Fate.
Elſe what a miracle were wrought,
To triumph both in fleſh and thought ?
I ſaw in every ſtander by,
Pale death, life onely in thine eye :
Th'example that thou left'ſt was then,
We look for when thou dy'ſt agen.
Farewell, truth ſhall thy ſtory ſay,
We dy'd, thou onely liv'dſt that day.

181. *On Sir Horatio Palvozeene.*

Here lyes Sir *Horatio Palvozeene*,
Who rob'd the Pope to pay the Queene,
And was a thief. A thief ? thou ly'ſt :
For why ? he rob'd but Antichriſt.
Him death with his beeſome ſwept from *Babram*,
Into the boſome of old *Abraham* :
But then came *Hercules* with his Club,
And ſtruck him down to *Belzebub*.

182. *On Sir Francis Drake drowned.*

Where *Drake* firſt found, there laſt he loſt his fame:
And for Tomb left nothing but his name.
His body's bury'd under ſome great wave,
The Sea that was his glory, is his grave:
Of him no no man true Epitaph can make,
For who can ſay, *Here lyes Sir Francis Drake.*

183. *Sir Ph. Sidney on himſelf.*

It is not I that dye, I doe but leave an Inn, 121.
Where harbour'd was with me, all filthy ſin;
It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin
Into eternall joy by faith to enter in. (Kin?
Why mourn you then my Parents, Friends, and
Lament you when I loſe, not when I win.

184. *On Sir Walter Rawleigh.*

If ſpight be pleaſ'd, when as her object's dead,
Or malice pleaſ'd, when it hath bruiſ'd the head,
Or envy pleaſ'd, when it hath what it would,
Then all are pleaſ'd, for *Rawleighs* blood is cold,
Which were it warm and active, would o'rcome,
And ſtrike the two firſt blind, the other dumbe.

185. *On*

185. *On Sir Philip Sidney.*

Reader within this ground Sir *Philip Sidney* lyes,
Nor is it fit that more
I ſhould acquaint;
Leſt ſuperſtition riſe,
And men adore
A Lover, Scholler, Souldier, and a Saint.

186. *On a Learned Nobleman.*

He that can read a ſigh, and ſpell a tear,
Pronounce amazement, or accent will fear,
Or get all grief by heart, he, onely he,
Is fit to write, or read thy Elegie.
Unvalued Lord! that wert ſo hard a text,
Read in one age, and underſtood i'th'next.

187. *On the Tombs in Weſtminſter.*

Mortality, behold and feare,
VVhat a change of fleſh is here!
Think how many Royall bones,
Sleep within theſe heaps of Stones;
Here they lye, had Realmes, and Lands;
VVho now want ſtrength to ſtir their hands.

VVhere

Where from their Pulpits ſeal'd with duſt,
They preach, in greatneſſe is no truſt.
Here's an acre ſown indeed,
With the richeſt, royal'ſt ſeed,
That the earth did e'r ſuck in,
Since the firſt man dy'd for ſin:
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
Though Gods they were, as men they dy'd:
Here are Sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd ſides of Kings,
Here's a world of Pomp and State
Buried in duſt, once dead by fate.

188. *On Queen Elizabeth.*

Kings, Queens, Mens, Virgins eyes
See where the mirrour lyes.
In whom her friends have ſeen,
A Kings ſtate in a Queen:
In whom her foes ſurvai'd,
A Mans heart in a Maid.
Whom leſt Men for her Piety,
Should grow to think ſome Deity;
Heaven hence by death did ſummon
Her, to ſhew that ſhe was Woman.

189. *On Queen Anne, who dyed in March, was kept all Aprill, and buried in May.*

March with his winds hath ſtruck a Cedar tall,
And weeping *Aprill* mourns the Cedars fall:
And *May* intends her month no flowers ſhall bring,
Since ſhe muſt loſe the flow'r of all the Spring,
Thy *March* his winds, have cauſed *Aprill* ſhow'rs,
And yet ſad *May* muſt loſe his flow'r of flow'rs.

190. *On Prince Henry.*

Reader; wonder think is none,
Though I ſpeak, and am a ſtone,
Here is ſhrin'd Cœleſtial duſt,
And I keep it but in truſt:
Should I not my treaſure tell,
Wonder then you might as well,
How this Stone could chuſe but break,
If it had not learn'd to ſpeak:
Hence amaz'd and ask not me
Whoſe theſe ſacred aſhes be,
Purpoſely it is conceal'd,
For alaſſe! were that reveal'd,
All that read would by and by
Melt themſelves to tears and dy.

191. *On King James his death.*

We juſtly, when a meaner ſubject dyes,
Begin his Epitaph with, Here he lyes,
But when a King, whoſe memory remains
Triumphant over death; with, here he reignes:
Now he is dead, to whom the world imputes
Deſervedly, eternall Attributes.
For ſhall we think his glory can deceaſe,
That's honour'd with the ſtile, The King of Peace:
Whoſe happy union of Great Britany,
Calls him the bleſſed King of Unity.
And in whoſe Royall Title it enſu'th,
Defender of the Faith, and King of Truth,
These girt thy brows with an immortal Crown,
(Great *James*) and turn thy Tomb into a Throne.

192. *On the King of Sweden.*

The world expects *Swedes* monumental ſtone
Should equall the Philoſophers; each groane
Should breath a golden vein, and every verſe
Should draw *Elixar* from his fatall Herſe.
No fitter ſubject where ſtrong lines ſhould meet,
Than ſuch a noble Center: could the feet
Of able Verſe but trace his Victories,

Where all's tranſcendent, who out parallel'd
Plutarchs ſelected *Heroes*, and is held
The tenth of Worthies: who hath over-acted
Great *Cæſars German*-Comment, and contracted
His expeditions by preventing aw;
He often overcame before he ſaw:
And (what of his great Son, *Jove* us'd to ſay)
He alwayes either found or made his way.
Such was his perſonall and ſingle fight,
As if that death it ſelf had ta'n her flight
Into brave *Swedens* ſcabbard, when he drew,
Death with that ſteel inevitably flew.
His Camp a Church, wherein the Gen'ralls life
Was the beſt Sermon, and the onely ſtrife
Amongſt his, was to repeat it; bended knee
Was his prime poſture, and his enemy
Found this moſt prevalent; his diſcipline
Impartiall and exact, it did out-ſhine
Thoſe Antique Martiall Grecian, Roman lamps,
From which moſt of the wo lds ſucceeding Camps
Have had their borrow'd light; this, this was he,
All this and more; yet even all this can dye.
Death ſurely ventur'd on the *Swede* to try,
If heav'n were ſubject to mortality;
And ſhot his ſoul to Heav'n, as if that ſhe
Could (if not kill) unthrone a Deity.
Both Death's deceiv'd, 'tis in another ſenſe
That Heaven is ſaid to ſuffer violence.

No

No ir'n Chain-ſhot, but 'tis the golden chaine
Of Vertue, and the Graces are the maine,
That do unhinge the everlaſting Gates,
All which like yoked undivided mates,
Were link'd in *Sweden*; where then were enchain'd
Like Orthodoxall, Volumes nothing feign'd:
Though fairly bound, his ſtory is not dipt
In oyle, but in his own true Manuſcript.
It is enough to name him, ſurely we
Have got that *Romans* doting Lethargy:
And may our names forget, if ſo we can
Forget the name of *Sweden*, renown'd man,
Thou hadſt no ſooner made the Worthies ten,
But Heaven did claim the tenth; jealous that men
Would Idolize thee, but their Inſtrument.
Thus thy Meridian prov'd thy Occident:
Had longer dayes been granted by the Fates,
Rome had heard this *Hanniball* at her gates.

Farewell thou *Auſtrian* ſcourge,
Thou modern wonder,
Strange rain hath followed
Thy laſt clap of thunder,
A ſhower of tears:
And yet for ought we know,
The Horn that's left,
May blow down *Jericho*.

163. *To Death.*

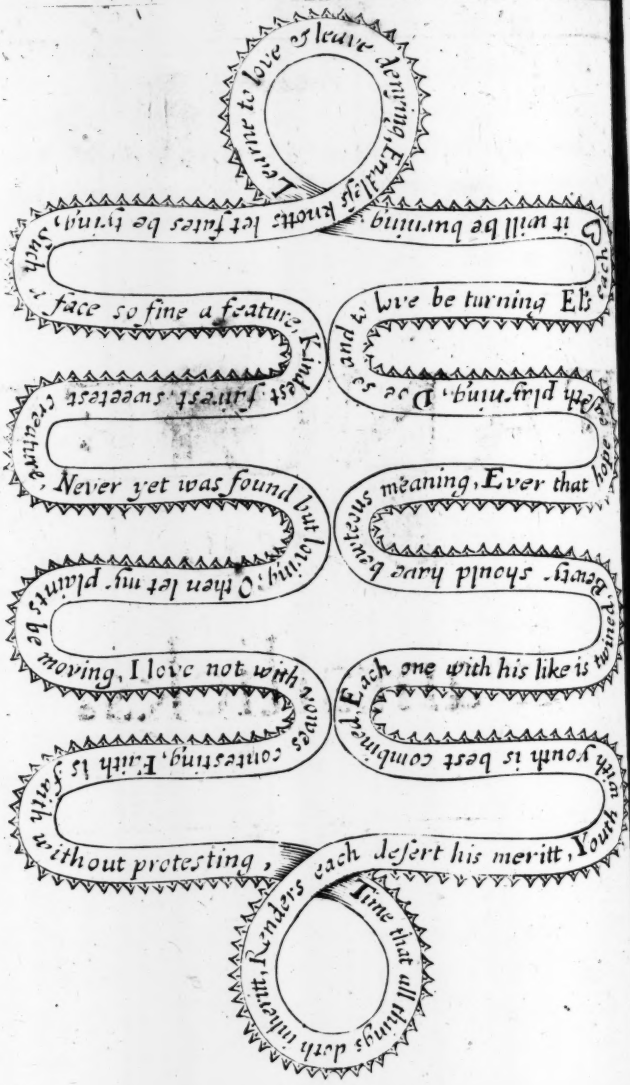
Death, art thou mad? or having loſt thine eyes,
Now throw'ſt thy dart at wild uncertainties?
Which hits thoſe men, who hadſt thou eyes or ſenſe
Would challenge from thee mild obedience.
Their prudent looks gilt with Divinity,
Thy trembling hand, would caſt thy dart away,
And grant the wearied Bells a holy day;
And thou griev'd for thy former cruelty.
Wouldſt to the world proclaim a Jubilee.
But thou art blind and deaf: yet one or two
At moſt, methinks, had been enow
To ſatisfie thy bloody Tyranny.
But thou wouldſt fain rob poor mortality
Of all true worth, that men might be as baſe
As thou art, and the Devils of thy race.
Art thou Coward grown? why didſt not dart
Thy ſpight at luſty youth? whoſe valiant heart
VVould ſcorn thy fond Alarum, and would ſlight
Thy mighty malice, and thy puny might.
This had been fair enough; but thou goeſt further
That had been but man-ſlaughter, this is murther;
To kill thoſe rich-ſoul'd men, who ſweetly do
VVhiſper unto their willing ſouls to goe.
But knowledge of thy weakneſſe makes thee wiſe,
Thou ſeek'ſt not triumphs now, but ſacrifice.

Thy

Thy malice fools thee too, thou hop'ſt they'd grieve
Becauſe they ſhould be forc'd behind to leave
Their honour'd worth; but (fond fool) they be
Now crown'd and cloath'd with immortality.
Nor ſhalt thou kill their fames; here we will raiſe
A Monument to them, ſhall out-laſt dayes;
Nor ſhall decay, untill the Trumpets call
The world to ſee thy long-wiſh'd Funerall:
Till then ſleep bleſt ſouls, freed from hopes and fears,
Whilſt we do write your *Epitaphs* in tears.

FANCIES
AND
Fantasticks.

BRITISH MUSEUM


Learne to love & leave denying, Enuies knotts let fates be tying,
O it will be burning
face so fine a feature, Kindest, purest, sweetest creature,
and wee be turning Els
each
Death playning, Do so
hope
Never yet was found but lasting, O then let my plaints be
meaning, Ever that
Beauty should have beauties
moving, I love not with
Each one with his like is twined
with youth is best combined
courtesting, Faith is faith
Time that all things doth inherit, Renders each desert his meritt, Youth
without protesting,

Ænigma.

AS often as I pleaſe it changeth forme,
It is no Coward, though it do no harme;
'Tis never hurt, nor ever doth it feed;
'Tis nothing worth, yet nothing doth it need.
Swiftly it runs, yet never maketh ſound,
And once being loſt; again 'tis never found.
'Tis a fit Servant for a Gentleman,
And a true pattern for a Serving-man.
'Tis born a Gyant, lives a Dwarfe, and nigh
Unto its death, a Gyant doth it dye.

Another on the ſix Caſes.

No. *Nanta* was nominated for a W.
Gen. For ſhe that had been *Genitive* before:
Da. Notice hereof was *to the Juſtice* given,
Acc. *Who her accus'd*, that ſhe had looſly liven.
Voc. But ſhe *cry'd mercy*, and her fault up ript,
Abl. And ſo was *ta'n away* and ſoundly whipt.
Her Caſe was ill: yet will the queſtion be,
Being thus declin'd, in what a Caſe was ſhe.

If V 2 I, as I 2 V am true,
I V muſt lye, and V

Thoughts— } c
Searching }
Valued }
Love— } may B

Truth never ties
Too A foole yy

If V 2 have part

And

V bb

Y'have 1. 2. many then I. C.
And R not worth
Write } Q Q
I'le— } not yours V V

A Riddle.

A beggar once exceeding poore,
A penny pray'd me give him,
And deeply vow'd ne'r to ask more
And I ne'r more to give him,
Next day he begg'd again, I gave,
Yet both of us our Oaths did ſave.

Another.

There was a man beſpake a thing,
Which when the owner home did bring,
He that made it, did refuſe it,
He that bought it, would not uſe it;
He that hath it doth not know
Whether he hath it, yea or no.

Another.

One evening, as cold, as cold might be,
With Froſt and Snow, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay cloſe all in a bed together;
Yet one after other they took heat,
And dy'd that night all in a ſweat.

THIS

out, whose everie angle anging kisses, Each partaking others blisses.

THIS is love and worth

Twyning armes exch worth commending

More and more

but lovinge

Langling we

Insnaring In a rou

Commending, Still

a measure still in

beginning never ending, Like a wilie ne

In and

This is love &

bending, Both still intangle

Keeps

pinge still togeather Blisse in

one is myrth

and shuts up all so

Eaking ever

Keeps

Never bi

moving, And is never ligh

in either.

A doubtfull meaning.

The *Faminine* kind is counted ill:
And is I ſwear: The contrary;
No man can find: That hurt they will;
But every where: Doe ſhow pity;
To no kind heart: They will be curſt;
To all true friends: They will be truſty;
In no part: They work the worſt;
With tongue and mind: But honeſty;
They do deteſt: Inconſtancy;
They do embrace: Honeſt intent;
They like leaſt: Lewd fantaſie;
In every caſe: Are penitent;
At no ſeaſon: Doing amiſſe;
To it truly: Contrary;
To all reaſon: Subject and meek;
To no body: Malicious;
To friend or foe: Or gentle ſort;
They be never: Doing amiſſe;
In weale and woe: Of like report;
They be ever: Be ſure of this;
The *Faminine* kind: Shall have my heart;
Nothing at all: Falſe they wil be;
In word and mind: To ſuffer ſmart;
And ever ſtall: Believe you me.

2 A

goe

That doth

That's
rul'd by 1.

whoſe ſayes no!

I'le try ere truſt
ward left

my

Find ſlight regard.

The a

whilſt

I 2 Lovers

That
gazed me.

There was nor

nor loathſome

That might diſturb or break delight,

Nor nor

in that ſame road,
And yet to me they ſeem'd affright.
favour
Then them I told,
True love cannot be
bold.

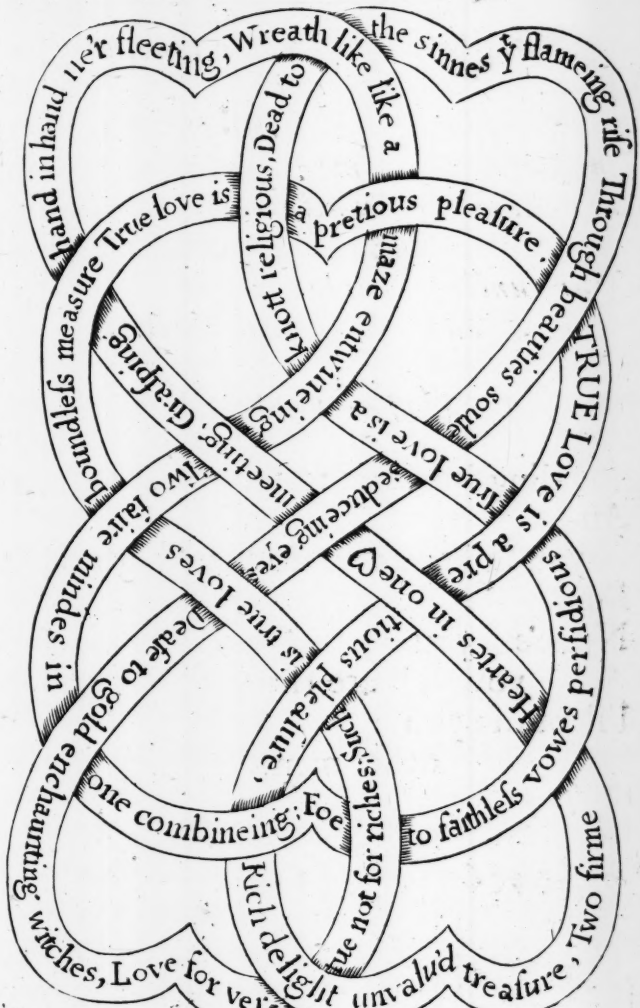
Theſe may be read two or three wayes.

Your face	Your tongue	your wit
ſo faire	ſo ſmooth	ſo ſharp
firſt drew	then mov'd	then knit
mine eye	mine eare	my heart
Mine eye	Mine eare	My hear
thus drawn	thus mov'd	thus knit
affects	hangs on	yeelds to
Your face	Your tongue	your wi

Theſe may be read backward or forward.

Joy, Mirth, Triumphs, I do defie,
Deſtroy me Death; fain would I dye:
Forlorn am I, love is exil'd,
Scorn ſmiles thereat; hope is beguil'd:
Men baniſh'd bliſſe, in woe muſt dwell,
Then Joy, Mirth, Triumphs, all farewell.

TRU


hand in hand ne'r fleeting, Wreath like like a
the sinnes ye flameing rise Through beauties soul
TRUE Love is a pre
Two faire mindes in
boundless measure True love is
a pretious pleasure.
Knott religious, Dead to
maze entwineing
meeting, Grasping
True love is a
seduceing eye
is true loves
Heartes in one
Dease to gold enchaunting witches, Love for ver-
tious pleasure,
one combineing; Foe
to faithless vowes perfidious
Such
Rich delight unvalu'd treasure, Two firme
ue not for riches;

NR

Eſt aliis ſervire tenetur
Jure qui
ſum ſervire neceſſe eſt
Jure tibi me
Te nulli cunctos
aut are videris
Qui cunctos hos laude
aut fero cunctis.

Thus Engliſhed.

-ling is bound to ſerve his Mris. hands
An-
you & bound to do your high cõmands
I'm
None's you
you all are then
I'll praiſe you
other men.

A New years Gift.

That our loves may never alter,
Tye it faſt with this ſtrong Halter.

The Anſwer.

The Rope is old, the Jeſt is new,
I'll take the Jeſt, the Rope take you.

A Gentleman to his Love.

Tell her I love; and if ſhe ask how well;
Tell her my tongue told thee no tongue can tell.

Her Anſwer.

Say not you love, unleſſe you do,
For lying will not honour you.

His Reply.

Madam, I love, and love to do,
And will not lye, unleſs with you.

To his Miſtreſſe.

A conſtant heart within a womans breaſt,
Is Ophir gold within an Ivory Cheſt.

Her Anſwer.

Of ſuch a Treaſure then thou art poſſeſt,
For thou haſt ſuch a heart in ſuch a Cheſt.

On Chloris walking in the Snow.

I ſaw fair *Chloris* walk alone,
When feather'd rain came ſoftly down,
Then *Jove* deſcended from his Tower,
To court her in a ſilver ſhower:
The wanton Snow flew to her breſt,
Like little birds into their neſt;
But overcome with whiteneſs there
For grief it thaw'd into a teare;
Then falling down her garment hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

Upon Clarinda, begging a lock of her Lovers hair.

Faireſt *Clarinda*, ſhe whom truth calls faire,
Begg'd my heart of me, and a lock of haire;
Should I give both, ſaid I, how ſhould I live?
The lock I would, the heart I would not give:
For that, leſt theeving love ſhould ſteal away,
Diſcretion had lock'd up, and kept the key;
As for the lock of hair which lovers uſe,
My head laid on her knee, I pray'd her chuſe,
Taking her Sizars by a cunning art,
Firſt pick'd the lock, and then ſhe ſtole my heart.

A Riddle begins this knot Love without crosse me
To those ye never love but one Love of many
two.
out with out a crosse or
cross your Loves
A begins Love's crisse
meeting still continuing winding this
Begins Lovers crisse crosse you
This knot of love are for
Learne to know one true
This not, true love makes a
such shall true love and
be crossed & crossed againe who liues true loues stirring
still in
action Allways tending to per.
No crosse
can
stop true loues int.
But it goes on to that it ment
Seeing first & last are both in one
though it meet with many
a thing
way that was ben:
M ding
out beginning truth ending
must
Loue to
Allwayes turning out
renewing crossing
still incr-easing
reaching, stretching, reading round about.

A Loving Bargain.

Give me a kiſſe, I'll make that odde one even,
Then treble that which you have given;
Be ſure I'l anſwer you, and if I miſſe,
Then take a thouſand forfeits for a kiſſe,
And a thouſand be too few, then take more:
Kiſſe me, with your kiſſes, make me poore:
When I am begger'd ſome hope will remain,
You will for pity give me ſome again.

A Queſtion.

Between two Suiters ſat a Lady faire,
Upon her head a Garland ſhe did wear:
And of the enamoured two, the firſt alone,
A Garland wore like hers, the ſecond none;
From her own head ſhe took the wreath ſhe wore,
And on him plac'd it that had none before.
And then mark this, their brows were both about
Beſet with Garlands, and ſhe ſate without:
Beholding now theſe Rivalls on each ſide
Of her thus plac'd and deck'd with equall pride:
She from the firſt mans head the wreath he had
Took off, and therewith her own brow ſhe clad.
And then (not this) ſhe and the ſecond were
With Garlands deck'd; and the firſt man ſate bare.

Now

Now which did ſhe love beſt ? him to whom
She gave the wreath ? or him ſhe took it from ?

The Anſwer.

In my conceit, ſhe would him ſooneſt have,
From whom ſhe took, not him to whom ſhe gave.
For to beſtow, many reſpects may move :
But to receive, none can perſwade but love.
She grac'd him much on whom the wreath ſhe
plac'd ;
But him whoſe wreath ſhe wore, ſhe much more
grac'd.
For where ſhe gives, ſhe there a ſervant makes,
But makes her ſelf a ſervant where ſhe takes.
Then where ſhe takes, ſhe honours moſt : and where
She doth moſt honour, ſhe moſt love doth bear.

An incomparable kiſſe.

Give me a Kiſſe from thoſe ſweet lips of thine,
And make it double by enjoyning mine,
Another yet, nay yet another,
And let the firſt Kiſſe be the ſeconds brother.
Give me a thouſand kiſſes, and yet more ;
And then repeat thoſe that have gone before ;
Let us begin while day-light ſprings in heav'n
And kiſſe till night deſcends into the Ev'n,

And

And when that modeſt Secretary, Night,
Diſcolours all but thy heav'n-beaming bright,
We will begin Revels of hidden love,
In that ſweet Orbe where ſilent pleaſures move.
In high, new ſtrains, unſpeakable delight,
We'll vent the dull hours of the ſilent night.
Were the bright day no more to viſit us,
O then for ever would I hold thee thus;
Naked, inchain'd, empty of idle feare,
As the firſt Lovers in the Garden were.
I'll dye betwixt thy breaſts that are ſo white,
For, to dye there, would do a man delight.
Embrace me ſtill, for time runs on before,
And being dead we ſhall embrace no more.
Let us kiſſe faſter then the hours do flye,
Long live each kiſſe, and never know to dye.
Yet if that fade, and fly away too faſt,
Impreſſe another, and renew the laſt;
Let us vie kiſſes, till our eye-lids cover,
And if I ſleep, count me an idle Lover,
Admit I ſleep, I'll ſtill purſue the Theam,
And eagerly I'l kiſſe thee in a dream.
O give me way; grant love to me thy friend,
Did hundred thouſand ſuiters all contend
For thy Virginity, there's none ſhall woe
With heart ſo firm as mine; none better do
Then I with your ſweet ſweetneſſe; if you doubt,
Pierce with your eyes my heart, or pluck it out.

To

To his Miſtreſſe.

Deareſt, thy twin'd haires are not threds of gold,
Nor thine eyes Diamonds; nor do I hold
Thy lips for Rubies, nor thy cheeks to be
Freſh Roſes; nor thy Dugs of Ivory;
The skin that doth thy dainty body ſheath,
Not alablaſter is; nor doſt thou breath
Arabian odours; theſe the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impair thy worth;
Such then are other Miſtreſſes; but mine
Hath nothing earth, but all divine.

The Anſwer.

If earth doth never change, nor move,
There's nought of earth ſure in thy love;
Sith heavenly bodies with each one,
Concur in generation;
And wanting gravity are light,
Or in a borrowed luſtre bright;
If meteors and each falling ſtarre,
Of heavenly matter framed are,
Earth hath thy Miſtreſſe, but ſure thine
All heavenly is, though not divine.

To his Miſtreſſe.

I love, becauſe it comes to me by kind;
And much, becauſe it much delights my mind:
And thee becauſe thou art within my heart:
And thee alone, becauſe of thy deſert.
I love, and much, and thee, and thee alone,
By kind, mind, heart, and every one.

Her Anſwer.

Thou lov'ſt not, becauſe thou art unkind,
Nor much, cauſe it delighteth not thy mind:
Nor me, becauſe I am not in thy heart;
Nor me alone, becauſe I want deſert:
Thou lov'ſt nor much, nor me, nor me alone,
By kind, mind, heart, deſert, nor any one.

Clowniſh Courtſhip.

Excellent Miſtreſſe, brighter than the Moon,
Then ſcoured Pewter, or the Silver-ſpoon,
Fairer then *Phœbus*, or the morning ſtarre;
Dainty faire Miſtreſſe, by my troth you are
As far excelling *Dian* and her Nymphs,
As lobſters crawfiſh, and as crawfiſh ſhrimps:
Thine eyes like Diamonds, do ſhine moſt clearly,
As I'm an honeſt Man, I love thee dearly.

A Compariſon.

Like to the ſelf-inhabiting Snaile,
Or like a Squirrell pent-hous'd under his taile,
Even ſuch is my Miſtreſſe face in a vaile:
Or like to a Carp that's loſt in mudding,
Nay, more like to a black-pudding:
For as the pudding, the skin lies within,
So doth my Miſtreſſe beauty in a taffity gin.

A Queſtion.

Tell me (Sweet-heart) how ſpell'ſt thou *Jone*,
Tell me but that, 'tis all I crave;
I ſhall not need to be alone,
If ſuch a lovely mate I have;
That thou art one, who can deny?
And all will grant that I am I,
If I be I, and thou art one,
Tell me (Sweet-heart) how ſpell'ſt thou *Jone*.

The Anſwer.

I tell you Sir, and tell you true,
That I am *J*, and I am *one*,
So can I ſpell *Jone* without you,
And ſpelling ſo, can lye alone:

My

My eye to one is conſonant,
But as for yours it is not ſo;
If that your eye agreement want,
I to your eye muſt anſwer no;
Therefore leave off your loving plea,
And let your I be I *per ſe*.

Loves prime.

Dear Love, do not your fair beauty wrong
With thinking ſtill you are too young,
The Roſe and Lilly in your cheek
Do flouriſh, and no ripening ſeek:
Thoſe flaming beams ſhot from your eye,
Do ſhow Loves Midſomer is nigh.
Your cherry-lip, red, ſoft and ſweet,
Proclaim ſuch fruit for taſt is meet:
Then loſe no time, for love hath wings,
And flies away from aged things.

Another to his Miſtreſſe.

When firſt I ſaw thee, thou didſt ſweetly play
The gentle thief, and ſtol'ſt my heart away;
Render me mine again, or leave thy owne,
Two are too much for thee, ſince I have none:
But if thou wilt not, I will ſwear thou art
A ſweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

Another.

Sweeteſt fair be not too cruell,
Blot not beauty with diſdain,
Let not thoſe bright eyes adde fewell
To a burning heart in vain;
Leſt men juſtly when I dye,
Deem you the Candle, me the Flye.

Another.

I cannot pray you in a ſtudyed ſtile,
Nor ſpeak words diſtant from my heart a mile;
I cannot viſit Hide-Park every day,
And with a Hackney court my time away;
I cannot ſpaniolize it week by week,
Or wait a month to kiſſe your hand or cheek;
If when you'r lov'd, you cannot love again,
Why, do but ſay ſo, I am out of pain.

Excuſe for abſence.

You'll ask perhaps wherefore I ſtay,
(Loving ſo much,) ſo long away?
I do not think 'twas I did part,
It was my body, not my heart:

For

For like a Compaſſe in your love,
One foot was fixt, and cannot move;
Th'other may follow the blind guide
Of giddy fortune, but cannot ſlide
Beyond your ſervice; nor will venter
To wander far from you the Center.

To a fair, but unkind Miſtreſſe.

I prethee turn that face away,
Whoſe ſplendor but benights my day;
Sad eyes like mine, and wounded hearts,
Shun the bright rayes that beauty darts;
Unwelcome is the Sun that pries
Into thoſe ſhades where ſorrow lyes.
Go ſhine on happy things, to me
The bleſſing is a miſery;
For your bright Sun, not warms, but burns;
Like that the Indian ſoory turns.
I'l ſerve the night, and there confin'd,
Wiſh thee leſſe fair, or elſe more kind.

To himſelfe.

Retreat ſad heart, breed not thy further pain;
Admire, but fonder thoughts ſeek to refrain.

To ſome Ladies.

Ladies, you that ſeem ſo nice,
And in ſhow as cold as ice,
And perhaps have held out thrice,
Do not think, but in a trice,
One or other may entice;
And at laſt by ſome device,
Set your honour at a price.

You whoſe ſmooth and dainty skin,
Roſie lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win,
Yet inſult not, ſparks within
Slowly burn e'r flames begin,
And preſumption ſtill hath bin
Held a moſt notorious ſin.

A heart loſt.

Good folk, for love or hire,
But help me to a Cryer,
For my poor heart is gone aſtray
After two eyes that went that way.
O yes! if there be any man
In Town or Country, can
Bring me my heart again,
I'll pay him for his pain.

And by theſe marks I will you ſhow,
That onely I this heart do ow :
It is a wounded heart,
Wherein yet ſticks the dart,
Every part ſore hurt throughout :
Faith and troth writ round about.
It is a tame heart and a deare,
That never us'd to roame,
But having got a haunt, I feare
Will never ſtay at home,
For love-ſake walking by this way,
If you this heart do ſee ;
Either impound it for a ſtray,
Or ſend it home to me.

The ſad Lover.

Why ſhould I wrong my judgement ſo,
As for to love where I do know
There is no hold for to be taken ?

For what her wiſh thirſts after moſt,
If once of it her heart can boaſt,
Straight by her folly 'tis forſaken.

Thus whilſt I ſtill purſue in vaine,
Me thinks I turn a child again,
And of my ſhadow am a chaſing.

For all her favours are to me
Like apparitions which I ſee,
But never can come neer th'embracing.

Oft had I wiſh'd that there had been
Some Almanack whereby to have ſeen,
VVhen love with her had been in ſeaſon.

But I perceive there is no art
Can find the Epact of the heart,
That loves by chance, and not by reaſon.

Yet will I not for this deſpaire,
For time her humor may prepare
To grace him who is now neglected.

And what unto my conſtancie
She now denies: one day may be
From her inſtancy expected.

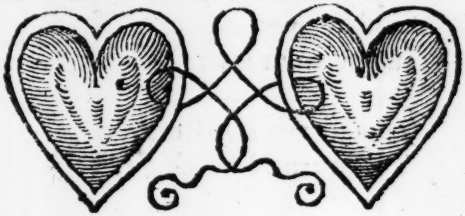
A Watch ſent to a Gentlewoman.

Goe and count her happy hours,
They more happy are than ours:
That day that gets her any bliſſe,
Make it twice as long as 'tis:
The houre ſhe ſmiles in, let it be
By thine Art increas'd to three:

But if ſhe frown on thee or me,
Know night is made, by her, not thee :
Be ſwift in ſuch an houre, and ſoon
Make it night, though it be noon :
Obey her time, who is the free,
Faire Sun that governs thee and me..

On a Fairing.

Let them whoſe heart diſtruſts a Miſtreſſe faith,
Bribe it with gifts : mine no ſuſpition hath :
It were a ſin of as much ſtaine in me,
To think you falſe, as ſo my ſelfe to be.
If to reward that thou haſt expreſt,
Thou doſt expect a preſent : 'tis confeſt
'Twere juſtice from another, but I am
So poore ; I have not left my ſelfe a name
In ſubſtance ; nor made thine by gift before :
He that beſtowes his heart, can give no more.
If thou wouldſt have a fairing from me, then
Give me my ſelfe back, I'll give it thee agen.



Poſies for Rings.

We are agreed
In time to ſpeed.

I truſt in time
Thou wilt be mine.

In thy breaſt
My heart doth reſt.

This and the giver
Are thine for ever.

'Tis love alone
Makes two but one.

Loves knot once tyde
Who can divide?

Where hearts agree
No ſtrife can be.

God above
Increaſe our love.

Though time do ſlide,
Yet in true love abide.

Nought ſo ſweet,
As when we greet.

Thy affection,
My perfection.

With A ◯ *to* Julia.

Julia, I bring
To thee this Ring,
Made for thy finger fit;
To ſhew by this,
That our love is
(Or ſho'd be) like to it.

Cloſe though it be,
Thy joynt is free:
So when lov's yoke is on,
It muſt not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppreſſion.

But it muſt play
Still either way;
And be too, ſuch a yoke,
As not too wide,
To over-ſlide,
Or be ſo ſtraite to choake.

So we, who beare
This beame, muſt reare
Our ſelves to ſuch a height:
As that the ſtay
Of either may
Create the burden light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw or elſe to ſever:
So let our love
As endleſſe prove;
And pure as Gold for ever.

True Beauty.

May I finde a woman faire,
And her mind as clear as aire;
If her beauty goe alone,
'Tis to me, as if 'twere none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch:
If that pride ſhould cauſe diſdain,
Tell me, Lover, where's thy gain?

May I find a woman wiſe,
And her falſhood not diſguiſe;
Hath ſhe wit, as ſhe hath will?
Double arm'd ſhe is to ill.

May I finde a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind:
How ſhould I call that love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I find a woman true,
There is beauties faireſt hue;
There is beauty, love and wit,
Happy he can compaſſe it.

Choice of a Miſtreſſe.

Not that I wiſh my Miſtris
More or leſſe than what ſhe is,
Write I theſe lines, for 'tis too late
Rules to preſcribe unto my fate.

But yet as tender ſtomachs call
For ſome choice meat, that bears not all:

A queazie lover may impart,
What Miſtreſſe 'tis that pleaſe his heart.

Firſt I would have her richly ſpred,
With natures bloſſomes white and red;
For flaming hearts will quickly dye,
That have not fewell from the eye.

Yet this alone will never win,
Except ſome treaſure lies within;
For where the ſpoile's not worth the ſtay,
Men raiſe their ſiege and go away.

I'd have her wiſe enough to know
When, and to whom a grace to ſhow:
For ſhe that doth at randome chuſe,
She will, as ſoon her choice refuſe.

And yet me thinks I'd have her mind
To flowing courteſie inclin'd:
And tender hearted as a maid,
Yet pity onely when I pray'd.

And I would wiſh her true to be,
(Miſtake me not) I mean to me;
She that loves me, and loves one more,
Will love the Kingdome o'r and o'r.

And I could wiſh her full of wit,
Knew ſhe how to huſwife it :
But ſhe whoſe wiſdome makes her dare
To try her wit, will ſell more ware.

Some other things, delight will bring,
As if ſhe dances, play, and ſing.
So they be ſafe, what though her parts
Catch ten thouſand forreign hearts.

But let me ſee, ſhould ſhe be proud ;
A little pride ſhould be allow'd.
Each amorous boy will ſport and prate
Too freely, where he finds not ſtate.

I care not much though ſhe let down
Sometime a chiding, or a frown.
But if ſhe wholly quench deſire,
'Tis hard to kindle a new fire.

To ſmile, to toy, is not amiſſe,
Sometimes to interpoſe a kiſſe ;
But not to cloy ; ſweet things are good,
Pleaſant for ſawce, but not for food.

Wiſhes to his ſuppoſed Miſtreſſe.

WWho e'r ſhe be,
That is the onely ſhe,
That ſhall command my heart and me.

Might you hear my wiſhes
Beſpeak her to my bliſſes,
And be call'd my abſent kiſſes.

I wiſh her beauty,
That owes not all his duty
To gawdy tire, or ſome ſuch folly.

A face that's beſt
By its own beauty dreſt;
And can alone command the reſt.

Smiles, that can warme
The blood, yet teach a charme
That chaſtity ſhall take no harme.

Joyes that confeſſe
Vertue her Miſtreſſe,
And have no other head to dreſſe.

Dayes, that in ſpight
Of darkneſſe, by the light
Of a cleare minde, are day all Night.

Life

Life that dares ſend
A challenge to his end,
And when it's come, ſay, Welcome friend.

Soft ſilken Howers,
Open Sunnes; ſhady Bowers,
Bove all; Nothing within that lowers.

I wiſh her ſtore
Of wealth may leave her poore
Of wiſhes; and I wiſh no more.

Now if time knows,
That her whoſe radiant browes,
Weave them a Garlant of my vows.

Her that dare be,
What theſe lines wiſh to ſee,
I ſeek no further, it is ſhe.

Such worth as this is,
Shall fix my flying wiſhes
And determine them to kiſſes.

Let her full glory,
(My fancies) fly before ye,
Be ye my fiction, but her my ſtory.

To a Lady.

Madam,
Should I not ſmother this ambitious fire,
Which actuates my verſe: it would aſpire
To blear your vertues, in a glimm'ring line;
And your perfections in its meaſures twine.
But I have check'd my fancie Muſe, nor dares
Dull Poetry attempt to ſcan the ſpheares;
Or in a cloudy rime invaile the light,
Or court the trembling Watchmen of the night;
Some vulgar vertue, or a ſingle blaze,
Might ſtand in verſe; and would endure a gaze:
But when both Art, and Nature, ſhall agree
To ſumme them all in one Epitome:
VVhen the perfections of both ſexes, are
Lock'd in one female ſtore-houſe; who ſhall dare
In an audacious rapture, to untwine
Into looſe numbers, what heaven doth enſhrine,
In one rich breaſt? Dazled invention ſay,
Canſt thou embowell either *India*,
In one poor rime? Or can thy torch-light fire,
Shew us the Sunne; or any Star that's higher?
If thou wilt needs ſpend thy officious flame,
Do it in admiration: but diſclaime
Thy power to praiſe: thy fenders wiſhes, beare,
And be the Herauld of the new-born yeare:

VViſh

Wiſh that each riſing Sunne, may ſee her more
Happy, then when he roſe the morne before;
And may, when e'r he gilds the envious Weſt,
Leave her more bleſt, then when he grac'd the feaſt;
Wiſh higher yet, that her felicity
May equalize her vertues: Poetry
Thou art too low; canſt thou not ſwell a ſtraine
May reach my thoughts: good Madam ſince 'tis vain,
(And yet my verſe to kiſſe your hand preſum'd)
Let it to be your ſacrifice be doom'd:
And what it wants in true Poetique fire,
Let the flame adde, till ſo my Muſe expire.

An Eccho.

Come Eccho I thee ſummon,
Tell me truly what is Woman?
If worne, ſhe is a feather,
If woo'd ſhe's froſty weather;
If wonne, the winde not ſlighter:
If weigh'd the Moon's not lighter:
If lain withall, ſhe's apiſh:
If not laine with, ſhe's ſnappiſh.

Come Eccho I thee ſummon,
Tell me once more what is Woman?
If faire, ſhe's coy in courting,
If witty, looſe in ſporting,

If ready, ſhe's but cloathing,
If naked, ſhe's juſt nothing,
If not belov'd, ſhe horns thee;
If lov'd too well, ſhe ſcorns thee.
The Eccho ſtill replyed,
But ſtill me thought ſhe lyed.

Then for my Miſtreſſe ſake,
I againe reply did make.
If worn, ſhe is a jewell,
If woo'd, ſhe is not cruell,
If wonne, no rock is ſurer,
If weigh'd, no gold is purer,
If laine withall, delicious;
If nor, yet no way vitious.
False Eccho go, you lye.
See your errours I diſcry.

And for the ſecond ſummon I
This for woman do reply.
If faire ſhe's heavenly treaſure,
If witty, ſhe's all pleaſure,
If ready, ſhe's quaintieſt.
If not ready, ſhe's dantieſt,
If lov'd, her heart ſhe ſpares not,
If not belov'd, ſhe cares not.
False Eccho, go you lye.
See, your errours I deſcry.

To Fortune.

Since Fortune thou art become ſo kinde,
To give me leave to take my mind,
Of all thy ſtore.
Firſt it is needfull that I finde
Good meat and drink of every kinde
I ask no more.
And then that I may well digeſt
Each ſeverall morſel of the feaſt:
See thou my ſtore.
To eaſe the care within my breaſt,
VVith a thouſand pound at leaſt:
I ask no more.
A well born and a pleaſing Dame,
Full of beauty, void of ſhame;
Let her have ſtore
Of wealth, diſcretion, and good fame;
And able to appeaſe my flame.
I ask no more.
Yet one thing more do not forget,
Afore that I do do this feat,
Forgot before;
That ſhe a Virgin be, and neat,
Of whom two ſonnes I may beget;
I aske no more.
Let them be Barons, and impart

To each a Million for his part ;
I thee implore.
That when I long life have led,
I may have Heaven when I am dead :
I ask no more.

A Dialogue between Icaris, *and ſurprized* Phillida.

Phil. Prette Sweet-one look on me,
Faine I would thy Captive be,
Bound by thee is *Liberty*.

Icar. Be not ſo unkindly wiſe,
For your looks will bribe my eyes,
To divulge where my heart lyes.

Phil. If they doe, thou need'ſt not feare,
By my innocence I ſweare,
I'll but place another there.

Icar. That's my feare, I dare not prove,
Nor my reſolution move.
'Cauſe I know you are in love.

Phil. Lov'd *Icarus*, and if I be,
I know it cannot injure thee ;
Love and beauty will agree.

Icar. Oh you do my hearing wrong,
I have turn'd my eyes thus long
To be captiv'd by your tongue.

Phil. Then my hours are happy ſpent,
If my tongue give ſuch content,
It ſhall be thy *Inſtrument*.

Icar. But be ſure you uſe it then,
Thus unto no other men,
Leſt that I grow deaf agen.

Fidelius *and his ſilent Mris.* Flora.

Fid. My deareſt *Flora* can you love me?
Flo. Prethee prove me.
Fid. Shall I have your hand to kiſſe?
Flo. Yes, yes.
Fid. On this whiteneſſe let me ſweare,
Flo. No, pray forbeare.
Fid. I love you dearer than mine eyes.
Flo. Be wiſe.
Fid. I prize no happineſſe like you.
Flo. Will you be true?
Fid. As is the Turtle to her Mate.
Flo. I hate.
Fid. Who my divineſt *Flora*, me?
Flo. No flattery.

Fid. He that flatters, may he dye,
Flo. Perpetually.
Fid. And his black urne be the cell,
Flo. Where Furies dwell.
Fid. May his name be blaſphemous,
Flo. To us.
Fid. His memory for ever rot;
Flo. And be forgot.
Fid. Leſt it keep our age and youth,
Flo. From love and truth.
Fid. Thus upon your Virgin hand,
Flo. Your vows ſhall ſtand.
Fid. This kiſſe confirmes my act and deed:
Flo. You may exceed.
Fid. Your hand, your lip, I'll vow on both;
Flo. A dangerous oath.
Fid. My reſolution ne'r ſhall ſtart;
Flo. You have my heart.

Fears and Reſolves of two Lovers.

A. What wouldſt thou wiſh? tell me dear lover.
I. How I might but thy thoughts diſcover.
A. If my firme love I were denying,
Tell me, with ſighes wouldſt thou be dying?
I. Thoſe words in jeſt to heare thee ſpeaking,
For very grief, this heart is breaking.
A. Yet wouldſt thou change? I prethee tell me,

In ſeeing one that doth excell me ?
I. O no, for how can I aſpire,
To more than to my own deſire ?
This my miſhap doth chiefly grieve me;
Though I do ſwear't, you'l not believe me.
A. Imagine that thou doſt not love me ;
But ſome beauty that's above me.
I. To ſuch a thing Sweet do not will me ;
The naming of the ſame will kill me.
A. Forgive me faire one, Love hath feares :
I. I do forgive, witneſſe theſe tears.

A Sonnet.

Who can define, this all things, nothing love;
Which hath ſo much of every thing in it ?
Which watry, with the Planets oft doth move,
And with the Zoane it hath a fiery fit ;
Oft ſeizes men, like maſſy ſtupid earth,
And with the Aire, it filleth every place ;
Which had no Midwife, nor I think no birth,
No ſhrine, no arrowes, but a womans face.
A God he is not, for he is unjuſt ;
A Boy he is not, for he hath more power ;
A Fiction 'tis not, all will yeeld I truſt ;
What is it then, that is ſo ſweetly ſower ?
No Law ſo wiſe, that can his abſence prove ?
But (ah) I know there is a thing call'd Love.

A Love-ſick Sonnet.

Love is a Sickneſſe full of woes,
All remedies refuſing:
A plant that with moſt cutting growes,
Moſt barren with beſt uſing.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dyes,
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cryes
Hey ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempeſt everlaſting;
And *Jove* hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full nor faſting.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dyes,
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cryes
Hey ho!

A Queſtion

Fain would I learn of men the reaſon why
They ſwear they dye for love, yet lowly ly?
Or why they fondly dote on, and admire
A painted face, or a fantaſtick tyre?
For while ſuch Idols they fall down before,

They prove more fools than thoſe they thus a
(dore.

Anſwer.

The reaſon why men loving lowly ly ;
Is hope to gain their purpoſes thereby.
And that they fondly dote on paint and tires ;
'Tis juſt in love, to ſhew mens fond deſires.
And for the reſt, this have I heard from Schools,
That love, makes fooliſh wiſe, and wiſe men fools

Sighs.

All night I muſe, all day I cry,
ay me.
Yet ſtill I wiſh, though ſtill deny.
ay me.
I ſigh, I mourn, and ſay that ſtill,
I onely live my joyes to kill.
ay me.
I feed the pain that on me feeds ;
ay me.
My wound I ſtop not, though it bleeds ;
ay me.
Heart be content, it muſt be ſo,
For ſprings were made to overflow.
ay me.
Then ſigh and weep, and mourn thy fill,

ay me.
Seek no redreſſe, but languiſh ſtill.
ay me.
Their griefs more willing they endure,
That know when they are paſt recure.
ay me.

To Celia weeping.

Faireſt, when thine eyes did poure
A chryſtall ſhower;
I was perſwaded, that ſome ſtone
Had liquid grown;
And thus amazed; ſure thought I
When ſtones are moiſt, ſome raine is nigh.

Why weep'ſt thou? cauſe thou cannot be
More hard to me?
So Lioneſſes pitty, ſo
Do Tygers too:
So doth that Bird, which when ſhe's fed
On all the man, pines o're the head.

Yet I'le make better omens till
Event beguile;
Thoſe pearly drops, in time ſhall be
A precious Sea;
And thou ſhalt like thy Corall prove,
Soft under water, hard above.

An Hymne to Love.

I will confeſſe
With cheerfulneſſe,
Love is a thing ſo likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day,
I'le kiſſe the hand that ſtrikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry,
It (ah!) too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all,
Since love ſo much contents me.

No, no, I'le be
In fetters free;
While others they ſit wringing
Their hands for paine;
I'le entertaine
The wounds of love with ſinging.

With flowers and wine
And Cakes divine,
To ſtrike me I will tempt thee:
Which done; no more

I'le come before
Thee and thine Altars empty.

Loves Diſcoveryes.

With much of paine, and all the Art I knew,
Have I endeavor'd hitherto
To hide my love; and yet all will not do.

The world perceives it, and it may be, ſhe;
Though ſo diſcreet, and good ſhe be,
By hiding it, to teach that skill to me.

Men without love have oft ſo cunning growne,
That ſomething like it they have ſhowne,
But none that had it ever ſeem'd t'have none.

Love's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple kind,
Can no arts or diſguiſes find,
But thinks none ſees it cauſe it ſelf is blind.

The very eye betrayes our inward ſmart;
Love of himſelf left there a part,
When through it he paſt into the heart.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keep the ſecret wiſely, yet,
Like drunkenneſſe into the tongue 'twill get.

Heart-

Heart-breaking.

It gave a piteous groan, and ſo it broke ;
In vaine it ſomething would have ſpoke :
The love within too ſtrong for't was
Like poyſon put into a Venice Glaſſe.

I thought that this ſome Remedy might prove,
But, oh, the mighty Serpent Love,
Cut by this chance in pieces ſmall,
In all ſtill liv'd, and ſtill it ſtung in all.

And now (alas) each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my heart :
And every ſmalleſt corner ſtill
Lives with that torment which the whole did kill.

Even ſo rude Armies when the field they quit,
And into ſeverall Quarters get ;
Each Troop does ſpoyle and ruine more
Then all joyn'd in one body did before.

How many loves reigne in my boſome now ?
How many loves, yet all of you ?
Thus have I chang'd with evill fate
My Monarch Love into a Tyrant ſtate.

A Tear ſent his Miſtreſſe.

Glide gentle ſtreams, and bear
Along with you my tear
  To that coy Girle;
  Who ſmiles, yèt ſlayes
  Me with delayes;
And ſtrings my tears as Pearle.

See! ſee ſhe's yonder ſet,
Making a Carkanet
  Of mayden-flowers!
  There, there preſent
  This Orient,
And Pendant pearl of ours.

Then ſay, I've ſent one more
Jem, to enrich her ſtore;
  And that is all
  Which I can ſend,
  Or vainly ſpend,
For tears no more will fall.

Nor will I ſeek ſupply
Of them, the ſprings once dry;
  But I'le deviſe,

(Among the reſt)
A way that's beſt
How I may ſave mine eyes,

Yet ſay, ſho'd ſhe condemn
Me to ſurrender them;
Then ſay; my part
Muſt be to weep
Out them; to keep
A poor, yet loving heart.

Say too, ſhe wo'd have this;
She ſhall: Then my hope is,
That when I'm poore,
And nothing have
To ſend, or ſave;
I'm ſure ſhe'l ask no more.

A Song.

To thy lover,
Dear diſcover
That ſweet bluſh of thine that ſhameth
(When thoſe Roſes
It diſcloſes)
All the flowers that nature nameth.

In free Ayre,
Flow thy Haire;

That no more Summers beſt dreſſes,
Be beholden'
For their Golden
Locks to *Phœbus* flaming Treſſes.

O deliver
Love his Quiver,
From thy eyes he ſhoots his Arrowes,
Where *Apollo*
Cannot follow :
Feathered with his mothers Sparrows.

O envy not
(That we dye not)
Thoſe deer lips whoſe door encloſes
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother Pearles, and ſiſter Roſes.

From theſe treaſures
Of ripe pleaſures
One bright ſmile to clear the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The aire does wooe thee,
Winds cling to thee,

Might

Might a word once fly from out thee ;
Storm and thunder
Would ſit under,
And keep ſilence round about thee.

But if natures
Common Creatures,
So dear glories dare not borrow;
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty,
To my loving lingring ſorrow.

When my dying
Life is flying ;
Thoſe ſweet Aires that often ſlew me ;
Shll revive me,
Or reprive me,
And to many deaths renew me.

The Cruell Maid.

And cruell maid, becauſe I ſee
You ſcornfull of my love, and me :
Ile trouble you no more ; but go
My way, where you ſhall never know
What is become of me : there I
Will find me out a path to dye ;

Or learn ſome way to forget
You and your name, for ever: yet
Ere I go hence, know this from me,
What will, in time, your fortune be:
This to your coyneſſe I will tell;
And having ſpoke it once, Farewell.
The Lilly will not long endure;
Nor the Snow continue pure:
The Roſe, the Violet, one day
See, both theſe Lady-flowers decay:
And you muſt fade, as well as they.
And it may chance that love may turn,
And (like to mine) make your heart burn.
And weep to ſee't; yet this thing do,
That my laſt vow commends to you:
When you ſhall ſee that I am dead,
For pitty let a tear be ſhed;
And (with your Mantle o're me caſt)
Give my cold lips a kiſſe at laſt:
If twice you kiſſe, you need not feare,
That I ſhall ſtir, or live more here.
Next hollow out a Tomb to cover
Me; me, the moſt deſpiſed Lover;
And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*
Love kill'd this man. No more but ſo.

Silence.

Silence.

No ; to what purpoſe ſhould I ſpeak ?
No, wretched Heart, ſwell till you break !
She cannot love me if ſhe would ;
And to ſay truth, 'twere pity that ſhe ſhould.
No, to the grave thy ſorrows beare,
As ſilent as they will be there ;
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound doth give,
So handſomely the thing contrive.
That ſhe may guiltleſſe of it live.
So periſh, that her killing thee
May a chance medley, and no murther be.

'Tis nobler much for me that I
By her beauty, not her anger dye ;
This will look juſtly, and become
An Execution, that a Martyrdome.
The cenſuring world will ne're refraine
From judging men by thunder ſlaine.
She muſt be angry ſure, if I ſhould be
So bold to ask her to make me
By being hers, happier than ſhe ;
I will not ; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving, than her hate.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear :

Whe

When, found in every other part,
Her ſacrifice is found without an Heart;
For the laſt tempeſt of my death
Shall ſigh out that too, with my breath.

His Miſery.

Water, water I eſpy
Come, and cool ye, all who fry
In your loves; but none as I.

Though a thouſand ſhowers be
Still a falling, yet I ſee
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have ſeas
For to quench ye, or ſome eaſe
From your kinder Miſtreſſes.

I have one, and ſhe alone
Of a thouſand thouſand known,
Dead to all compaſſion.

Such an one, as will repeat
Both the cauſe, and make the heat
More by provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I deſpaire
Of my cure, do you beware
Of thoſe Girles, which cruell are.

The

The Call.

Marina ſtay,
And run not thus like a young Roe away,
No Enemy
Purſues thee (fooliſh Girle) 'tis onely I,
Ile keep off harmes,
Ifthou 'll be pleas'd to garriſon mine arms;
What doſt thou feare
Ile turn a Traytour? may theſe Roſes here
To paleneſſe ſhred,
And Lillies ſtand diſguiſed in new red,
If that I lay
A ſnare, wherein thou wouldſt not gladly ſtay;
See, ſee the Sun,
Doth ſlowly to his azure lodging run;
Come ſit but here,
And preſently hee'l quit our Hemiſphere;
So ſtill among
Lovers, time is too ſhort, or elſe too long;
Here will we ſpin
Legends for them, that have love Martyrs been;
Here on this plaine
Wee'l take *Narciſſus* to a flower again;
Come here and choſe
On which of theſe proud plats thou wouldſt repoſ
Here mayeſt thou ſhame

The ruſty Violets, with the Crimſon flame,
Of either cheek ;
And Primroſes white as thy fingers ſeek ;
Nay, thou mayſt prove
That mans moſt noble paſſion, is to love.

A Check to her delay.

Come come away,
Or let me goe ;
Muſt I here ſtay,
Becauſe y'are ſlow ;
And will continue ſo ?
Troth Lady, no.

I ſcorne to be
A ſlave to ſtate :
And ſince I'm free
I will not wait
Henceforth at ſuch a rate,
For needy fate.

If you deſire
My ſpark ſho'd glow,
The peeping fire
You muſt blow ;
Or I ſhall quickly grow
To froſt or ſnow.

The Lure.

Farewell, nay prethee turn again,
Rather then looſe thee, Ile arraign
My ſelf before thee; thou (moſt faire) ſhall be
Thy ſelf the Judge;
Ile never grudge
A law, ordain'd by thee.

Pray do but ſee, how every Roſe
A ſanguine viſage doth diſcloſe,
O ſee, what Aromatick guſts they breath:
Come here wee'l ſit,
And learn to knit,
Them up into a wreath.

With that wreath, crowned ſhalt thou be;
Not grac't by it, but it thee;
Then ſhall the fawning Zephirs wait to hear
What thou ſhalt ſay,
And ſoftly play,
While Newes to me they bear.

Come prethee come, wee'l now aſſay
To piece the ſcantneſſe of the day;
Wee'l pluck the wheels from th'charry of the Sun,
That he may give
Us time to live;
Till that our Scene be done.

Wee'l ſuffer viperous thoughts, and cares,
To follow after ſilver haires;
Let's not anticipate them long before;
When they begin,
To enter in,
Each minute they'l grow more.

No, no, *Marina*, ſee this brook
How't would its poſting courſe revoke,
Ere it ſhall in the Ocean mingled lye,
And what I pray,
May cauſe this ſtay;
But to atteſt our joy?

Far be't from luſt; ſuch wild fire, ne're
Shall dare to lurk or kindle here;
Diviner flames ſhall in our fancies roule,
Which not depreſſe
To earthlineſſe,
But elevate the ſoule.

Then ſhall a grandiz'd love, confeſſe,
That ſouls can mingle ſubſtances;
That hearts can eaſily counter-changed be,
Or at the leaſt,
Can alter breaſts,
When breaſts themſelves agree.

To Julia.

'Tis Ev'ning my ſweet,
And dark; let us meet;
Long time w'have here been a toying:
And never as yet,
That ſeaſon co'd get,
Wherein t'have had an enjoying.

For pitty or ſhame,
Then let not loves flame,
Be ever and ever a ſpending;
Since now to the Port
The path is but ſhort;
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flyes away faſt;
Our howers do waſt;
The while we never remember,
How ſoon our life, here,
Grows old with the yeere,
That dyes with the next *December*.

Of Beauty.

What do I hate, what's Beauty? Iaſſe
How doth it paſſe?
As flowers, aſſoon as ſmelled at
Evaporate;

Ever

Even ſo this ſhadow, ere our eyes
Can view it, flies.

What's colour? 'las the ſullen Night
Canit affright;
A Roſe can more Vermilion ſpeak,
Then any cheek;
A richer white on Lillies ſtands,
Then any hands.

Than what's the worth, when any flower
Is worth far more?
How conſtant's that which needs muſt dye
When day doth flye?
Glow-worms, can lend ſome petty light,
To gloomy night.

And what's proportion? we diſcry
That in a fly;
And what's a lip? 'tis in the teſt
Red clay at beſt.
And what's an Eye? an Eglets are
More ſtrong by farre.

Who can that ſpecious nothing heed,
Which flies exceed?
Who would his frequent kiſſes lay
On painted clay?

Wh'ould

Wh'would not if eyes affection move
Young Eglets love?

Is beauty thus? then who would lye
Love-ſick and dye?
And's wretched ſelf annihilate
For knows not what?
And with ſuch ſweat and care invade
A very ſhade?

Even he that knows not to poſſeſſe
True happineſſe,
But has ſome ſtrong deſires to try
What's miſery,
And longs for tears, oh he will prove
One fit for love.

Farewell to Love.

Well-ſhadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well:
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At leaſt ſo well
As he, that now hates more
Then e're he lov'd before.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,
No longer muſt you me deceive,
Since I perceive,

All the deceit, and know
Whence the miſtake did grow.

As he whoſe quicker eye doth trace
A falſe ſtar ſhot to a Market-place,
Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A Gelly up do's ſnatch.

So our dull ſouls taſting delight
Far off, by ſence, and appetite,
Think that is right
And reall good; when yet
'Tis but the counterfeit.

Oh! how I glory now; that I
Have made this new diſcovery?
Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I increaſe that ſcore.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to ſee
What manner of deaths-head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that freſh upper-skin,
The gazers joy and ſin.

A quick Coarſe me-thinks I ſpy
In ev'ry woman : and mine eye,
At paſſing by,
Check, and is troubled, juſt
As if it roſe from Duſt.

They mortifie, not heighten me :
Theſe of my ſins the Glaſſes be :
And here I ſee,
How I have lov'd before,
And ſo I love no more.

To a proud Lady.

Is it birth puffs up thy mind ?
Women beſt born are beſt inclin'd.
Is it thy breeding ? No, I ly'de ;
Women well bred are foes to pride.
Is it thy beauty, fooliſh thing ?
Lay by thy cloaths, there's no ſuch thing ?
Is it thy vertue ? that's deny'd,
Vertue's an oppoſite to pride.
Nay, then walk on, I'le ſay no more,
Who made thee proud, can make thee poore.
The Devill onely hath the skill
To draw fair fools to this foule ill.

On Women.

Find me an end out in a Ring,
Turn a ſtream backwards to its ſpring,
Recover minutes paſt and gone,
Undoe what is already done,
Make Heaven ſtand ſtill, make mountains fly,
And teach a woman conſtancy.

An Apologetique Song.

Men, if you love us, play no more
The fools, or Tyrants, with your friends,
To make ſtill ſing o're and ore,
Our own falſe praiſes, for your ends.
We have both wits and fancies too,
And if we muſt, let's ſing of you.

Nor do we doubt, but that we can,
If we would ſearch with care and pain,
Find ſome one good, in ſome one man;
So going through all your ſtrain,
We ſhall at laſt of parcells make
One good enough for a Song ſake.

And as a cunning Painter takes
In any curious piece you ſee,
More pleaſure while the thing he makes,

Then

Then when 'tis made; why, ſo will we.
And having pleas'd our art, wee'l try
To make a new, and hang that by.

Canto.

Like to a Ring without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer;
Like a Horſe was never ridden,
Or a Feaſt and no Gueſt bidden,
Like a Well without a Bucket,
Or a Roſe if no man pluck it:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, not loves, but dyes a maid.

The Ring if worn, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer ſpeaks,
The Horſe doth eaſe, if he be ridden,
The Feaſt doth pleaſe, if Gueſt be bidden,
The Bucket draws the water forth,
The Roſe when pluck'd, is ſtill moſt worth:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dyes.

Like a Stock not graffed on,
Or like a Lute not playd upon,
Like a Jack without a weight,
Or a Bark without a fraight,

Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, not loves, but dyes a maid.

The graffed Stock doth bear beſt fruite,
There's Muſick in the finger'd Lute;
The weight doth make the Jack go ready,
The fraight doth make the Bark go ſteady;
The Key the Lock doth open right,
A Candle's uſefull in the night:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dyes.

Like a Call without a Non-ſir,
Or a Queſtion without an Anſwer,
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Mine was never digg'd;
Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing not long preferr'd.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, not loves, but dyes a maid.

The Non-ſir doth obey the Call,
The Queſtion Anſwer'd pleaſeth all,
Who rigs a Ship ſailes with the wind,
Who digs a Mine doth treaſure find,
The Wound by wholſome Tent hath eaſe,

The Box perfum'd the ſenſes pleaſe :
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commendation and no Token,
Like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moon, and no man in it ;
Like a School without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dyes a maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is ſweet,
The Token doth adorn the greet,
There's triumph in the Fort being won,
The Man rides glorious in the Moon ;
The School is by the Teacher ſtill'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd.
Such is the Virgin in mine eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dyes.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd :
Like the Gold was never try'd,
Or the ground unoccupi'd ;
Like a houſe that's not poſſeſſed,
Or the Book was never preſſed.

Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dyes a maid.

The Bird in Cage doth ſweetly ſing,
Due ſeaſon prefers every thing,
The Gold that's try'd from droſſe is pur'd,
There's profit in the Ground manur'd,
The Houſe is by poſſeſſion graced;
The Book when preſt, is then embraced.
Such is the Virgin in mine eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dyes.

A Diſſwaſive from Women.

Come away, do not purſue
A ſhadow that will follow you.
Women lighter than a feather,
Got and loſt and altogether:
Such a creature may be thought,
Void of reaſon, a thing of nought.

2.

Come away, let not thine eyes
Gaze upon their fopperies,
Nor thy better Genius dwell
Upon a ſubject known ſo well:
For whoſe folly at the firſt
Man and beaſt became accurſt.

3.

Come away, thou canſt not find,
One of all that's faire and kind,
Brighter be ſhe then the day,
Sweeter then a morne in *May*;
Yet her heart and tongue agrees
As we and the *Antipodes*.

4.

Come away, or if thou muſt
Stay a while: yet do not truſt,
Nor her ſighs, nor what ſhe ſwears,
Say ſhe weep, ſuſpect her tears.
Though ſhe ſeem to melt with paſſion,
'Tis old deceipt, but in new faſhion.

5.

Come away, admit there be
A naturall neceſſity;
Do not make thy ſelfe a ſlave
For that which ſhe deſires to have.
What ſhe will, or do, or ſay,
Is meant the clean contrary way.

6.

Come away, or if to part
Soon from her, affects thy heart,
Follow on thy ſports a while,
Laugh and kiſſe, and play a while:
Yet as thou lov'ſt me, truſt her not,
Leſt thou becom'ſt a—I know not what.

An Anſwer to it.

Stay, O ſtay, and ſtill purſue,
Bid not ſuch happineſſe adue,
Know'ſt thou what a woman is?
An Image of Cœleſtial bliſs.
Such a one is thought to be
The neareſt to Divinity.

2.

Stay, O ſtay, how can thine eye
Feed on more felicity?
Or thy better Genius dwell
On ſubjects that do this excell?
Had it not been for her at firſt,
Man and beaſt had liv'd accurſt.

3.

Stay, O ſtay, has not there been
Of Beauty, and of Love a Queen?
Does not ſweetneſſe terme a ſhee
VVorthy its onely ſhrine to thee?
And where will vertue chuſe to lye,
If not in ſuch a Treaſury?

4.

Stay, O ſtay, wouldſt thou live free?
Then ſeek a Nuptiall deſtinie:
'Tis not Natures bliſſe alone,
(She gives) but Heavens and that in one;

What ſhe ſhall, or do, or ſay,
Never from truth ſhall go aſtray.

5.

Stay, O ſtay, let not thine heart
Afflicted be, unleſſe to part
Soone from her. Sport, kiſs and play
Whilſt no howers enrich the day:
And if thou doſt a Cuckold prove,
Impute it to thy want of love.

The Poſtſcript.

Good Women are like Starres in darkeſt night,
Their vertuous actions ſhining as a light
To guide their ignorant ſex, which oft times fall,
And falling oft, turns Diabolicall.
Good Women ſure are Angels on the earth,
Of theſe good Angels we have had a dearth:
And therefore all you men that have good wives,
Reſpect their Vertues equall with your lives.

The Deſcription of Women.

Whoſe head befringed with be-ſcattered treſſes;
Shews like *Apolloes*, when the morn he dreſſes:

Or like *Aurora* when with pearle ſhe ſets,
Her long diſcheveld Roſe-crown'd Trammelets:
Her forehead ſmooth, full, poliſh'd, bright and high,
Bears in it ſelf a gracefull Majeſty;
Under the which, two crawling eye-brows twine
Like to the tendrills of a ſtatt'ring Vine:
Under whoſe ſhade, two ſtarry ſparkling eyes
Are beautifi'd with faire fring'd Canopies.
Her comely noſe with uniformall grace,
Like pureſt white, ſtands in the middle place,
Parting the paire, as we may well ſuppoſe,
Each cheek reſembling ſtill a damask Roſe:
Which like a Garden manifeſtly ſhown,
How Roſes, Lillies, and Carnations grown;
Which ſweetly mixed both with white and red,
Like Roſe-leaves, white and red, ſeem mingled.
Then nature for a ſweet allurement ſets
Two ſmelling, ſwelling, baſhfull Cherry-lets;
The which with Ruby-redneſſe being tip'd,
Do ſpeak a Virgin merry, Cherry-lip'd.
Over the which a neat ſweet skin is drawne,
Which makes them ſhew like Roſes under Lawne.
Theſe be the Ruby-portals and divine,
Which ope themſelves, to ſhew an holy ſhrine,
Whoſe breath is rich perfume, that to the ſenſe
Smells like the burn'd *Sabean* Frankincenſe;
In which the tongue, though but a member ſmall,
Stands guarded with a Roſie-hilly-walk

And

And her white teeth, which in the gums are ſet,
Like Pearl and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.
Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty ſtrive
For his white, plumpe, and ſmooth prerogative.
At whoſe faire top, to pleaſe the ſight there grows
The faireſt image of a bluſhing Roſe;
Mov'd by the chin, whoſe motion cauſeth this,
That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiſs.
Her ears, which like two labyrinths are plac'd
On either ſide, with which rare Jewels grac'd;
Moving a queſtion whether that by them
The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.
But the foundation of the Architect,
Is the Swan-ſtaining, faire, rare, ſtately neck,
VVhich with ambitious humbleneſſe ſtands under,
Bearing aloft this rich-round world of wonder.
Her breaſt a place for beauties throne moſt fit,
Bears up two Globes, where love and pleaſure ſit;
VVhich headed with two rich round Rubies, ſhow
Like wanton Roſe-buds growing out of Snow,
And in the milky valley that's between,
Sits *Cupid* kiſſing of his mother Queen.
Then comes the belly, ſeated next below,
Like a faire mountain in *Riphean* ſnow;
Where Nature in a whiteneſſe without ſpot,
Hath in the middle tide a Gordian knot.
Now Love invites me to ſurvey her thighes,
Swelling in likeneſſe like two Chryſtall skyes:

Which to the knees by nature faſtned on,
Derive their ever well 'greed motion.
Her legs with two clear calves, like ſilver try'd,
Kindly ſwell up with little pretty pride;
Leaving a diſtance for the comely ſmall
To beautifie the leg and foot withall.
Then lowly, yet moſt lovely ſtand the feet,
Round, ſhort and cleer, like pounded Spices ſweet;
And whatſoever thing they tread upon,
They make it ſcent like bruiſed Cinnamon.
The lovely ſhoulders now allure the eye,
To ſee two Tablets of pure Ivorie:
From which two arms like branches ſeem to ſpread
With tender vein'd, and ſilver coloured,
With little hands, and fingers long and ſmall,
To grace a Lute, a Violl, Virginall.
In length each finger doth his next excell,
Each richly headed with a pearly ſhell.
Thus every part in contrariety
Meet in the whole, and make an harmony:
As divers ſtrings do ſingly diſagree,
But form'd by number make ſweet melodie.

Her ſuppoſed Servant, deſcribed.

I would have him if I could,
Noble; or of greater Blood:
Titles, I confeſſe, do take me;
And a woman God did make me,
French too boote, at leaſt in faſhion,
And his manners of that Nation.

Young I'd have him to, and faire,
Yet a man; with criſped haire
Caſt in a thouſand ſnares, and rings
For loves fingers, and his wings:
Cheſtnut colour, or more ſlack
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus, and *Minerva's* eyes
For he muſt look wanton-wiſe.

Eye-brows bent like *Cupids* bow,
Front, an ample field of ſnow;
Even noſe, and cheeke (withall)
Smooth as is the Biliard Ball;
Chin, as wholly as the Peach;
And his lip ſhould kiſſing teach,
Till he cheriſh'd too much beard,
And make love or me afeard.

He ſhould have a hand as ſoft
As the Downe, and ſhew it oft ;
Skin as ſmooth as any ruſh,
And ſo thin to ſee a bluſh
Riſing through it e're it came,
All his blood ſhould be a flame
Quickly fir'd as in beginners
In loves Schoole, and yet no ſinners.

'Twere too long to ſpeak of all
What we harmonie do call
In a body ſhould be there.
Well he ſhould his cloaths to weare ;
Yet no Taylor help to make him
Dreſt, you ſtill for man ſhould take him ;
And not think h'had eate a ſtake,
Or were ſet up in a Brake.

Valiant he ſhould be as fire,
Shewing danger more than ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth ;
And as honeſt as his Birth.
All his actions to be ſuch
As to do nothing too much.
Nor o're praiſe, nor yet condemn :
Nor out-value, nor contemne ;
Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive ;

Nor

Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baſeneſſe to be free,
As he durſt love truth and me.

Such a man with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one, If ſhort he came,
I can reſt me where I am.

Another Ladyes exception.

For his minde, I do not care,
That's a Toy, that I could ſpare;
Let his Title be but great,
His clothes rich, and band ſit neat,
Himſelfe young, and face be good,
All I wiſh tis underſtood.
What you pleaſe, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lye withall.

Abroad with the Maids.

Come ſit we under yonder Tree,
Where merry as the Maids we'l be,
And as on Primroſes we ſit,
We'l venter (if we can) at wit:
If not, at Draw-gloves we will play;
So ſpend ſome Minutes of the day;
Or elſe ſpin out the threed of ſands,
Playing at Queſtions and Commands:

Or

Or tell what ſtrange Tricks love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will ſit and talke ; but tell
No cruell truths of *Philomell*,
Or *Phillis*, whom hard Fate fore't on,
To kill her ſelfe for *Demophon*.
But Fables we'l relate ; how *Jove*
Put on all ſhapes to get a Love ;
As now a Satyr, then a Swan;
A Bull but then ; and now a Man.
Next we will act how young men wooe ;
And ſigh, and kiſſe, as Lovers do,
And talk of Brides ; and who ſhall make
That wedding Smock, this Bridal-Cake ;
That dreſs, this ſprig, that leafe, this vine ;
That ſmooth and ſilken Columbine.
This done, we'l draw lots, who ſhall buy
And guild the Bayes, and Roſemary :
What Poſies, for our wedding Rings ;
What Gloves we'l give and Ribonings :
And ſmiling at our ſelves, decree,
Who then the joyning Prieſt ſhall be.
What ſhort ſweet Prayers ſhall be ſaid,
And how the Poſſet ſhall be made
VVith Cream of Lillies (not of Kine)
And Maidens-bluſh, for ſpiced wine.
Thus having talkt, we'l next commend
A kiſs to each ; and ſo we'l end.

The Shepheards holy day,
Mopſo *and* Marina.

Mop. Come *Marina* let's away,
For both Bride, and Bridegroom ſtay:
Fie for ſhame, are ſwains ſo long
Pinning of their head-geare on?

Prethee

Prethee ſee,
None but we
'Mongſt the Swaines are left unready:
Fie, make haſt,
Bride is paſt,
Follow me, and I will lead thee.

Mar. On, my loving *Mopſus*, on,
I am ready, all is done
From my head unto my foot,
I am fitted each way too't;
Buskins gay,
Gowne of gray,
Beſt that all our Flocks do render;
Hat of Straw,
Platted through,
Cherry lip, and middle ſlender.

Mop. And I think you will not find
Mopſus any whit behind,
For he loves as well to goe,
As moſt part of Shepheards do.
Cap of browne,
Bottle-crowne,
VVith the legge I won at dancing,
And a pumpe,
Fit to jumpe,
VVhen we Shepheards fall a prancing.

And I know there is a ſort,
Will be well provided for't,
For I heare, there will be there,
Liveliest Swaines within the ſhire;
Jetting *Gill*,
Jumping *Will*;
O'r the floore will have their meaſure:
Kit and *Kate*
There will waite,
Tib and *Tom* will take their pleaſure.

Mar. But I fear;
Mop. VVhat doſt thou fear?
Mar. *Crowd* the Fidler is not there:
And my mind delighted is
VVith no ſtroke ſo much as his.
Mop. If not he,
There will be
Drone the Piper that will trounce it.
Mar. But if *Crowd*
Struck alowd,
Lord me thinks how I could bounce it.

Mop. Bounce it *Mall* I hope thou will,
For I know that thou haſt skill;
And I am ſure, thou there ſhalt find
Meaſures ſtore to pleaſe thy mind.

Roun-

Roundelayes.
Iriſh hayes,
Cogs and Rongs, and Peggie Ramſy,
Spaniletto,
The Venetto,
John come kiſſe me, Wilſons fancy.

Mar. But of all there's none ſo ſprightly
To my eare, as *Touch me lightly* ;
For it's this we Shepheards love,
Being that which moſt doth move ;
There, there, there,
To a haire ;
O *Tim Crowd*, methinks I hear thee,
Young nor old,
Ne're could hold,
But muſt leak if they come near thee.

Mop. Bluſh *Marina*, fie for ſhame,
Blemiſh not a Shepheards name ;
Mar. *Mopſus*, why, is't ſuch a matter,
Maids to ſhew their yeelding nature ?
O what then,
Be ye men,
That will hear your ſelves ſo forward,
When you find
Us inclin'd
To your bed and board ſo toward ?

Mop

Mop. True indeed, the fault is ours,
Though we term it oft times yours.
Mar. What would Shepheards have us doe,
But to yeeld when they do woo?
And we yeeld
Them the field,
And endow them with their riches.
Mop. Yet we know
Oft times too,
You'll not ſtick to weare the Breeches.

Mar. Fools they'l deem them, that do hear them
Say their wives are wont to weare them;
For I know, there's none has wit,
Can endure or ſuffer it;
But if they
Have no ſtay,
Nor diſcretion (as 'tis common)
Then they may
Give the ſway,
As is fitting, to the Woman.

Mop. All too long (deare Love) I ween,
Have we ſtood upon this Theame;
Let each Laſſe, as once it was,
Love her Swain, and Swain his Laſſe:
So ſhall we
Honour'd be,

In

In our mating, in our meeting,
VVhile we ſtand
Hand in hand,
Honeſt Swainling, with his Sweeting.

Alvar and Anthea.

Come *Anthea* let us two
Go to Feaſt as others do.
Tarts and Cuſtards, Cream and Cakes,
Are the junkets ſtill at VVakes:
Unto which the Tribes reſort,
VVhere the buſineſſe is the ſport:
Morris-dancers thou ſhalt ſee,
Marian too in Pagentrie:
And a Mimick to deviſe
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and thoſe
Baſe in action as in clothes:
Yet with ſtrutting they will pleaſe
The incurious Villages.
Neer the dying of the day
There will be a Cudgel-play,
VVhere a Coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be ſpoke:
But the anger ends all here,
Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.

Happ

Happy Ruſticks, beſt content
With the cheapeſt Merriment:
And poſſeſſe no other feare,
Then to want the Wake next yeare.

The Wake.

I, and whither ſhall we go?
To the Wake I trow:
'Tis the Village Lord Majors ſhow,
Oh! to meet I will not faile;
For my pallate is in haſt,
Till I ſip again and taſt
Of the Nut-Brown Laſs and Ale.

Feele how my Temples ake
For the Lady of the Wake;
Her lips are as ſoft as a Medlar,
With her Poſies and her points,
And the Ribbons on her joynts,
The Device of the fields and the Pedler.

Enter Maurice-Dancer

With a noyſe and a Din,
Comes the Maurice-Dancer in:
With a fine linnen ſhirt, but a Buckram skin.
Oh! he treads out ſuch a Peale
From his paire of legs of Veale,
The Quarters are Idols to him.
Nor do thoſe Knaves inviron
Their Toes with ſo much Iron,
'Twill ruine a Smith to ſhooe him.
I, and then he flings about,
His ſweat and his clout,
The wiſer think it two Ells:
While the Yeomen find it meet,
That he jingle at his feet,
The Fore-horſes right Eare Jewels.

Ent

Enter Fidler.

But before all be done,
With a Chriſtopher ſtrong,
omes Muſick none, though Fidler one,
While the Owle and his Grandchild,
With a face like a Manchild,
Amaz'd in their Neſt,
Awake from the Reſt,
nd ſeek out an Oake to laugh in.
Such a diſmall chance,
Makes the Church-yard dance,
hen the Screech Owles guts ſtring a Coffin.
When a Fidlers coarſe,
Catches cold and grows hoarſe,
h ye never heard a ſadder,
When a Rattle-headed Cutter,
Makes his will before Supper,
the Tune of the Nooze and the Ladder.

Ent

Enter

Enter the Taberer.

I, but all will not do,
Without a Paſſe or two,
From him that Pipes and Tabers the Tattoo.
He's a man that can tell 'em,
Such a Jigge from his vellam ;
With his Whiſtle and his Club,
And his brac't half Tub,
That I think there ne're came before ye,
Though the Mothes lodged in't,
Or in Manuſcript or Print.
Such a pitifull Parchment Storie.
He that hammers like a Tinker
Kettle Muſick is a ſtinker,
Our Taberer bids him heark it ;
Though he thraſh till he ſweats,
And out the bottome beats
Of his two Doſſer Drummes to the Market.

Enter Bag-piper.

Bag-piper good luck on you,
Th'art a Man for my money;
Him the Bears love better than honey.
How he tickles up his skill,
With his Bladder and his Quill;
How he ſwells till he bliſter,
While he gives his mouth a Gliſter,
Nor yet does his Phyſick grieve him;
His chops they would not tarry,
For a try'd Apothecary,
But the Harper comes in to relieve him.
Whoſe Muſick took its fountain,
From the Bogge or the Mountain,
For better was never afforded.
Strings hoppe and rebound,
On the very ſame ſound
May be ſtruck from a Truckle-bed corded.

Cock-throwing.

Cock a-doodle do, 'tis the braveſt game,
Take a Cock from his Dame,
And bind him to a ſtake,
How he ſtrutts, how he throwes,
How he ſwaggers, how he crowes,
As if the day newly brake.
How his Miſtriſs Cackles,
Thus to find him in ſhackles,
And ty'd to a Pack-thred Garter;
Oh the Bears and the Bulls,
Are but corpulent Gulls
To the valiant Shrove-tide Martyr.

Canto.

Let no Poet Critick in his Ale,
Now tax me for a heedleſſe Tale,
For ere I have done, my honeſt *Ned*,
I'll bring my matter to a head.

The Brazen Head ſpeaks through the Noſe,
More Logick then the Colledge knowes:
Quick-ſilver Heads run over all,
But Dunces Heads keep *Leaden-hall*.

A Quiriſters head is made of aire,
A Head of wax becomes a Player,
So pliant 'tis to any ſhape,
A King, a Clowne, but ſtill an Ape.

A melancholy head it was,
That thought it ſelfe a Venice glaſſe;
But when I ſee a drunken ſot,
Methinks his head's a Chamberpot.

A Poets head is made of Match,
Burnt Sack is apt to make it catch;
Well may he grind his houſhold bread,
That hath a wind-mill in his head.

There is the tongue of ignorance,
That hates the time it cannot dance;
Shew him deare wit in Verſe or Proſe,
In reeks like Brimſtone in his noſe;
But when his Granhams will is read,
O dear (quoth he) and ſhakes his head.
French heads taught ours the graceful ſhake,
They learn'd it in the laſt Earth-quake.

The head gentle makes mouths in ſtate,
At the Mechanick beaver pate.
The empty head of meer Eſquire,
Scornes wit; as born a title higher.

In *Capite* he holds his lands,
His wiſdome in Fee-ſimple ſtands.
Which he may call for, and be ſped,
Out of the Footmans running head.

The Saracens, not Gorgons head,
Can look old ten in th'hundred dead.
But deaths head on his fingers ends,
Affrights him more then twenty fiends;
An *Oxford* Cook that is well read,
Knows how to dreſſe a Criticks head.
Take out the brains, and ſtew the noats,
O rare Calves-head for Pupills throats.

Prometheus would be puzled,
To make a new Projectors head:
He hath ſuch ſubtile turnes and nookes,
Such turn-pegs, mazes, tenter-hooks:
A trap-doore here, and there a vault,
Should you go in, you'ld ſure be caught;
This head, if e'r the headſ-man ſtick,
Hee'll ſpoile the ſubtile politick.

Six heads there are will ne'r be ſeen,
The firſt a Maids paſt twice ſixteen:
The next is of an Unicorne,
Which when I ſee, I'll truſt his horne;
A Beggar's in a beaver; And

A Gyant in a Pigmies hand ;
A Coward in a Ladies lap,
A good man in a Fryers cap.

The Plurall head of multitude,
Will make good hodg-podge when 'tis ſtude ;
Now I have done my honeſt *Ned*,
And brought my matter to a Head.

Interrogativa Cantilena.

If all the World were Paper,
And all the Sea were Inke ;
If all the Trees were bread and cheeſe,
How ſhould we do for drinke ?

If all the World were ſand'o,
Oh then what ſhould we lack'o ;
If as they ſay there were no clay,
How ſhould we take Tobacco ?

If all our veſſels ran'a,
If none but had a crack'a ;
If Spaniſh Apes eat all the Grapes,
How ſhould we do for Sack'a ?

If Fryers had no bald pates,
Nor Nuns had no dark Cloyſters,

If all the Seas were Beans and Peaſe,
How ſhould we do for Oyſters?

If there had been no projects,
Nor none that did great wrongs;
If Fidlers ſhall turne Players all,
How ſhould we doe for ſongs?

If all things were eternall,
And nothing their end bringing;
If this ſhould be, then how ſhould we,
Here make an end of ſinging?

The ſeven Planets.

♄. ♃. ♂. ☉. ♀. ☿. ☾.

SATURNE diſeaſ'd with age, and left for dead;
Chang'd all his gold, to be involv'd in lead.

JOVE, *Juno* leaves, and loves to take his range;
From whom, man learnes to love, and loves to change.

JUNO checks *Jove*, that he to earth ſhould come,
Having her ſelfe to ſport withall at home.

MARS is diſarmed, and is to *Venus* gon,
Where *Vulcans* Anvill muſt be ſtruck upon.

SOL

SOL ſees, yet 'cauſe he may not be allow'd,
To ſay he ſees, he hides him in a cloud.

VENUS tels *Vulcan*, *Mars* ſhall ſhooe her Steed,
For he it is that hits the naile o'th head.

The Aery-nuntius ſly MERCURIUS,
Is ſtoln from Heaven to *Galobelgicus*.

LUNA is deemed chaſt, yet ſhe's a ſinner,
Witneſſe the man that ſhe receives within her:
But that ſhe's horn'd it cannot well be ſed,
Since I ne'r heard that ſhe was married.

The 12. *Signes of the Zodiack.*

♈

Venus to *Mars*, and *Mars* to *Venus* came,
Venus contriv'd, and *Mars* confirm'd the ſame:
Ida, the place, the game what beſt did pleaſe,
Whiles *Vulcan* found the Sunne in ARIES.

♉

TAURUS, as it hath bean alledg'd by ſome,
Is fled from *Neck* and *Throat* to roare at *Rome*.
But now the *Bull* is growne to ſuch a rate,
The Price has brought the *Bull* quite out of date.

♋

CANCER the backward *Crab* is figured here,
O'r ſtomach, breaſt and ribs to domineer.
Eve on a rib was made, whence we may know,
Women from *Eve*, were crab'd and backward too.

♍

VIRGO the Phœnix ſigne (as all can tell ye)
Has regiment o'r bowels, and o'r belly,
But now ſince *Virgo* could not her belly tame,
Belly has forc'd *Virgo* to loſe her name.

♏

SCORPIO Serpent-like, moſt ſlily tenders,
What much ſeduceth men, his privie members:
Which mov'd our Grandam *Eve* give ear unto
That ſecret-member-patron *Scorpio*.

♑

The goatiſh CAPRICORNE that us'd to preſſe
'Mongſt naked Mermaidens, now's faln on's knees,
Where creſt-faln too (poor Snake) he lies as low,
As thoſe on whom he did his horns beſtow.

♊

With arme in arme our GEMINI enwreath,
Their individuate parts in life and death:

The arms and ſhoulders ſway, O may I have
But two ſuch friends to have me to my grave.

♌

LEO a Port-like Prelate now become,
Imperiouſly retires to th'Sea of *Rome*:
A Sea, and yet no Levant-ſea, for than
He were no *Leo*, but *Leviathan*.

♎

LIBRA the reines, which we may juſtly call
A ſigne which Tradeſmen hate the worſt of all:
For ſhe implies even weights, but do not look
To find this ſigne in every Grocers-book.

♐

If thou wouldſt pleaſe the laſſe that thou doſt marry,
The ſign muſt ever be in SAGITTARY:
Which rules the thighs, an influence more common,
Mongſt Marmoſites and Monkies then ſome women.

♒

AQUARIUS (as I informed am)
Kept *Puddle Wharfe*, and was a Waterman,
But being one too honeſt for that kind,
He *row'd* to Heaven, and left thoſe knaves behind.

PISCIS

♓

PISCIS the fiſh is ſaid to rule the feet,
And Socks with all that keep the feet from ſweat;
One that purveyes proviſion enough,
Of *Ling*, *Poore-John*, and other Lenten ſtuffe.

A Hymne to Bacchus.

I ſing thy praiſe *Bacchus*,
Who with thy *Thyrſe* doſt thwack us:
And yet thou ſo doſt back us.

With boldneſſe that we feare
No *Brutus* entring here;
Nor *Cato* the ſevere.

What though the *Lictors* threat us,
We know they dare not beat us;
So long as thou doſt heat us.

When we thy *Orgies* ſing,
Each Cobler is a King;
Nor dreads he any thing.

And though he doth not rave,
Yet he'l the courage have

To call my Lord Major knave;
Beſides too, in a brave.

Although he has no riches,
But walks with dangling breeches,
And skirts that want their ſtitches;
And ſhews his naked flitches;

Yet he'l be thought or ſeen;
So good as *George-a-green*;
And calls his Blouze, his Queene,
And ſpeaks in a Language keene.

O *Bacchus!* let us be
From cares and troubles free;
And thou ſhalt hear how we
Will chant new Hymnes to thee.

The Welſh mans praiſe of Wales.

I's not come here to tauke of *Prut*,
From whence the *Welſe* does take hur root;
Nor tell long Pedegree of Prince *Camber*,
Whoſe limage would fill full a Chamber,

or ſing the deeds of old Saint *Davie*,
he Urſip of which would fill a Navie.
t hark you me now, for a liddel tales
ll make a gread deal to the creddit of *Wales*.
For hur will tudge your eares,
With the praiſe of hur thirteen Seers;
And make you as clad and merry,
As fourteen pot of Perry.

is true, was weare him Sherkin frieze,
t what is that? we have ſtore of ſeize;
d Got is plenty of Coats milk
hat ſell him well, will buy him ſilk
ough, to make him fine to quarrell
t *Herford* Sizes in new apparell;
d get him as much green Melmet perhap,
ll give it a face to his Momouth Cap.
But then the ore of *Lemſter*,
Py Cot is uver a Sempſter;
That when he is ſpun, or did
Yet match him with hir thrid.

ull this the backs now, let us tell ye,
f ſome proviſions for the belly:
s Cid and Goat, and great Goats Mother,
nd Runt, and Cow, and good Cows uther.
nd once but taſt on the Welſe Mutton;
Nor our *Engliſ* Seeps not worth a button.

And then for your Fiſs, ſall ſhooſe it your diſs,
Look but about, and there is a Trout.
A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,
VVill feed you ſix or ſeven;
As taull man as ever ſwagger
VVith *Welſe* Club, and long Dagger.

But all this while, was never think
A word in praiſe of our *Welſe* drink:
Yet for aull that, is a cup of *Bragat*,
Aull *England* Seer may caſt his Cap at.
And what you ſay to Ale of *Webley*,
Toudge him as well, you'll praiſe him trebly,
As well as *Metheglin*, or *Syder*, or *Meath*,
S'all ſake it your dagger quite out o'the ſeath.
And Oate-cake of *Guarthenion*,
VVith a goodly Leek or Onion,
To give as ſweet a reliſh
As e'r did Harper *Ellis*.

And yet is nothing now all this,
If of our Muſicks we do miſs;
Both Harpes, and Pipes too, and the Crowd,
Muſt aull come in, and rauk alowd,
As lowd as *Bangu*, *Davies* Bell,
Of which is no doubt you have here tell:
As well as our lowder *Wrexam* Organ,
And rumbling Rocks in the Seer of *Glamorgan*,

VVhere

VVhere look but in the ground there,
And you ſall ſee a ſound there;
That put her all to gedder,
Is ſweet as meaſure pedder.

Hur in Love.

A modeſt Shentle when hur ſee
The great laugh hur made on me,
And fine wink that hur ſend
To hur come to ſee hur friend:
Hur coud not ſtroſe py Got apove,
Put was entangle in hur love.
A hundred a time hur was about
To ſpeak to hur, and have hur out,
Put hur being a *Welſhman* porne,
And therefore was think, hur woud hur ſcorne:
VVas fear hur think, nothing petter,
Then cram hur love into a Letter;
Hoping he will no ceptions take
Unto hur love, for Country ſake:
For ſay hur be *Welſhman*, whad ten?
Py Got they all be Shentlemen,
VVas decend from *Shoves* nown line,
Par humane, and par divine;
And from *Venus*, that fair Goddeſs,
And twenty other Shentle poddys:

Hector ſtout, and comely *Parris*,
Arthur, *Prute*, and King of *Fayris*,
Was hur nown Coſins all a kin
We have the *Powels* iſſue in:
And for ought that hur con ſee,
As goot men, as other men pee:
But whot of that? Love is a knave,
Was make hur do whot he woud have;
Was compell hur write the Rime,
That ne'r was writ before the time.
And if he will nod pity hur paine,
As Got ſhudge hur ſoul, ſall ne'r write again:
For love is like an Ague-fit,
Was brin poore *Welſeman* out on hur wit:
Till by hur onſwer hur do know
Whother hur do love hur, ai or no.
Hur has not bin in *England* lung,
And conna ſpeak the Englis tongue:
Put hur is hur friend, and ſo hur will prove,
Pray a ſend hur word, if hur con love.

Of Melancholy.

When I go muſing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-known,
When I build Caſtles in the aire,
Void of ſorrow and voide of feare,

Pleaſing my ſelf with phantaſmes ſweet,
Me thinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joyes to this are folly,
Naught ſo ſweet as Melancholy.

When I lie waking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyranniſe,
Fear and ſorrow me ſurpriſe,
Whether I tarry ſtill or go,
Me thinks the time moves very ſlow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught ſo ſad as Melancholy.

When to my ſelf I act and ſmile,
With pleaſing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook ſide or wood ſo green,
Unheard, unſought for, or unſeen,
A thouſand pleaſures do me bleſſe,
And crown my ſoul with happineſſe.
All my joyes beſides are folly,
None ſo ſweet as Melancholy.

When I lye, ſit, or walk alone,
I ſigh, I grieve, making great moane,
In a dark grove, or irkeſome denne,
With diſcontents and Furies then,
A thouſand miſeries at once,

Mine heavy heart and ſoul enſconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None ſo ſoure as Melancholy.

Me thinks I hear, me thinks I ſee,
Sweet muſick, wondrous melodie,
Townes, places and Cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine,
Rare Beauties, gallant Ladies ſhine,
What e're is lovely or divine.
All other joyes to this are folly,
None ſo ſweet as Melancholy.

Me thinks I hear, me thinks I ſee
Ghoſts, goblins, feinds, my phantaſie
Preſents a thouſand ugly ſhapes,
Headleſſe beares, black-men and apes,
Dolefull outcries, and fearefull ſights,
My ſad and diſmall ſoule affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None ſo damn'd as Melancholy.

Me thinks I court, me thinks I kiſſe,
Me thinks I now embrace my Miſtriſs.
O bleſſed dayes, O ſweet content,
In Paradiſe my time is ſpent.
Such thoughts may ſtill my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love.

All my joyes to this are folly,
Naught ſo ſweet as Melancholy.

When I recount loves many frights,
My ſighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits; O mine hard fate,
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is ſo bad as love,
So bitter to my ſoul can prove.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught ſo harſh as Melancholy.

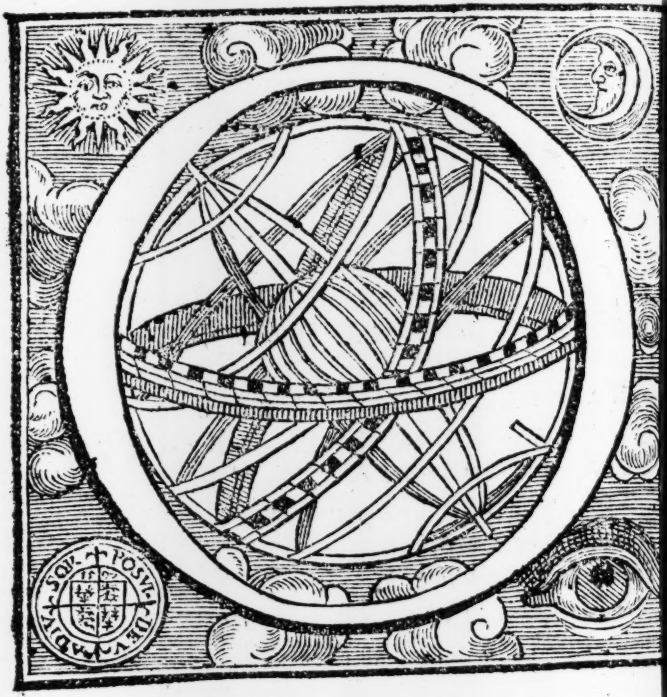
Friends and Companions get you gone,
'Tis my deſire to be alone,
Ne're well but when my thoughts and I,
Do domineer in privacie.
No Gemme, no treaſure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my Crown, my bliſſe.
All my joyes to this are folly,
Naught ſo ſweet as Melancholy.

'Tis my ſole plague to be alone,
I am a beaſt, a monſter growne,
I will no light nor company,
I find it now my miſery,
The ſcene is turn'd, my joyes are gone,
Feare, diſcontent, and ſorrows come.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught ſo fierce as Melancholy.

I'le not change life with any King,
I raviſht am: can the world bring
More joy, then ſtill to laugh and ſmile,
In pleaſant toyes time to Beguile?
Do not, O do not trouble me,
So ſweet content I feel and ſee.
All my joyes to this are folly,
None ſo divine as Melancholy.

Il'e change my ſtate with any wretch,
Thou canſt from goal or dunghill fetch:
My paines paſt cure, another Hell,
I may not in this torment dwell,
Now deſperate I hate my life,
Lend me an halter or a knife.
All my griefes to this are jolly,
Naught ſo dam'd as Melancholy.



On the Letter ○.

Runne round my lines, whilſt I as roundly ſhow
The birth, the worth, the extent of my round ○.
That ○ which in the indigeſted Maſs
Did frame it ſelfe, when nothing framed was.

t when the worlds great maſſe it ſelfe did ſhow,
largeneſſe, faireneſſe, roundneſſe, a great ○ .
he Heavens, the Element, a box of ○'s,
Where ſtill the greater doth the leſſe incloſe.
he imaginary center in ○'s made,
hat ſpeck which in the world doth ſtand or fade.
he Zodiack, Colours, and Equator line,
n Tropique and Meridian ○ did ſhine,
The lines of bredth, and lines of longitude,
Climate from Climate, doth by ○ ſeclude.
And in the Starry ſpangled sky the ○
Makes us the day from night diſtinctly know.
And by his motion, round as in a ring,
Light to himſelfe, light to each ○ doth bring:
In each dayes journey, in his circle round,
The framing of an ○ by ſenſe is found.
The Moon hath to the ○'s frame, moſt affection;
But the Sunne's envy grudgeth ſuch perfection.
Yet *Dian* hath each moneth, and every yeare,
Learned an ○ 's frame in her front to beare.
And to requite *Sol's* envie with the like,
With oft Eclipſes at his ○ doth ſtrike.
In our inferiour bodies there doth grow
Matter enough to ſhew the worth of ○ .
Our brains and heart, either in ○ doth lye,
So that the neſt of ○ 's the ſparkling eye.
The ribs in meeting, faſhion an ○ 's frame,
The mouth and eare, the noſtrills beare the ſame.

The

The Latins honouring the chiefeſt parts,
Gloryed to make our O the heart of hearts;
Fronting it with three words of deepeſt ſenſe,
Order, Opinion, and Obedience.
Oft have I ſeen a reverend dimmed eye,
By the help of O to read moſt legibly.
Each drop of rain that fals, each flower that grows
Each coyne that's currant doth reſemble O's.
Into the water, if a ſtone we throw,
Marke how each circle joyns to make an O.
Cut but an Orange, you ſhall eaſily find,
Yellow with white, and watery O's combind,
O doth preſerve a trembling Conjurer,
Who from his circle O doth never ſtirre.
O from a full throat Cryer, if it come,
Strikes the tumultuous roaring people dumbe,
The thundering Cannon from this dreadfull O,
Ruine to walls, and death to men doth throw.
O utters woes, O doth expreſſe our joyes,
O wonders ſhews, O riches, or O toyes.
And O ye women which do faſhions fall,
O ruffe, O gorget, and O farthingall,
And O ye ſpangles, O ye golden O's
That art upon the rich embroydered throws.
Think not we mock, though our diſpleaſing pen
Sometime doth write, you bring an O to men.
'Tis no diſparagement to you ye know,
Since *Ops* the Gods great Grandame bears an O;

Your

Your ſexes glory (Fortune) though ſhe reel,
Never conſtant to her ○, her wheele,
And you Carroches through the ſtreet that glide,
By art of foure great ○'s do help you ride.
When Tables full, and Cups do overflow,
Is not each cup, each ſalt, each diſh an ○?
What is't that dreadfull makes a Princes frown,
Or that his head bears golden ○ the Crowne?
Unhappy then th'Arithmetician, and
He that makes ○ a barren Cipher ſtand.
Let him know this, that we know in his place,
That ○ addes number, with a figures grace;
And that ○ which for a Cipher he doth take,
One daſh may eaſily a thouſand make.
But ○ enough, I have done my Reader wrong,
Mine ○ was round, and I have made it long.

Pure Nonſence.

When *Neptune's* blaſts, and *Boreas* blazing ſtorms,
When *Tritons* pitchfork cut off *Vulcans* horns,
When *Eolus* boyſt'rous Sun-beams grew ſo dark,
That *Mars* in Moon-ſhine could not hit the mark:
Then did I ſee the gloomy day of *Troy*,
When poor *Æneas* legleſſe ran away:
Who took the torrid Ocean in his hand,
And ſailed to them all the way by land:
An horrid ſight to ſee *Achilles* fall,
He brake his neck, yet had no hurt at all.

But

But being dead, and almoſt in a trance,
He threatned forty thouſand with his lance.
Indeed 'twas like ſuch ſtrange ſights then were ſeen
An ugly, rough, black Monſter all in green.
That all about the white, blew, round, ſquare sky,
The fixed Starrs hung by Geometry.
Juno amazed, and *Jove* ſurpriz'd with wonder,
Caus'd heaven to ſhake, and made the mountains
Which caus'd *Æneas* once again retire, (thunder
Drown'd *Ætna's* hill, and burnt the Sea with fire.
Nilus for feare to ſee the Ocean burn,
Went ſtill on forward in a quick return.
Then was that broyl of *Agamemnon's* done,
VVhen trembling *Ajax* to the battell come,
He ſtruck ſtark dead (they now are living ſtill)
Five hundred muſhrooms with his martial bill.
Nor had himſelfe eſcaped, as ſome men ſay,
If he being dead, he had not run away.
O monſtrous, hideous troops of Dromidaries,
How Bears and Buls from Monks and Goblins varies
Nay would not *Charon* yeeld to *Cerberus*,
But catch'd the Dog, and cut his head off thus:
Pluto rag'd, and *Juno* pleas'd with ire,
Sought all about, but could not find the fire:
But being found, well pleas'd, and in a ſpight
They ſlept at *Acharon*, and wakt all night:
VVhere I let paſſe to tell their mad bravadoes,
Their meat was roſted cheeſe and carbonadoes.

Thou

Thouſands of Monſters more beſides there be
VVhich I faſt hoodwink'd, at that time did ſee;
And in a word to ſhut up this diſcourſe,
A Rugd-gowns ribs are good to ſpur a horſe.

A meſſe of Non-ſenſe.

Like to the tone of unſpoke ſpeeches,
Or like a Lobſter clad in logick breeches,
Or like the gray freeze of a crimſon cat,
Or like a Moon-calfe in a ſlipſhooe-hat,
Or like a ſhadow when the Sunne is gon,
Or like a thought that ne'r was thought upon:
Even ſuch is man, who never was begotten,
Untill his children were both dead and rotten.

Like to the fiery touchſtone of a cabbage,
Or like a Crablouſe with his bag and baggage,
Or like th'abortive iſſue of a Fizle,
Or the bag-pudding of a plow-mans whiſtle,
Or like the fourſquare circle of a Ring,
Or like the ſinging of Hey down a ding;
Even ſuch is man, who breathles, without doubt,
Spake to ſmall purpoſe when his tongue was out.

Like to the green freſh fading Roſe,
Or like to rime or verſe that runs in proſe,
Or like the Humbles of a Tinder-box,

Or

Or like a man that's ſound, yet hath the Pox,
Or like a Hob-naile coyn'd in ſingle pence,
Or like the preſent preterperfect tenſe:
Even ſuch is man who dy'd, and then did laugh
To ſee ſuch ſtrong lines writ on's Epitaph.

An Encomium.

I ſing the praiſes of a Fart;
That I may do't by rules of Art,
I will invoke no Deity
But Butter'd Peaſe and Furmity,
And think their help ſufficient
To fit and furniſh my intent.
For ſure I muſt not uſe high ſtraines
For fear it bluſter out in graines:
When *Virgils* Gnat, and *Ovids* Flea,
And *Homers* Frogs ſtrive for the day;
There is no reaſon in my mind,
That a brave Fart ſhould come behind;
Since that you may it parallell
With any thing that doth excell:
Muſick is but a Fart that's ſent
From the guts of an inſtrument:
The Scholler but farts, when he gains
Learning with cracking of his brains.
And when he has ſpent much pain and toile,
Thomas and *Dun* to reconcile;

And

And to learn the abſtracting Art,
What does he get by't? not a fart.
The Souldier makes his foes to run
With but the farting of a Gun;
That's if he make the bullet whiſtle,
Elſe 'tis no better then a Fizle:
And if withall the wind do ſtir up
Rain, 'tis but a Fart in Syrrup.
They are but Farts, the words we ſay,
Words are but wind, and ſo are they.
Applauſe is but a Fart, the crude
Blaſt of the fickle multitude.
Five boats that lye the *Thames* about,
Be but farts ſeverall Docks let out.
Some of our projects were, I think,
But politick farts, foh how they ſtink!
As ſoon as born, they by and by,
Fart-like but only breath, and dy.
Farts are as good as Land, for both
We hold in taile, and let them both:
Onely the difference here is, that
Farts are let at a lower rate.
I'll ſay no more, for this is right,
That for my Guts I cannot write,
Though I ſhould ſtudy all my dayes,
Rimes that are worth the thing I praiſe,
What I have ſaid, take in good part,
If not, I do not care a fart.

The Drunken Humors.

One here is bent to quarrell, and he will
(If not prevented) this his fellow kill :

He ſumes, and frets, and rages ; in whoſe face
Nothing but death and horror taketh place.
But being parted, 'tother odd jugg, or two,
Makes them all friends again with ſmall adoe.

Another he makes deaf your ears to heare
The vain tautologies he doth declare ;
That, had you as many ears as *Argus* eyes ;
He'd make them weary all with tales, and lyes :
And at the period of each idle fable,
He gives the on-ſet to out-laugh the Table.

One he ſits drinking healths to ſuch a friend,
Then to his Miſtriſs he a health doth ſend :
This publick Captains health he next doth mean,
And then in private to ſome naſty Quean ;
Nothing but healths of love is his pretence,
Till he himſelf hath loſt both health and ſenſe.

To make the number up amongſt the crew,
Another being o're-fill'd, begins to ſpue
Worſe then the brutiſh beaſt ; (O fy upon it !)
It is a qualme forſooth doth cauſe him vomit.
So that his ſtomack being over-preſt,
He muſt diſgorge it, e're he can have reſt.

Here ſits one ſtraining of his drunken throat
Beyond all reaſon, yet far ſhort of note :

Singing is his delight, then hoops and hallows,
Making a Garboyle worſe then *Vulcans* bellows.
Now for a Counter-tenor he takes place,
But ſtraining that too high, falls to a baſe.
Then ſcrews his mouth an inch beyond his forme,
To treble it, juſt like a Gelders-horne:
He's all for ſinging, and he hates to chide,
Till blithfull *Bacchus* cauſe his tongue be tide.

One like an Ape ſhews many tricks and toys,
To leap, and dance, and ſing with ruefull noiſe;
O're the foorme skips, then croſſe-legd ſits
Upon the Table, in his apiſh fits.
From houſe to houſe he rambles in ſuch ſort,
That no Baboon could make you better ſport:
He pincheth one, another with his wand
He thruſts, or ſtriketh, or elſe with his hand:
Piſſes the room, and as he ſleeping lyes,
Waters his Couch (not with repenting eyes.)

A ſeaventh, he ſits mute, as if his tongue
Had never learn'd no other word but mum;
And with his mouth he maketh mops and mews,
Juſt like an Ape his face in form he ſcrews:
Then nods with hum, and hah; but not one word,
His tongue-tide fooliſh ſilence can afford.
To note his geſture, and his ſnorting after,
'Twould make a Horſe break all his girts with
(laughter.

But

But queſtionleſſe he'd ſpeak more were he able,
Which you ſhall hear, having well ſlept at table.

Sir reverence, your ſtomacks do prepare
Againſt ſome word, or deed, ill-ſcent doth beare.
So this moſt ſorded beaſt being drunk, doth miſſe
The Chamber-pot, and in his hoſe doth piſſe.
Nay, ſmell but near him, you perhaps may find,
Not onely piſs'd before, but — behind ;
Each company loaths him, holding of their noſe,
Scorning, and pointing at his filthy hoſe :
As no condition of a Drunkard's good,
So this ſmels worſt of all the loathſome brood.

The Poſt of the Signe.

Though it may ſeem rude
For me to intrude,
With theſe my Bears by chance-a;
'Twere ſport for a King,
If they could ſing
As well as they can dance-a.

Then

Then to put you out
Of fear or doubt,
He came from St. *Katherine*-a.
Theſe dancing three,
By the help of me,
Who am the poſt of the Signe-a.

We ſell good ware,
And we need not care,
Though Court and Countrey knew it;
Our Ale's o'th beſt:
And each good gueſt
Prayes for their ſouls that brew it.

For any Alehouſe,
We care not a Louſe,
Nor Tavern in all the Town-a;
Nor the Vintry Cranes,
Nor St. *Clement Danes*,
Nor the *Devill* can put us down-a.

Who has once there been,
Comes hither agen,
The liquor is ſo mighty.
Beer ſtrong and ſtale,
And ſo is our Ale;
And it burns like Aqua-vitæ.

To a ſtranger there,
If any appeare,
Where never before he has bin;
We ſhew th'Iron gate,
The wheele of St. *Kate*,
And the place where they firſt fell in.

The wives of *Wapping*,
They trudge to our tapping,
And ſtill our Ale deſire;
And there ſit and drink,
Till they ſpue and ſtink,
And often piſſe out the fire.

From morning to night,
And about to day-light,
They ſit and never grudge it;
Till the Fiſh-wives joyne
Their ſingle coyne,
And the Tinker pawns his budget.

If their brains be not well,
Or bladders do ſwell,
To eaſe them of their burden;
My Lady will come
With a bowl and a broom,
And their handmaid with a Jourden.

From Court we invite,
Lord, Lady, and Knight,
Squire, Gentleman, Yeoman, and Groom,
And all our ſtiffe drinkers,
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the Beggers ſhall give ye room.

If you give not credit,
Then take you the verdict,
Of a gueſt that came from St. *Hallows*;
And you then will ſweare,
The Man has been there,
By his ſtory now that follows.

A Ballade.

A Diſcourſe between two Countrey-men.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen;
Oh things beyond compare!

Such

Such ſights again cannot be found
In any place on Engliſh ground,
Be it at Wake or Faire.

At *Charing-Croſſe*, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ſt) do ſell our Hay,
There is a Houſe with ſtairs;
And there did I ſee coming down
Such volk as are not in our Town,
Vortie at leaſt in pairs.

Amongſt the reſt, on peſt'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though then thine)
Walkt on before the reſt:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bleſſe him) 'twould undo him
Should he go ſtill ſo dreſt.

At Courſe-a-Park, without all doubt,
He ſhould have firſt been taken out
By all the maids i'th Town:
Though luſty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The Parſon for him ſtaid;

Yet

Yet by his leave (for all his haſt)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For ſuch a Maid no Widſon-Ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Nor half ſo full of juice.

Her finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It lookt like the great Collar (juſt)
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But *Dick* ſhe dances ſuch a way!
No Sun upon an Eaſter day
Is half ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſt her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was ſo nice
She would not do't in ſight,

And then ſhe lookt as who would ſay
I will do what I liſt to day;
And you ſhall do't at night.

Her cheeks ſo rare a white was on,
No Dazy make compariſon
(Who ſees them is undone)
For ſtreaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine Peare,
The ſide that's next the Sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to heat was next her chin;
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly)
But (*Dick*) her eyes ſo guard her face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Then on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſwear her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get,
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin
The Parſon himſelf had guilty bin,
(She lookt that day ſo purely)

And did the youth ſo oft the feat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him ſurely.

Paſſion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) beſides the Bride.
The buſineſſe of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Juſt in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
His ſummons did obey,
Each Serving-man with diſh in hand,
Marcht boldly up like our Train'd band,
Preſented and away.

When all the meat was on the Table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very reaſon was
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace,
The company was ſeated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carrouſe;
Healths firſt go round, and then the houſe,
The brides came thick and thick;

And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth ;
(And who could help it *Dick*)

O'th ſudain up they riſe and dance ;
Then ſit again, and ſigh, and glance :
Then dance again and kiſſe :
Thus ſev'rall wayes the time did paſſe,
Whil'ſt every woman wiſht her place,
And every man wiſht his.

By this time all were ſtoln aſide,
To councell and undreſſe the Bride ;
But that he muſt not know :
But 'twas thought he gueſt her mind,
And did not mean to ſtay behind
Above an houre or ſo.

When in he came (*Dick*) there ſhe lay
Like new-faln ſnow melting away,
('Twas time I trow to part)
Kiſſes were now the onely ſtay;
Which ſoon ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
God B'w'y' ! with all my heart.

But juſt as Heavens would have to croſſe it,
In came the Bride-maids with the Poſſet :
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight ;

For had he left the women to't
It would have coſt two houres to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,
All that they had not done, they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I beleeve it was no more
Then thou and I have done before
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

The Good Fellow.

When ſhall we meet again to have a taſt
Of that tranſcendent Ale we drank of laſt?
What wild ingredient did the woman choſe
To make her drink withall? it made me loſe
My wit, before I quencht my thirſt; there came
Such whimſies in my brain, and ſuch a flame
Of fiery drunkenneſſe had ſing'd my noſe,
My beard ſhrunk in for fear; there were of thoſe
That took me for a Comet, ſome afar
Diſtant remote, thought me a blazing ſtar;
The earth me thought, juſt as it was, it went
Round in a wheeling courſe of merriment.
My head was ever drooping, and my noſe
Offering to be a ſuiter to my toes.

My pock-hole face, they ſay, appear'd to ſome,
Juſt like a dry and burning Honey-comb:
My tongue did ſwim in Ale, and joy'd to boaſt
It ſelf a greater Sea-man than the toaſt.
My mouth was grown awry, as if it were
Lab'ring to reach the whiſper in mine eare,
My guts were mines of ſulphur, and my ſet
Of parched teeth, ſtruck fire as they met.
Nay, when I piſt, my Urine was ſo hot,
It burnt a hole quite through the chamber-pot:
Each Brewer that I met, I kiſs'd, and made
Suit to be bound apprentice to the Trade:
One did approve the motion, when he ſaw,
That my own legs could my Indentures draw.
Well Sir, I grew ſtark mad, as you may ſee
By this adventure upon Poetry.
You eaſily may gueſſe, I am not quite
Grown ſober yet, by theſe weak lines I write:
Onely I do't for this, to let you ſee,
Whos'ere paid for the Ale, I'm ſur't paid me.

Canto, *In the praiſe of Sack.*

Liſten all I pray,
To the words I have to ſay,
In memory ſure inſertum:
Rich wines do us raiſe
To the honour of Bayes,
Quem non fecere deſertum?

Of all the juice,
Which the Gods produce,
Sack ſhall be preferr'd before them;
'Tis Sack that ſhall
Create us all,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all Ale,
And Beer that is ſtale,
Roſa-ſolis, and damnable hum:
But we will rack
In the praiſe of Sack,
'Gainſt *Omne quod exit in um.*

This is the wine,
Which in former time,
Each wiſe one of the Magi
Was wont to carouſe
In a frolick blouſe.
Recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

Let the hope be their bane,
And a rope be their ſhame,
Let the gout and collick pine um,
That offer to ſhrink,
In taking their drink,
Seu Græcum, ſive Latinum.

Let the glass go round,
Let the quart-pot sound;
Let each one do as he's done to:
Avaunt ye that hugge
The abominable Jugge,
Mongst us *Heteroclita sunto.*

There's no such disease,
As he that doth please
His palate with Beer for to shame us:
'Tis Sack makes us sing,
Hey down a down ding,
Musa paulo majora canamus.

He is either mute,
Or doth poorly dispute,
That drinks ought else but wine O;
The more wine a man drinks,
Like a subtile Sphinx
Tantum valet ille loquendo.

'Tis true, our souls,
By the lowsie bowles
Beer that doth naught but swill us,
Do go into swine,
(*Pythagoras* 'tis thine)
Nam vos mutastis & illas.

When I've Sack in my brain,
I'm in a merry vain,
And this to me a bliſſe is:
Him that is wiſe,
I can juſtly deſpiſe:
Mecum confertur Ulyſſes?

How it chears the brains,
How it warms the veins,
How againſt all croſſes it arms us!
How it makes him that's poor,
Couragiouſly roar,
Et mutatus dicere formas.

Give me the boy,
My delight and my joy,
To my *tantum* that drinks his *tale*:
By Sack he that waxes
In our Syntaxes.
Eſt verbum perſonale.

Art thou weak or lame,
Or thy wits to blame?
Call for Sack, and thou ſhalt have it.
'Twill make thee riſe,
And be very wiſe,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolick rounds,
We have merry go downs,
et nothing is done at randome,
For when we are to pay,
We club and away,
leſt commune notandum.

The blades that want caſh,
Have credit for craſh,
hey'll have Sack what ever it coſt um,
They do not pay,
Till another day,
lanet alta mente repoſtum.

Who ne'r failes to drink,
All clear from the brink,
ith a ſmooth and even ſwallow,
I'll offer at his ſhrine,
And call it divine,
t erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks ſtill,
And never hath his fill,
ath a paſſage like a Conduit,
The Sack doth inſpire,
In rapture and fire,
c æther æthera fundit.

When you merrily quaffe,
If any do off,
And then from you needs will paſſe thee,
Give their noſe a twitch,
And kick them in the britch,
Non componuntur ab aſſe.

I have told you plain,
And tell you again,
Be he furious as *Orlando*,
He is an aſſe,
That from hence doth paſſe,
Niſi bibit ad oſtia ſtando.

The vertue of Sack.

Fetch me *Ben Johnſons* skull, and fill't with Sack,
Rich as the ſame he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly ſiſters pledg'd, and did agree,
It was no ſin to be as drunk as he:
If there be any weakneſſe in the wine,
There's vertue in the cup to mak't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale does taſt too much
Of earth, the Malt retains a ſcurvy touch
Of the dull hand that ſows it; and I fear
There's hereſie in Hops; give Block-heads Beer,
And ſilly *Ignoramus*, ſuch as think
There's Powder-treaſon in all *Spaniſh* drink,

Ca

Call Sack an Idoll; we will kiſſe the Cup,
For fear the Conventicle be blown up
With ſuperſtition; away with the brew-houſe alms,
Whoſe beſt mirth is ſix ſhillings Beer and qualms.
Let me rejoyce in ſprightly Sack, that can
Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary! it's thou that doſt inſpire,
And actuate the ſoul with heavenly fire.
Thou that ſublim'ſt the Genius-making wit,
Scorn earth, and ſuch as love, or live by it.
Thou mak'ſt us Lords of Regions large and faire,
VVhilſt our conceits build Caſtles in the aire:
Since fire, earth, aire, thus thy inferiours be,
Henceforth I'll know no element but thee:
Thou precious *Elixar* of all Grapes,
VVelcome by thee our Muſe begins her ſcapes,
Such is the worth of Sack; I am (me thinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks,
And do eſteem my venerable ſelfe
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelfe
VVere ſure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to ſpend it; I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk;
And change the Gold for Sack to keep me drunk;
And ſo by conſequence till rich *Spaines* wine
Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine
And when my brains are once afoot (heaven bleſs (us!)
I think my ſelf a better man than *Craſus*.

And now I do conceit my ſelfe a Judge,
And coughing laugh to ſee my Clients trudge
After my Lordſhips Coach unto the Hall
For Juſtice, and am full of Law withall,
And do become the Bench as well as he
That fled long ſince for want of honeſty;
But I'll be judge no longer, though in jeſt,
For fear I ſhould be talkt with like the reſt,
When I am ſober; who can chuſe but think
Me wiſe, that am ſo wary in my drink?
Oh admirable Sack! here's dainty ſport,
I am come back from *Weſtminſter* to Court;
And am grown young again; my Phiſick now
Hath left me, and my Judges graven brow
Is ſmooth'd; and I turn'd amo-ous as *May*,
When ſhe invites young lovers forth to play
Upon her flowry boſome: I could win
A Veſtall now, or tempt a Queen to ſin.
Oh for a ſcore of Queens! you'd laugh to ſee,
How they would ſtrive which firſt ſhould raviſh me:
Three Goddeſſes were nothing: Sack has tipt
My tongue with charms like thoſe which *Paris* ſipt
From *Venus*, when ſhe taught him how to kiſſe
Faire *Helen*, and invite a fairer bliſſe:
Mine is *Canary Rhetorick*, that alone
VVould turn *Diana* to a burning ſtone.
Stone with amazement, burning with loves fire;
Hard to the touch, but ſhort in her deſire.

Ineſti-

Ineſtimable Sack! thou mak'ſt us rich,
Wiſe, amorous, any thing; I have an itch
To t'other cup, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrell for thy ſake.
If I be once inflam'd againſt thy foes (proſe.
That would preach down thy worth in ſmall-beer
I ſhall do miracles as bad, or worſe,
As he that gave the King an hundred Horſe:
T'other odd Cup, and I ſhall be prepar'd
To ſnatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from *Jove* upon their backs
That are, or *Charls* his enemies, or Sacks;
Let it be full, if I do chance to ſpill
Over my Standiſh by the way, I will
Dipping in this diviner Ink, my pen,
Write my ſelf ſober, and fall to't agen.

The Anſwer of Ale *to the Challenge of* Sack.

COme, all you brave wights,
That are dubbed Ale-knights
Now ſet out your ſelves in fight:
And let them that crack
In the praiſes of Sack,
Know *Malt* is of mickle might.
Though Sack they define
To holy divine,

Yet

Yet it is but natural liquor :
Ale hath for its part
An addition of art,
To make it drink thinner or thicker.
Sacks fiery fume
Doth waſt and conſume
Mens *humidum radicale* ;
It ſcaldeth their livers,
It breeds burning feavers,
Proves *vinum venenum reale.*
But Hiſtory gathers,
From aged fore-fathers,
That Ale's the true liquor of life :
Men liv'd long in health,
And preſerv'd their wealth,
Whilſt Barley-broth onely was rife.
Sack quickly aſcends,
And ſuddenly ends.
What company came for at firſt :
And that which yet worſe is,
It empties mens purſes
Before it half quencheth their thirſt.
Ale is not ſo coſtly,
Although that the moſt lye
Too long by the oyle of Barley,
Yet may they part la e
At a reaſonable rate,
Though they came in the morning early.

Sack

Sack makes men from words
Fall to drawing of ſwords,
And quarrelling endeth their quaffing;
Whilſt dagger-ale barrels
Bear off many quarrels,
And often turn chiding to laughing.
Sack's drink for our Maſters:
All may be Ale-taſters.
Good things the more common the better.
Sack's but ſingle broth:
Ale's meat, drink, and cloth,
Say they that know never a letter.
But not to entangle
Old friends till they wrangle,
And quarrel for other mens pleaſure;
Let Ale keep his place,
And let Sack have his grace,
So that neither exceed the due meaſure.

The Tryumph of Tobacco
over Sack *and* Ale.

NAy, ſoft, by your leaves,
Tobacco bereaves
You both of the Garland: forbear it:
You are two to one,
Yet Tobacco alone

Is

It is like both to win it, and wear it.
Though many men crack,
Some of Ale, ſome of Sack,
And think they have reaſon to do it;
Tobacco hath more,
That will never give o're
The honour they do unto it.
Tobacco engages
Both ſexes, all ages,
The poor as well as the wealthy,
From the Court to the Cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both thoſe that are ſick and the healthy.
It plainly appears
That in a few years
Tobacco more cuſtom hath gained,
Then Sack, or then Ale,
Though they double the tale
Of the times, wherein they have reigned.
And worthily too,
For what they undoe
Tobacco doth help to regaine,
On fairer conditions,
Than many Phyſitians,
Puts an end to much grief and paine.
It helpeth digeſtion,
Of that there's no queſtion,
The gout, and the toothach, it eaſeth:

Be it early, or late,
'Tis never out of date,
He may ſafely take it that pleaſeth.
Tobacco prevents
Infection by ſcents,
That hurt the brain, and are heady,
An Antidote is,
Before you're amiſſe,
As well as an after remedy.
The cold it doth heat,
Cools them that do ſweat,
And them that are fat maketh lean:
The hungry doth feed,
And, if there be need,
Spent ſpirits reſtoreth again.
Tobacco infuſed
May ſafely be uſed
For purging, and killing of lice:
Not ſo much as the aſhes
But heals cuts and ſlaſhes,
And that out of hand, in a trice.
The Poets of old,
Many fables have told,
Of the Gods and their *Sympoſia*:
But Tobacco alone,
Had they known it, had gone
For their *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*.
It is not the ſmack

Of Ale, or of Sack,
That can with Tobacco compare:
For taſte, and for ſmell,
It bears away the bell
From them both where ever they are:
For all their bravado,
It is Trinidado
That both their noſes will wipe
Of the praiſes they deſire,
Unleſſe they conſpire
To ſing to the tune of his pipe.

Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas.

A Farewell to Sack.

FArewell thou thing, time paſt ſo true and dear
To me, as blood to life, and ſpirit, and near,
Nay thou more near then kindred, friend, or wife,
Male to the female, ſoul to the body, life
To quick action, or the warm ſoft ſide
Of the yet chaſt, and undefiled Bride.
Theſe and a thouſand more could never be
More near, more dear, then thou wert once to me.
'Tis thou above, that with thy myſtick faln
Work'ſt more then Wiſdome, Art, or Nature can;
To raiſe the holy madneſſe, and awake

The

The froſt-bound blood and ſpirits, and to make
Them frantick with thy raptures, ſtretching through
The ſouls like lightning, and as active too.
But why, why do I longer gaze upon
Thee, with the eye of admiration,
When I muſt leave thee, and inforc'd muſt ſay,
To all thy witching beauties, go away?
And if thy whimpering looks do ask me, why?
Know then, 'tis Nature bids thee hence, not I;
'Tis her erroneous ſelf hath form'd my brain,
Uncapable of ſuch a Soveraigne,
As is thy powerfull ſelfe; I prethee draw in
Thy gazing fires, leſt at their ſight the ſin
Of fierce Idolatry ſhoot into me, and
I turn apoſtate to the ſtrict command
Of Nature; bid me now farewell, or ſmile
More ugly, leſt thy tempting looks beguile (thee,
My vows pronounc't in zeal, which thus much ſhows
That I have ſworn, but by thy looks to know thee.
Let others drink thee boldly, and deſire
Thee, and their lips eſpouſ'd, while I admire
And love, but yet not taſt thee: Let my Muſe
Faile of thy former helps, and onely uſe
Her inadulterate ſtrength, whats done by me,
Shall ſmell hereafter of the Lamp, not thee.

A fit of Rime againſt Rime.

Rime the rack of fineſt wits,
That expreſſeth but by fits True

True conceit.
Spoyling ſenſes of their treaſure,
Couſening judgement with a meaſure,
But falſe weight.
Wreſting words from their true calling,
Propping Verſe for fear of falling
To the ground.
Joyning ſyllables, drowning letters,
Faſtning vowells, as with fetters
They were bound.
Soon as lazie thou wer't known.
All good Poetry hence was flown,
And Art baniſh'd.
For a thouſand years together,
All *Parnaſſus* green did wither.
And wit vaniſh'd.
Pegaſus did fly away,
At the wells no Muſe did ſtay,
But bewayl'd
So to ſee the fountaine dry,
And *Apollo's* Muſick dye;
All light fail'd!
Starveling Rimes did fill the ſtage,
Not a Poet in an age
Worth crowning.
Not a work deſerving Bayes,
Nor a line deſerving praiſe;
Pallas frowning.

Greek

Greek was free from Rimes infection,
Happy Greek by this protection
Was not ſpoyled.
Whilſt the Latine, Queen of Tongues,
Is not free from Rimes wrongs;
But reſts ſoiled.
Scarce the hill again doth flouriſh,
Scarce the world a wit doth nouriſh,
To reſtore
Phœbus to his Crown again,
And the Muſes to their brain,
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words, and ſweetneſſe, and be ſcant
Of true meaſure,
Tyran Rime hath ſo abuſed,
That they long ſince have refuſed
Other ceaſure.
He that firſt invented thee,
May his joynts tormented be,
Cramp'd for ever.
Still may ſyllables joyn with time,
Still may reaſon war with rime,
Reſting never.
May his ſenſe when it would meet,
The cold tumor in his feet,
Grow unſounder.
And his title be long foole,

That in rearing ſuch a Schoole,
Was the Founder.

A Letany.

From a proud Woodcock, and a peeviſh wife,
A pointleſſe Needle, and a broken Knife,
From lying in a Ladies lap,
Like a great fool that longs for pap,
And from the fruit of the three corner'd tree,
Vertue and goodneſſe ſtill deliver me.

From a conſpiracy of wicked knaves,
A knot of villains, and a crew of ſlaves,
From laying plots for to abuſe a friend,
From working humors to a wicked end,
And from the wood where VVolves and Foxes be,
Vertue and goodneſſe ſtill deliver me.

From ruſty Bacon, and ill roſted Eeles,
And from a madding wit that runs on wheels,
A vap'ring humour, and a beetle head,
A ſmoaky chimney, and a lowſie bed,
A blow upon the elbow and the knee,
From each of theſe, goodneſſe deliver me.

From ſetting vertue at too low a price,
From loſing too much coyn at Cards and Dice.

From

From ſurety-ſhip, and from an empty purſe,
Or any thing that may be termed worſe;
From all ſuch ill, wherein no good can be,
Vertue and goodneſſe ſtill deliver me.

From a fool, and ſerious toyes,
From a Lawyer three parts noiſe;
From impertinence like a Drum
Beat at dinner in his room,
From a tongue without a file,
Heaps of *Phraſes* and no ſtile,
From a Fiddler out of tune,
As the *Cuckoo* is in *June*.
From a Lady that doth breath
Worſe above, than underneath;
From the Briſtles of a Hog,
Or the ring-worm in a Dog:
From the courtſhip of a bryer,
Or St. *Anthonies* old fire.
From the mercy of ſome Jaylors,
From the long bills of all Taylors,
From Paraſites that will ſtroak us,
From morſells that will choak us,
From all ſuch as purſes cut,
From a filthy durty ſlut,
From Canters and great eaters,
From Patentees and Cheaters,
From men with reaſon tainted,

From women which are painted,
From all far-fetch'd new fangles,
From him that ever wrangles,
From rotten Cheeſe, and addle Eggs,
From broken ſhins, and gowry Legs,
From a Pudding hath no end,
From bad men that never mend,
From the Counter or the Fleet,
From doing penance in a ſheet,
From Jeſuites, Monks, and Fryers,
From hypocrites, knaves, and lyers,
From *Romes* Pardons, Bulls, and Maſſes,
From Bug-bears, and broken Glaſſes,
From *Spaniſh* Penſions and their ſpies,
From weeping Cheeſe with *Argus* eyes,
From forain foes invaſions,
From Papiſtical perſwaſions,
From private gain, by publick loſſe,
From coming home by weeping croſſe,
From all theſe I ſay agen,
Heaven deliver me. Amen.

The Gypsies.

The Captain sings.

FRom the famous *Peak of Darby*,
And the *Devils-Arse* there hard-by,
Where we yearly keep our Musters,
Thus the *Egyptians* throng in clusters.

Be not frighted with our faſhion,
Though we ſeem a tattered Nation;
We account our rags, our riches,
So our Tricks exceed our ſtitches.

Give us Bacon, rinds of Wallnuts,
Shells of Cockels, and of ſmall Nuts;
Ribands, bells, and ſaffrand linnen,
All the world is ours to win in.
Knacks we have that will delight you,
Slight of hand that will invite you
To endure our tawny faces
Quit your places, and not cauſe you cut your laces.

All your fortunes we can tell ye,
Be they for the back or belly;
In the Moods too and the Tences,
That may fit your fine five ſenſes.

Draw but then your Gloves we pray you,
And ſit ſtill, we will not fray you;
For though we be here at *Burley*,
Wee'd be loath to make a hurley.

Another ſings.

STay my ſweet Singer,
The touch of thy finger,
A little and linger;

For me that am bringer
Of bound to the border,
The rule and Recorder,
And mouth of the order,
As Priſt of the Game,
And Prelate of the ſame.
There's a *Gentry Cove* here,
Is the top of the ſhire,
Of the Bever *Ken*,
A man among men;
You need not to feare,
I have an eye, and an eare
That turns here and there,
To look to our geare.
Some ſay that there be,
One or two, if not three,
That are greater than he.
And for the *Rome-Morts*,
I know by their Ports
And their jolly reſorts
They are of the ſorts
That love the true ſports
Of King *Ptolomeus*,
Or great *Coriphæus*,
And Queen *Cleopatra*,
The *Gypſies* grand *Matra*.
Then if we ſhall ſhark it,
Here faire is, and Market.

Leave Pig Py and Gooſe,
And play faſt and looſe,
A ſhort cut and long,
Some inch of a Song,
Pythagoras lot,
Drawn out of a pot ;
With what ſays *Alkindus*
And *Pharaotes Indus*,
John de Indagine
With all their *Pagine*,
Of faces and Palmeſtrie,
And this is *Allmyſterie*.
Lay by your Wimbles,
Your boring for Thimbles,
Or uſing your nimbles,
In diving the Pockets,
And ſounding the ſockets
Of Simper the *Cockets* ;
Or angling the purſes,
Of ſuch as will curſe us ;
But in the ſtrict duell
Be merry, and cruell,
Strike fair at ſome Jewell
That mine may accrew well
For that is the fuell,
To make the Town brew well,
And the Pot wring well,
And the braine ſing well,

Which

Which we may bring well
About by a ſtring well,
And do the thing well.
It is but a ſtrain
Of true legerdemain,
Once twice and againe.
Or what will you ſay now?
If with our fine play now,
Our knack and our dances,
We work on the fancies
Of ſome of your Nancies.
Theſe trinckets and tripſies,
And make 'em turn Gypſies.
Here's no Juſtice *Lippus*
Will ſeek for to nip us,
In *Cramp-ring* or *Cippus*,
And then for to ſtrip us,
And after to whip us.
His juſtice to vary,
While here we do tarry
But be wiſe, and wary
And we may both carry
The *Kate* and the *Mary*,
And all the bright ae'ry,
Away to the Quarry.
Or durſt I go further
In method and order,
There's a Purſe and a Seale,

I have

I have a great mind to ſteal.
That when our tricks are done,
We might ſeal our own pardon;
All this we may do,
And a great deal more too,
If our brave *Ptolomee*,
Will but ſay follow me.

To thoſe that would be Gypſies too.

FRiends not to refell ye,
Or any way quell ye,
To buy or to ſell ye,
I onely muſt tell ye,
Ye aim at a Myſtery
Worthy a Hiſtory;
There's much to be done,
Ere you can be a Sonne,
Or brother of the Moone.
'Tis not ſo ſoon
Acquir'd as deſir'd.
You muſt be *Ben-bouſie*,
And ſleepy and drowſie,
And laſie, and lowſie,
Before ye can rouſe ye,
In ſhape that arowſe ye,
And then you may ſtalk
The *Gypſies* walk;

To the *Coops* and the *Pens*.
And bring in the Hens,
Though the Cock be ſullen
For loſſe of the *Pullen*:
Take Turkie, or Capon,
And Gammons of Bacon,
Let nought be forſaken;
We'l let you go looſe
Like a Fox to a Gooſe,
And ſhew you the ſtye
Where the little Pigs lye;
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The Sow in her dreams,
But by the Moon beams;
So warily hie,
As neither do cry.
You ſhall the next day
Have licenſe to play
At the hedge a flirt
For a ſheet or a ſhirt;
If your hand be light,
I'le ſhew you the ſlight
Of our *Ptolomies* knot,
It is, and 'tis not.
To change your complexion
With the noble confection.

Of VVallnuts and Hogs-greaſe,
Better than Dogs-greaſe:
And to milk the kine,
Ere the milkmaid fine
Hath opened her eine.
Or if you deſire
To ſpit, or fart fire,
Ile teach you the knacks,
Of eating of flax;
And out of their noſes,
Draw ribbands and poſies.
And if you incline
To a cup of good wine,
VVhen you ſup or dine;
If you chance it to lack,
Be it Claret or Sack;
Ile make this ſnout,
To deal it about,
Or this to run out,
As it were from a ſpout.

On a patch'd up Madam.

Pigmaleons fate revers'd is mine,
His marble love took fleſh and blood,
What late I worſhip'd, I decline;
Your Beauty now is underſtood
To have no more in it of life,
Then that whereof he framed his wife.

As women yet who apprehend
Some ſuddain cauſe of cauſeleſſe fear,
Although that ſeeming cauſe take end;
And they behold no danger neer,
A ſhaking through their limbs they find
Like Leaves ſaluted by the wind.

So though your Beauties do appear
No Beauties which amaz'd me ſo,
Yet from my Breaſt I cannot teare
The paſſion which from thence did grow,
Nor yet out of my fancy race
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A Real Beauty though too neer
The fond *Narciſſus* did admire,
I dote on that which is no where
The ſign of Beauty feeds my fire:
No mortall flame was ere ſo cruell
As mine which thus ſurvives the fuell.

The Reply on the Contrary:

Not caring to obſerve the wind,
Or the unfaithful Sea explore,
I now no painted colours find,
But ſettled ſtand upon the ſhoar;
And may not here new dangers lye
To conquer and deceive the eye?
No, for ſhe looks ſo pure, ſo cleer
That her rich Bottom doth appear
Pav'd all with precious things, not torn
From ſhiprack'd Veſſels, but there born;
Here Sweetneſs, Truth, and every Grace
Which time and youth are wont to teach
The eye may in a moment reach
And read diſtinctly in her face;
Some other Nymph with colours faint
And with ſlow Penſils we may paint;
And a weak heart in time deſtroy,
But ſhe alone can print the Boy,
Can with a ſingle look inflame
The coldeſt Breaſt, the rudeſt tame.
Then Painter ſay, where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
For colours of this glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal race.
In Heaven it ſelf ſhe ſure was dreſt,

With

With that Angel-like guiſe,
Thus not deluded, we are bleſt
And ſee with cleareſt eyes.

The Melancholy Lover.

It is not I that love you leſſe
Then when before your feet I lay,
But to prevent the ſad increaſe
Of hopeleſſe love, I keep away;
In vain (alas) for every thing
Which I have known, belongs to you;
Your form doth to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.
He in the Spring who from the Sun
Already hath a feaver got,
Too late begins thoſe heats to ſhun,
Which *Phœbus* through his Veins hath ſhot;
Too late he would the pain aſſwage,
And to his chamber doth retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire;
But vowd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſh'd ſervant trouble you.
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The Vow I made to love you too.
But tell me Lady, Deareſt foe,
Where your lovely ſtrength doth lye;

Is

Is the Power that charms me ſo
In your Soul, or in your Eye,
In your ſnowy neck alone ?
Or is that Grace in motion ſeen,
No ſuch wonders can be done,
But in your Voyce that's Muſicks Queen ;
Whileſt I do liſten to that Voyce
I do feel my life decay
For that ſweet and powerful noiſe
Calls my flitting ſoule away ,
Oh ſuppreſſe that Magick ſound
That deſtroyes without a wound,
Peace Lady, peace, or ſinging dye
That together you and I
May arm in arm to Heaven go,
For all the Story we do know,
That the bleſſed do above
Is that they ſing, and that they love.

The Variable Lover ; or a Reply to the Melancholy Lover.

Thrice happy paire, of whom we cannot know
Which firſt began to love, and which to woe,
Faire courſe of paſſion where two loves impart,
And run together, heart ſtill yoakt in heart ;
Succeſſefull Love, whom Love hath taught the way
To be victorious in the firſt aſſay :

Sure

Sure Love's an Art, beſt practiſed at firſt,
And where the ſad and pining proſper worſt:
Some with a different fate purſue in vain
Their Ladyes loves, whiles others juſt diſdain
Of their neglect, above their paſſion born,
Do pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn;
Then they relent, but all too late to move
A heart diverted to a nobler Love,
The Scales are turn'd, her beauties weigh no more
Then th'others Vowes, and ſervices before;
So in ſome well wrought hangings we may ſee
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Græcians* flee;
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;
But there from Heaven the blew-ey'd Virgin falls,
And frighted *Troy* retires within her walls;
They who are foremoſt in that bloody place,
Retire anon, and give the Conquerours chaſe;
So like the chances are of Love and War,
That they in this alone diſtinguiſhed are;
In love the Victors from the vanquſhi'd flye,
They fly that wound, and they purſue that dye.

The Ladyes Slave to his Miſtreſſe.

Faireſt piece of well form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty Birth;
The power which you have o're us lyes
Not in your face, but in your eyes;

None but a Lord! Alas that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice;
Should you no Honey vow to taſt,
But what the maſter Bees have plac'd
In compaſſe of their Cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appear amongſt thoſe few
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew;
The Sap which at the Root is bred
In Trees, through all the Boughes is ſpread;
But Vertues which in Beauties ſhine,
Make not like progreſſe through the line;
'Tis not from whom, but where we live,
The place doth oft the Graces give;
Had *Cæſar* on the Mountain bred
A Flock perhaps, or Herd had led,
He who the world ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt Wreſtler on the Green:
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden ſeeds of humane worth;
They blow the ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames, as touch the skyes:
To the old *Heroes* hence was given
A pedigree that touch'd the Heaven;
Of mortal Seed they were not held,
Which other Mortals ſo excell'd;
And Beauty too in ſuch exceſſe
As yours (fair Lady) claimes no leſſe.

Smil

Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born;
Your Slave I am, can paint the Grove
Where your lov'd Mother ſlept with *Jove*,
And yet excuſe the faultleſſe Dame,
Caught with her Spouſes ſhape, and name;
Your matchleſs form will credit bring
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

The Reply.

At laſt here for your ſake I part
With all that grew ſo neer my heart;
The paſſion which you had for me,
The Faith, the Love, the Conſtancy;
And that all may ſucceſſeful prove,
I'le turn my ſelf to what you love.
Too much I do confeſſe I priz'd
That which you thought all Grace compriz'd;
Too much I with my Arrowes ſtrove
To reach, or hurt a yeelding Dove;
It was your Conſtancy that ſtill
Declin'd my force, and mock'd my skill;
No more I'le wander through the Aire,
Nor Mount, nor Shop at every Faire;
And with a Fancy unconfin'd,
And lawleſſe as the Sea, or Wind,
Purſue you whereſoe're you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply;

The formall Starres do travail ſo,
As we their names, and courſes know,
And he who on their Aſpects looks,
VVould think them governed by our Books;
But never were the Clouds reduc'd
To any Art their Motion us'd;
For thoſe free Vapours are ſo light
And frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpaire to find the Rules that guide
Thoſe guilded ſhadows, as they ſlide;
And therefore of the ſpacious Aire,
Joves Royal Confort had the care;
And by that power did once eſcape
The amorous bold *Ixions* rape;
And ſhe with her reſemblance grac'd
A ſhining Cloud which he imbrac'd;
Such was the Image, ſo it ſmil'd
VVith ſeeming kindneſs, which beguild
Your hugging thoughts, when as you thought
That you had me, your Miſtreſs caught;
So ſhap'd it was, but for the Faire,
You fill'd your Arms with yeelding Aire;
For which you ſure may grieve the leſſe
Becauſe the Gods had like ſucceſſe;
For in their Story, One we ſee
Purſues a Nymph, and takes a Tree;
A ſecond, with a Lovers haſt,
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;

But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeem,
Did prove to be a gliding ſtream;
For his ſuppoſed love a third
Layes greedy hold upon a Bird,
And ſtands amaz'd to find his Deare
A wild Inhabitant of th'Ayre;
To theſe bold tales ſuch youths as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new.
But *Sir*, if you do apprehend
Theſe words of your repenting friend,
Again, deceive me, and again,
For I do ſwear, Il'e not complain;
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſure Lovers know;
Who like good Faulkners take delight
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

The cunning Curtezan.

Sir tell me, why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the day?
Could we, which we never can,
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan;
Beauty, like a ſhadow flyes,
And our youth before us dyes;
Or would youth and beauty ſtay,
Love hath wings, and will away;
Love hath ſwifter wings than time,
Change in love, to Heaven doth climbe;

Gods who never change their ſtate,
Varied oft their love and hate.
Sir, Unto this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two;
Let not you and I enquire
What hath been our paſt deſire,
On what Maidens you have ſmil'd,
Or what Youths I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the Planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do;
And for the joyes we now ſhall prove
Take advice of preſent Love.

The Reply.

See how the willing Earth gives way
To take th'Impreſſion where ſhe lay;
See how the ground as loath to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave
Cloſe to her ſtained Garments; here
The coming Spring would firſt appeare,
And all this place with Roſes ſtrow
If buſie feet would let them grow;
Thus the firſt Lovers on the clay
Of which they were compoſed lay,
And in their prime, with equall grace
Met the firſt patterns of our race;
Then bluſh not Lady, nor yet frown
Nor wonder how you both came down;

The young man could not chooſe but bend,
When all his Heav'n upon him lean'd;
If ought by him amiſſe were done,
'Twas, that he let you riſe ſo ſoon.

On the French Engliſh Ape.

Mark him once more, and tell me if you can
Look, and not laugh, on yonder Gentleman.
Could I but work a transformation ſtrange
On him whoſe pride doth ſwell and rankle ſo,
I would his Carrion to a thiſtle change,
Which Aſſes feed on, and which Ruſticks mow.

Another on the ſame.

What doſt thou mean to revell, roare, and ſpend,
And drink, and drab, and ſwear ſo? wilt thou rend
Thy way to Hell? the Devil will ſpy day,
And at a ſmall hole ſnatch thee quite away.

On a Brede of divers colours, woven by four Maids of Honour, and preſented to the Queen on New-yeers Day laſt.

Twice twenty ſlender Virgin fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies ſhine;
As nature them, ſo they this Brede have wrought,
Soft as their hands, and various as their thoughts;
Not *Juno's* Bird when he his train doth ſpread,

And woes the female to his painted Bed;
No, nor the Bow which ſo adorns the skyes,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dies.
But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortal colours grow,
That could this Deathleſs peice compoſe
In Lillyes, or the fading Roſe?
No for this Art they have climb'd higher,
Then did *Prometheus* for his fire.

On deaf Small, the Ale-Wife.

She prates to others, yet can nothing hear,
Juſt like a ſounding Jugge that wants an eare.

Another.

Small my Hoſt doth to me ſuch reckoning make,
That I of *Small* my Hoſt ſmall reckoning take,
Henceforth, good *Small*, let reckonings leſſer be,
And greater reckoning I ſhall make of thee.

On a Tell-tale.

Such glowing tongues to hot contention bent,
Are not unlike red Herrings broyl'd in Lent.

Cherry-pit.

Nicholas and *Nell* did lately ſit
Playing for ſport at Cherry-pit;

They

They both did throw, and having thrown,
He got the pit, and ſhe the ſtone.

A vow to Cupid.

Cupid I do love a Girle
Ruby lip'd, and tooth'd like Pearl;
If ſo be that I may prove
Lucky in this Maid I love,
I do promiſe there ſhall be
Myrtles offer'd up to thee.

On the Roſe.

Go lovely Roſe,
Tell her that waſts her time and me,
That now ſhe knows
When I reſemble her to thee
How ſweet, and fair ſhe ſeems to be.
Tell her that's young
And ſhuns to have her Graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In Deſarts where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.
Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd,
Bid her come forth
Suffer her ſelf to be deſir'd,
And bluſh not to be ſo admir'd.

Then

Then dye that ſhe,
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare
That are ſo wondrous ſweet, and faire.

Another.

Lately on yonder fragrant Buſh,
Big with many a Coming Roſe,
This early Bud began to bluſh,
And did but half it ſelf diſcloſe;
I pluck'd it, though no better grown,
Yet now you ſee how full 'tis blown.
Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a Purple light they ſhone
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo, would flame anon;
All that was meant by Aire, or Sun,
To the young Flower my breath hath done.
And if looſe breath ſo much can do,
It may as well inform of love,
Of pureſt Love, and Muſick too,
When once your Beauties it ſhall move,
That breath may have the happy power
To work on you, as on a Flower.

Another.

Go happy Roſe, and interwove
With other Flowers bind my love; Tell

Tell her too, ſhe muſt not be
Longer peeviſh, longer free,
That ſo long hath fetter'd me.

Say, if ſhe frets, that I have bands
Of Pearl, and Gold to bind her hands;
Tell her if ſhe ſtruggles ſtill,
I have Myrtle Rods at will
That can tame, although not kill.

Take thou my bleſſing now, and go
And tell her this, but do not ſo,
Leaſt a handſome anger fly
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.

On the two Dwarfs that were marryed at Court, not long before Shrovetide.

The Sign or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
As ſhe denyed her little bed
To him, for whom Heaven ſeem'd to frame
And meaſure out this little Dame.

Thrice happy is this humble paire,
Beneath the level of all care;
For o're their heads all Arrowes fly
Of ſad Diſtruſt, and Jealouſie,

Secured

Secured in as high extream,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the faireſt Nymphs do ſhow
Like moving Mountains topt with ſnow ;
And every man a *Polypheme*,
Doth to his *Galatœa* ſeem :
None may preſume her faith to prove,
He proffers death, who proffers love.

On the approaching Spring.

Chl. *Hilas*, Oh *Hilas* why ſit we mute
Now that each Bird ſaluteth the Spring ?
Wind up the ſlackned ſtrings of thy Lute ;
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing ?
For love thy breaſt doth fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe're is fair, moves thy deſire.

Hil. Sweeteſt you know the ſweeteſt of things
Of various Flowers which the Bees do compoſe
Yet no particular taſt it brings
Of Violet, Wood-bine, Pink or Roſe ;
So love's the Reſultance of all the Graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral faces.

Chl. *Hilas* the Birds which chant in this Grove
Could we but know the language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant muſe ;

For

For love their breaſts doth fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they do chuſe, bounds their deſire.

Hil. *Chloris* this change the Birds do approve,
Which the warm ſeaſon hither does bring,
Time from your ſelf does further remove
You, then the Winter from the gay ſpring;
She that like lightning ſhin'd whiles her face (laſted,
Looks like an Oak being old, which lightning (hath blaſted.

To be ingraven under the Queens Picture.

Such *Helen* was, and who can blame the Boy
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his *Troy*?
But had like vertue ſhin'd in that fair Greek,
The amorous Shepheard had not dar'd to ſeek
Or hope for pity, but with ſilent moan
And better fate, had periſhed alone.

How the Violets came blew.

The Violets, as Poets tell,
With *Venus* wrangling went
Whither the Violets did excell
Or ſhe in ſweeteſt ſcent;
But *Venus* having loſt the day
Poor Girle, ſhe fell on you,
And beat you ſo, as ſome do ſay
Her Blowes did make you blew.

Violets

Violets in a Ladyes Boſome.

Twice happy Violets, that firſt had birth
In the warm Spring, when no Froſts nip the Earth;
Thrice happy now, ſince you tranſplanted are
Unto the ſweeter boſome of my Faire;
And yet poor Flowers, I pity your hard Fate;
You have but chang'd, not better'd your eſtate:
What boots it you t'have ſcap'd cold Winters breath
To find like me, by flames a ſuddain death?

An old Man, to a young Maid.

Scorn me not fair, becauſe you ſee
My hairs are white; what if they be?
Think not, 'cauſe in your Cheeks appear
Freſh Springs of Roſes, all the year;
And mine, like Winter, wan and old,
My love like Winter, ſhould be cold;
See in the Garland which you weare,
How the ſweet bluſhing Roſes there
With paleſt Lillyes do combine,
Be taught by them, and ſo lets joyn.

To the Wife, being married to that old Man.

Since thou wilt needs, bewitch'd with ſome ill charms
Be buryed in thoſe monumental Arms,
All we can wiſh, is, may his Earth lye light
Upon thy tender limbs, and ſo good night.

The Surpriſal, or Loves Tyranny.

There's no dallying with Love
Though he be a Child, and blind;
Then let none the danger prove;
Who would to himſelf be kind;
  Smile he does, when thou doſt play,
  But his ſmiles to death betray.

Lately with the Boy I ſported,
Love I did not, yet love feigned;
Had no Miſtriſs, yet I courted;
Sigh I did, yet was not payned,
  Till at laſt his love in jeſt
  Prov'd in earneſt, my unreſt.

When I ſaw my fair one firſt,
In a feigned fire I burn'd;
But true Flames my poor heart pierc'd,
When her eyes on mine ſhe turn'd;
  So a reall wound I took
  For my counterfeited look.

Slighted love his skill to ſhow
Struck me with a mortall Dart;
Then I learn'd that 'gainſt his Bow,
Vain are all the Helps of Art:

And thus captiv'd found that true,
Doth diſſembled love purſue.

'Cauſe his fetters I diſclaim'd,
Now the Tyrant faſter bound me
With more ſcorching Bonds inflam'd,
'Cauſe in love ſo cold he found me;
And my ſighs more ſcalding made,
'Cauſe with winds before they play'd.

Who love not then, O make no ſhow;
Love's as ill deceived as Fate,
Fly the Boy, hee'l cogge and woe;
Mock him, and hee'l wound thee ſtrait:
They who dally, boaſt in vain;
Falſe love wants not real pain.

On the Eyes and Breaſts of the Lady on whom he was inamoured.

Lady, on your eyes I gaz'd,
When amaz'd
At their brightneſſe,
On your Breaſts I caſt a look,
No leſſe took
With their whiteneſſe;
Both I juſtly did admire
Theſe all ſnow, and thoſe all fire.

VVhileſt theſe wonders I ſurveigh'd,
Thus I ſaid
In ſuſpence,
Nature could have done no leſſe
To expreſſe
Her providence,
Then that two ſuch fair worlds might
Have two Suns to give them light.

On an old Batchelour.

Mop-ey'd I am, as ſome have ſaid;
Becauſe I've liv'd ſo long a Maid;
But grant that I ſhould married be,
Should I one jot the better ſee?
No, I ſhould think that marriage might
Rather than mend me, blind me quite.

On Love.

Love ſcortch'd my finger, but did ſpare
The burning of my heart,
To tell me that in love my ſhare
Should be a little part;
Little I love, but if that he
Would but that heart recall,
That Joynt to Aſhes burnt ſhould be,
E're I would love at all.

Vertue improved by ſuffering.

'Tis but the Body that blind Fortune's ſpight
Can chayn to Earth, the nobler ſoul doth ſlight
Her ſervile bonds, and takes to Heaven her flight.

So Heav'n through dark clouds lightneth, whiles t
Is but a file to its bright ſplendor made; (ſhat
So Starrs with greater luſtre might invade.

So ſparkle Flints when ſtruck, ſo mettles find
Hardneſs from hammering, and the cloſer bind;
So flames increaſe, the more ſuppreſt by wind.

And as the Grindſtone to unpoliſh'd Steel
Gives edge and luſtre, ſo my mind I feel
Whetted and glaz'd, by Fortunes turning wheel.

The Braggadochio Captain.

Whilſt timorous *Anſa* led his Martial band
'Gainſt the Invader of his Native Land,
Thus he beſpake his men before the fight,
Courage (my Friends) lets dine, for we to night
Shall ſup, ſayes he, in Heaven; this having ſaid,
Soon as the threatning Enſigns were diſplay'd,
And the loud Drums and Trumpets had proclaim'd
Defiance twixt the Hoſts, he, who ne're ſham'd
At loſſe of Honour, fairly ran away;
Who being ask'd, how chance he would not ſtay

And

And go along with them to ſup in Heaven,
Pardon me, Friends, ſaid he, I faſt this Even.

The choice of a Wife.

I would not have a Wife with ſuch a waſt
As might be well with a Thumb-ring imbrac'd;
Whoſe bony hips which out on both ſides ſtick,
May ſerve for Graters, and whoſe lean knees prick;
One who a Saw doth in her Back-bone beare,
Whoſe withered legs like kenes do appear;
Nor would I have her yet of bulk ſo groſſe, (Croſſe,
That weigh'd ſhee'd break the Scales of th' Market
A meer unfathom'd lump of greaſe, no, that
I do not relliſh, give me fleſh, not fat.

A Debtor to his Creditor.

Thou thinkeſt, th'haſt ſhown thy ſelf a mighty friend
Becauſe to me thou fifty pounds didſt lend;
But if you rich, for lending, mayeſt be ſaid
So great a friend, what I? who poor repay'd.

On a vain fond Husband.

Thou wondreſt thy Wives ears ſhould ſmell ſo ill,
They may thank thee, thou whiſpereſt in them ſtill.

On a Boy kill'd by the fall of an Ice-ſickle.

Where *Thames* her waters through the Bridge doth (poure,

And th'upperbuildings ſweat with many a ſhowre;
A drop congealed to an Ice-ſickle
On a Childs throat that ſtood beneath it fell;
And when the poor childs fate diſſolv'd it had,
Melted away in the warm wound it made;
What may not cruell Fate? or where will not
Death find us out if water cut the throat?

On the Statue of a Tyrant, which falling kill'd a Child.

Thy Statue, ſad Uſurper, doth preſent
To Tyrants a ſad Document;
Though Marble, on its Baſis yet ſo faſt
It ſtood nor, but it fell at laſt,
And ſeems as when he liv'd, as cruell ſtill,
It could not fall, but it muſt kill.

On a Widdow.

Fain ſhee'd have *Robert*, and who blame her can,
But hee'l not have her, and who'l blame the man?

On one that wore a Leather Cap.

Whilſt thou a Kids skin Cap put'ſt on
To hide the baldneſſe of thy Crown,
One jeſted handſomely who ſed
Thou wear'ſt thy Shooes upon thy head.

Ice

Ice and Fire.

Naked love did to thine eye,
Faireſt, once to warm him fly;
But its purer Flame and Light
Scorch'd his wings, and ſpoyl'd his ſight.

Forc'd from thence he went to reſt
In the ſoft Couch of thy Breaſt,
But there met a froſt ſo great
As his Torch extinguiſht ſtrait.

When poor *Cupid* being conſtrain'd
His cold Bed to leave complain'd,
What a lodging's here for me
If all Ice and Fire ſhe be?

Counſel not to love.

He that will not love muſt be
My Scholar, and learn this of me;
There be in Love as many fears
As the Summers Corn hath eares,
Sighs and tears, and ſorrows more
Then the ſand that make the ſhoare;
Fiery colds, and freezing heats,
Fainting ſwounds, and deadly ſweats,
Now an Ague, then a Feaver,
Both tormenting Lovers ever:
Wouldſt thou know beſides all theſe
How hard a woman 'tis to pleaſe?

How croſſe, how ſullen, and how ſoon
She ſhifts and changes like the Moon,
How falſe, how hollow ſhe's in heart,
And how ſhe is in every part
How high ſhe's priz'd; and worth but ſmall?
Little thou't love, or not at all.

The Recantation.

Nay, let her go, can I endure all this?
Yet dye to doat upon a Maidens kiſſe!
Is there ſuch Magick in her looks that can
Into a fool transfigurate a man?
Didſt not thou love her? true, and ſhe diſdain
To meet thy vertue, let her meet her ſhame;
Were ſhe as fair, as ſhe her ſelf would be,
Adorn'd with all the coſt of Bravery;
Could ſhe melt hearts of flint, and from her eye
Give her Beholders power to live or dye;
Id'e rather beg ſhe would pronounce my death,
Then be her ſcorn, though that preſerv'd my breath;
Riſe heart, and be not fool'd! Sfoot! what a ſhame
Were it for thee to reinſence one flame
From the declining ſpark? doſt thou not know
As ſhe's a woman, her whole ſex doth owe
To thine all honour? her falſe heart and pride
Dare not oppoſe thy faith, then turn high-tide,
And let her, ſince her ſcorn doth ſo deceive thee,
By her Repentance ſtrive again to pleaſe thee.

Incon-

Inconſtancy defended.

Leave faireſt, leave, I pray no more
With want of love, or lightneſſe charge me;
'Cauſe your looks captiv'd me before,
May not anothers now inlarge me?

He whoſe miſguided Zeal hath long
Pay'd homage to ſome Stars pale light,
Better inform'd may without wrong
Leave that t'adore the Queen of Night.

Then if my heart which long ſerv'd thee
Will to another now incline,
Why term'd inconſtant ſhould it be
For bowing 'fore a richer ſhrine?

Cenſure thoſe Lovers ſo, whoſe will
Inferiour objects can entice,
Who changes for the better ſtill
Makes that a vertue, you call vice.

The Reply.

Shall I hopeleſſe then purſue
A fair ſhaddow that ſtill flyes me?
Shall I ſtill adore and woe
A proud heart that doth deſpiſe me?
Yes, a conſtant love may ſo,
Yet 'tis but a fruitleſſe ſhow.

Shall I by the erring light
Of two croſſer Starrs ſtill ſail?
That do ſhine, but ſhine in ſpight,
Not to guide, but make me faile?
I a wandring Courſe may ſteer,
But the harbour ne're come neer.

Whilſt theſe thoughts my ſoul poſſeſſe,
Reaſon paſſion would o'reſway,
Bidding me my flames ſuppreſſe,
Or divert ſome other way;
But what Reaſon would purſue,
When my heart runs counter too?

So a Pilot bent to make
Search for ſome unfound-out land,
Does with him his Loadſtone take
Saylings to the unknown ſtrand;
But ſail he which way he will
The Loadſtone to the North poynts ſtill.

The Vow.

By my life I vow
That my life art thou;
By my Heart, and by my Eyes,
But thy faith denyes
To my juſter oath t'incline,
For thou ſayeſt, I ſwear by thine.

By

By this ſigh I ſweare,
By this falling teare,
By the undeſerved paines
My grieved ſoul ſuſtains,
Thou mayeſt now believe my moan,
They are too too much my own.

On a Maid in love with a Youth blind of one Eye.

Though a Sable Cloud benight
One of thy fair Twins of light,
Yet the other brighter ſeems
As t'had rob'd his brothers beams,
Or both lights to one were run,
Of two Starrs to make one Sun:
Cunning Archer! who knows yet
But thou winn'ſt my heart to hit;
Cloſe the other too, and all
Thee the God of Love will call.

Love begotten by pitty.

'Tis true your Beauties which before
Did dazle each bold Gazers eye,
And forc'd even rebell hearts t'adore,
Or from its conquering ſplendour fly;
Now ſhines with new increaſe of light,
Like *Cynthia* at her full muſt bright.

Yet

Yet though you glory in th'increaſe
Of ſo much Beauty, deareſt Faire;
They erre who think this great acceſſe,
Of which all Eyes th'admirers are;
Or Arts or Natures gifts ſhould be,
Leave then the hidden cauſe from me.

Pity in thee, in me deſire,
Firſt bred (before I durſt but ayme
At fair reſpect) now that cloſe fire
Thy love hath fann'd into a flame,
Which mounting to its proper place
Shines like a Glory 'bout thy face.

The Bag of a Bee.

To have the ſweet Bag of the Bee
Two *Cupids* fell at odds,
And whoſe the pretty prize ſhould be,
They vow'd to ask the Gods;
Which *Venus* hearing, thither came,
And for their boldneſſe ſtript them,
And taking from them each his flame,
With Myrtle rods he whipt them;
Which done, to ſtill their wanton cryes,
When quiet grown, ſh'had ſeen them,
She kiſs'd, and wip'd their Dove-like eyes,
And gave the Bag between them.

To make much of Time.

Gather your Roſe-buds whileſt you may,
Old Time is ſtill a flying;
And that ſame flower that ſmiles to day
Too morrow may be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The ſooner will his race be run,
And neerer to his ſetting.

That Age is beſt which is the firſt,
When youth, and old are warmer;
And being ſpent, the worſe and worſt
Times ſtill ſucceed the former.

Then be not coy, but uſe your Time,
And while you may, go marry;
For having loſt but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

On the Picture of Icarus in Wax.

What once did unto thee impart
The means of death, by happy Art
Now thee reſtores to life again;
Yet ſtill remember to refrain

Ambitious

Ambitious flights, nor ſoar too nigh
The Sun of an inflaming eye;
For ſo thou mayſt ſcorch'd by thoſe beams
In aſhes dye, as once in ſtreams.

The Farewell to Love, and to his Miſtreſſe.

What conſcience ſay, Is it in thee,
When I a Heart had one,
To take away that heart from me,
And to retain thy own?
For ſhame and pity now incline
To play a loving part,
Either to ſend me kindly thine,
Or ſend me back my Heart;
Court not both, for if thou doſt
Reſolve to part with neither,
Why yet to ſhow that thou art juſt
Take me, and mine together.

A Farc-

A Farewell to Folly.

FArewell, ye gilded follies, pleaſing troubles ;
Farewell, ye honor'd rags, ye chriſtal bubles ;
Fame's but a hollow Eccho ; Gold, poor clay ;
Honour, the darling but of one ſhort day ;
Beauties chief Idoll, but a damask skin ;
State, but a golden Priſon to live in,
And torture free-born minds ; imbroydred trains,
But goodly Pageants : proudly ſwelling vains,
And blood alai'd to greatneſſe, is but loane,
Inherited, not purchaſt, not our own.
Fame, Riches, Honour, Beauty, State, Trains, Birth,
Are but the fading bleſſings of the Earth,
I would be rich, but ſee man too unkinde,
Digs in the bowels of the richeſt Mine.

I would be great, but yet the Sun doth ſtill
Levell his beams againſt the riſing hill.
I would be fair, but ſee the Champion proud,
The worlds fair eye, oft ſetting in a cloud.
I would be wiſe, but that the Fox I ſee
Suſpected guilty, when the Fox is free.
I would be poor, but ſee the humble graſſe
Trampled upon by each unworthy aſſe.
Rich, hated; wiſe, ſuſpected; ſcorn'd if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, ſtill envide more.
Would the world then, adopt me for her heire;
Would beauties Queen, entitle me the fair;
Fame, ſpeak me honours Minion; and could I
With *Indian*-Angels, and a ſpeaking eye, (dumbe,
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, ſtrike Juſtice
As well as blind and lame, and give a tongue
To ſtones by Epitaphs; be call'd great Maſter;
In the looſe lines of every Poetaſter;
Could I be more than any man that lives;
Great, VViſe, Rich, Faire, all in ſuperlatives:
Yet I theſe favours, would more free reſigne,
Then ever fortune would have had them mine.
I count one minute of my holy leiſure,
Beyond the mirth of all this earthly pleaſure.
VVelcom pure thoughts, welcom ye careleſs groves;
Theſe are my gueſts; this is the Court age loves.
The winged people of the skies ſhall ſing
Me Anthems, by my ſellers gentle ſpring.

Divi-

Divinity ſhall be my Looking-glaſſe,
VVherein I will adore ſweet vertues face.
Here dwels no heartleſs loves, no pale-fac't fears,
No ſhort joyes purchaſt with eternal tears.
Here will I ſit and ſigh my hot youths folly;
And learn to affect an holy Melancholy:
And if contentment be a ſtranger, then
Ile ne'r look for it but in Heaven agen.

An Invitation to the Reader.

HAving now fed thy youthfull frencies, with theſe Juvenilian Fancies; let me invite thee (with my ſelf) to ſing *Altiora peto.* And then to meet with this thy noble reſolution; I would commend to thy ſharpeſt view and ſerious conſideration, The Sweet Cœleſtial Sacred Poems by Mr. *Henry Vaughan*, intituled *Silex Scintillans.*

There plumes from Angels wings, he'l lend thee,
VVhich every day to Heaven will ſend thee.

(*Hear him thus invite thee home.*)

If thou wouldſt thither, linger not,
Catch at the place,
Tell youth, and beauty, they muſt rot,
They'r but a Caſe:
Looſe, parceli'd hearts will freeze; the Sun
VVith

With ſcatter'd locks
Scarce warms, but by contraction
Can heat Rocks;
Call in thy powers; run, and reach
Home with the light;
Be there, before the ſhadows ſtretch,
And ſpan up night;
Follow the Cry no more: there is
An ancient way
All ſtrewed with flowers and happineſſe,
And freſh as *May*;
There turn, and turn no more; let wits
Smile at fair eyes,
Or lips; but who there weeping ſits,
Hath got the prize.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

FINIS.

1663.